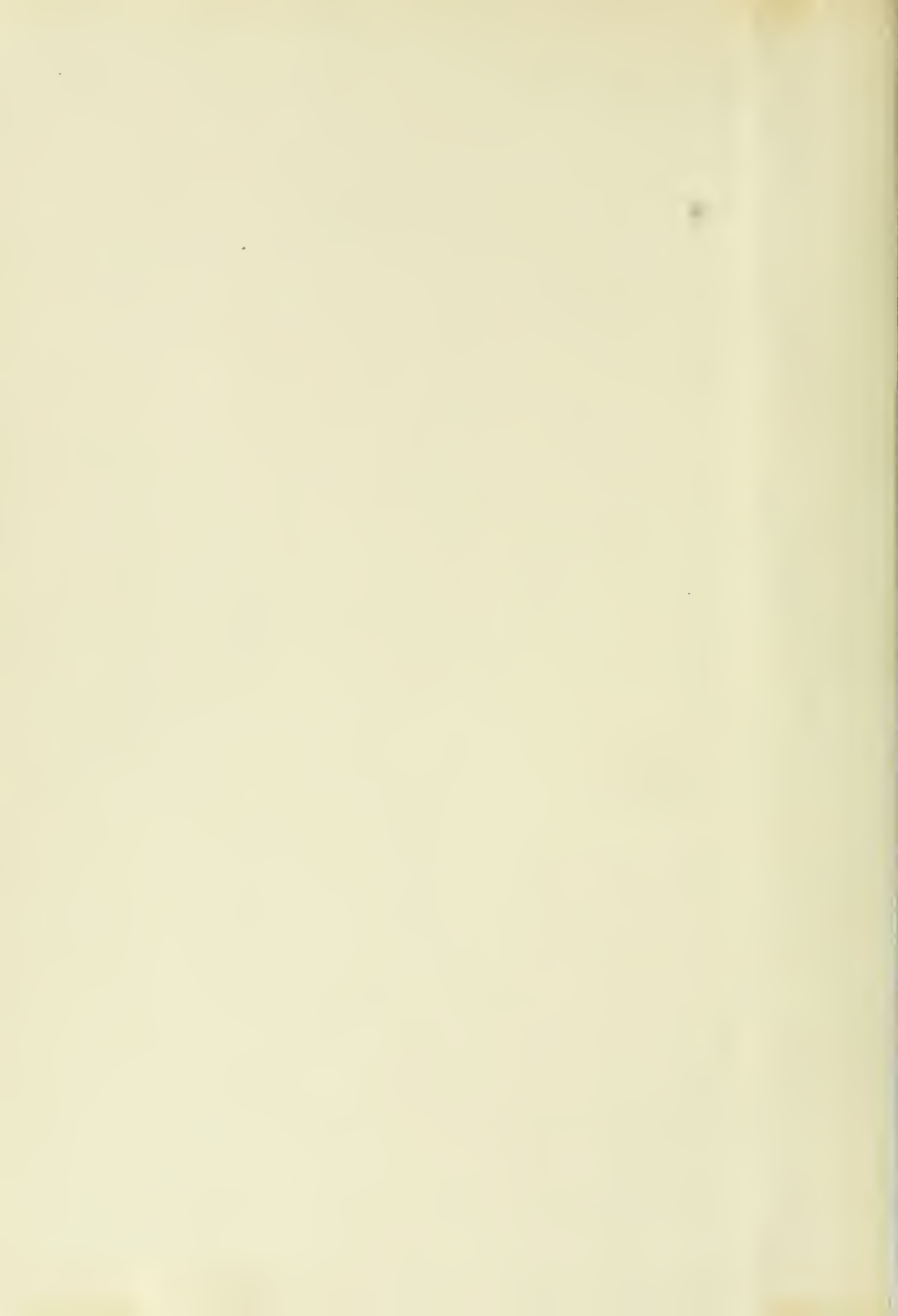




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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF FINE AND APPLIED ART

VOLUME SIXTY-SEVEN

COMPRISING ^{March, April May and} ~~JUNE, JULY, AUGUST AND~~
^{June} ~~SEPTEMBER~~, 1919

NUMBERS 265, 266, 267, 268

*154 635-
6/4 /20.*

NEW YORK OFFICES OF THE INTER-
NATIONAL STUDIO
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"STILL LIFE," FROM THE PAINTING
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The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LXVII. No. 266

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MARCH, 1919



SUMMER

BY COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER

PHILADELPHIA, 1919
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE petulant outburst so recently launched against the ineptitude of the directorate of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts (lapped in all-pervading dust and overlooked by filth-encrusted skylights), did not prevent its president and a long, very long, line of

illustrious hostesses from smiling infectiously upon Society and the lovers of art and letters who attended this 114th Exhibition upon Reception Day, February 8th, which permitted a few hours of aristocratic contentment before the doors on the following day were thrown wide to the public. Philadelphians proper make a point of attending and their actions are eloquent of the importance they attach to this annual event.



RISEING SUN
BY ADOLPH WEINMAN



MARSEILLAISE
BY ARTHUR B. CARLES

Philadelphia, 1919

Academy day in New York is utterly different in character, if indeed it can be said to possess any. It is an undress affair devoid of all formalities and tangible hospitality. It is to be hoped that in time New York Academy of Design may waken to its merits and make its reception days more memorable and more worthy of its traditions. But to return to Philadelphia. The exhibition is an undoubted success and on the whole

and occupying the *place d'honneur* is not a necessary proof of excellence. It is more original and striking than anything else shown and wherever placed would focus attention. A sexless figure with clownish legs and feet, in an ecstatic pose, grasping the tricolor, stands with upraised arm and tilted head beside a newly dug grave "somewhere in France" whilst ruin, misery and chaos are symbolically typified in a fuliginous back-



WINTER AFTERNOON

BY FRED WAGNER

exceedingly well hung due partly to the fact that some three hundred pictures less than in recent displays have been placed on view. The most talked about, but not the best, picture, *Marseillaise*, by Arthur B. Carles, demands first attention. "Faultlessly faultless, icily regular, splendidly null" might apply to Tennyson's *Maud*, but by no stretch of imagination can the line suggest the big spot of the exhibition. To many it constitutes a *succès d'exécution*, to still more it is little short of a masterpiece. That it has achieved the merit of receiving the Temple Prize

ground. It is the agony of France with victory in the offing. No picture could lend itself more readily to adverse criticism, for here is a symbolic figure which is usually supposed to call for perfect draughtsmanship treated uncouthly in every detail. But who can deny the vigour of the idea, the beauty of colour contrast, the ringing clarity of the fleshtones against the sombre distance. The conception is big and vital and the brushwork denotes a strong painter. To call it a poster is unjust, for it far surpasses the limits of art entailed in the production of a poster, but it cer-



THE GIRL IN WHITE

BY ROBERT SUSAN



THE CRITIC

BY WAYMAN ADAMS

tainly possesses posterlike attributes. This figure, had it been painted by a de Forrest Brush, or a Thayer, would have lost all significance in this composition. People who decline to tolerate a nude that is not academically handled will denounce the painting forthwith. Carles was not preoccupied with graceful women, but preferred to imagine a figure that should be a mænad-like presentment of frenzy and despair distorting the limbs and harmonizing with the misery and desolation around—not a Joan of Arc, but rather a denizen of the Halls. Such, at least, is the impression imparted. Very different is the large two-figure composition by Philip L. Hale, *Cain*,

which is academic and fine both in colour and draughtsmanship. The position of Cain towering above his prostrate brother is dramatically expressed and worthy of great praise. The return to Bible painting is all too rare to-day and the picture of Cain traces doubtless to the effect of war upon the artist.

Wayman Adams has been referred to as the spoilt child of Philadelphia, and after his recent exploits in the field of caricature his position will doubtless be strengthened. A good portrait should be a caricature to some extent and certainly this artist knows how far to go and still play safe. His picture of Eugene Castello, shown under the

Philadelphia, 1919

caption of *The Critic*, gives a splendid recital of senile jauntiness and aplomb. The gay tilt of the hat and devil-may-care, debonair expression are well captured and make one grateful to the artist who can so separate himself from that sickly performance, the conventional portrait. A still greater feat is *The Conspiracy*, in which three well-known Philadelphians are holding parley at the street corner. The presence of Joseph Pennell in the group gives justification to the title of this excellently painted, if somewhat monochromatic canvas. In spite of being to some extent illustrative, it still remains one of the foremost canvases on exhibition. Wayman Adams is leaving many of his compeers tied by the way-side.

A few paintings only can be briefly noticed for reasons of space. Frederick Waugh for pure realism has out-cameraed the camera in *The Line Storm*, which with all its wealth of meticulous detail still remains a powerful memorial to his ability as a painter of marines. Reuterdaahl has given a dramatic treatment of storm, cruisers and U-boat painted in a very different spirit but with infinitely less knowledge. As a poster it is excellent. Fred Wagner has a supremely good harbour scene with beautiful silvery lighting; of his other picture the less said the better. Two small canvases by S. Walter Norris, *The Opal* and *Spangles, Sulphur and Ash*, have excellent quality and remind one of Bonington. Geo. Luks excels in his capital characterization of *Mary Ellis*. John Sloan's *Renganestri's: Saturday Night* is delightfully vulgar, unconventional and a pleasant note. Charles Reiffel is advancing with giant strides, his *In the Hills* is fine in colour and full of rhythm. Camelia Whitehurst is very successful with her child portrait entitled *The Little Conqueror*. Seyffert's nude commands respect for the beautiful tonal quality and good drawing. Alice Worthington Ball shows a still life of fruit and demijohns lusciously painted with full knowledge and a full brush. Elizabeth Washington has two good canvases to her credit, especially the one entitled *Gulf Hills*. *Surf Rings*, by Richard Andrew, is an exceptionally vigorous rendering of rock and surf. Redfield's canal picture, though well painted, is extremely void of interest; his two Pittsburgh studies, on the contrary, are glowing in colour and full of charm and vivacity. Hayley Lever is well represented with one of his usual harbour scenes, painted

with dash and brilliancy. In his own particular sphere Lever has few rivals. Good portraits have been achieved by Raditz of his wife, Leslie P. Thompson, Albert Rosenthal, F. G. Carpenter, Margaret Richardson, Juliet White Gross, Adolf Borie, Gertrude Fiske and Sidney Dickinson. If it were not for an anatomical impossibility in the right arm of Mrs. Raditz, or left as you regard the picture, this portrait might justly be regarded as one of the best in the exhibition. Geo. Bellows in his *Moonlight Ride* is at his best. Dixie Selden presents in lovely tones an excellent likeness of the late Frank Duveneck and no one could escape the charm and directness of *The Beach Hat* by Robert Henri.



BELGIUM, 1914

BY JESS M. LAWSON

AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK has been selected for the highly important task of decorating the legislative chamber of the new parliamentary building at Winnipeg, Manitoba, the architects being Messrs. Simon & Bodington of London. For many years past THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO has followed with interest and notice the excellent work of this gifted artist, who is to be congratulated upon this splendid commission, chances of this character being few and far between, and but seldom conferred upon the younger artists.



ROAD TO THE POST OFFICE
BY THEOPHILE SCHNEIDER

Nationalism and American Painting

NATIONALISM AND AMERICAN PAINTING BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

IF you are a person of imagination, fancy a Frenchman, of the year 1840 or 1870 or thereabout, returning to France after a five years' schooling in Tokio or Hong Kong. Then fancy our supposititious Frenchman—who has absorbed the art spirit and the art point of view of the Orient, and who is quite out of touch with the spirit of his native land—coming upon the landscape painting of Corot or Daubigny or Monet. Let us proceed to fancy him disparaging these painters, ignoring them and advising his friends against the purchase of them. As these pictures continue to advance in value, and as sale after sale shows higher prices paid for them, the misguided gentlemen who have accepted our young exotic's point of view grow somewhat anxious and (it is not too much to assume) go to him and say something as follows: "Don't you think I had better buy a Corot or a Monet? Everybody seems to be buying them, you know. I shouldn't like to get left (or words to that effect)—now what do you think?" "Oh don't worry," answers our young Frenchman, who knows all there is to know about Japanese art, but who knows absolutely nothing about French art, "these fellows are no good. They don't count. The persons that are buying them are putting their money into a whole lot of trash. Ten or a dozen years from now this stuff will be forgotten." Or, if our friend turns journalist, we imagine him filling the pages of French publications with articles on Japanese and Chinese art, to the total exclusion of any consideration of Corot or Daubigny or Monet. You see, there is really no French art! No doubt there has been, no doubt there will be some of these fine days, but for the present—and our friend shrugs his shoulders. Corot? An emasculated Constable. Monet? A very faint replica of Turner's later period. Our friend proceeds to deplore the lack of original impulse and the lack of an unmistakable national character in French art.

Of course this sounds very absurd and fantastic and preposterous and incredible, and, of course, in view of the centuries of tradition back of Corot and Monet, it never could have happened. But suppose there had not been these centuries of tradition back of Corot and Monet! Suppose

French art, as represented by these men, were, comparatively speaking, an impetus obviously derived from a foreign country! It is not unthinkable that under these hypothetical circumstances Corot and Daubigny and Monet would have been ignored by contemporary criticism as negligible.

Now as a matter of fact, it is precisely the equivalent of all this that we have witnessed in this country. A point of view, fundamentally foreign in its origin, has been taken for granted; and when once a point of view is accepted by the majority it cannot be amended or eradicated short of anywhere from twenty-five to fifty years. The idea has gone out that American painting is not "national," (that irremediable stupidity and banality of conventional opinion!). Our painters are, it appears, merely repainting Barbizon or French Impressionism. The stereotyped professional and critical comment proceeds to deplore the sterility of our native talent, and to hope that we shall some day or other develop a genuine American painting. In the meantime, a few clear-sighted, sane, astute individuals are buying—as the case may be—Innesses, Wyants, Carlsons, Dessars, Weirs, Tryons and Murphys. Year by year these pictures continue to increase in value, and the more they increase in value the more persistently our alien critical gentry, stultified by preconceived prejudice and sophisticated predilection, tell us there is "no American painting."

Of course there is really nothing so very unusual in all this. To any one who sees the matter in the light of its relation to fundamental trends and precedents, it is perfectly obvious that this implacable obtuseness on the part of the majority is the very surest indication of the validity of American painting. The fact that American painting is consistently disparaged and opposed supplies a conclusive hint to the shrewd intelligence. I remember that when U. S. Steel was selling around 22, just after the 1907 panic, you couldn't find anyone with sufficient courage and foresight to buy it. (Of course this statement should be qualified: a few clever speculators did buy the stock around this level, just as a few inspired individuals have bought American paintings.) My point is that in both cases the preponderance of professional opinion opposed such action. As Steel climbed up through the thirties and then the forties and then the fifties, and so

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on, and so on, professional opinion remained calmly imperturbable, waiting for a reaction that never came; and as American painting has steadily increased in value, the gentlemen of exotic affiliations who know all about Gauguin and Cézanne and Matisse and Picasso, and so on, continue to ignore the loveliest and most valuable contribution that this country has made to the world's record of beautiful things. It is all very curious.

I have indicated elsewhere something of what I believe is the explanation of this matter. The thing goes down into the very deepest roots of human phenomena. It is an inevitable reflex of human nature's innate and apparently ineradicable tendency towards an acceptance of fallacy. In the light of what evidence we have we are compelled to assume that some occult law has created the human intelligence with a bias in favor of error and inaccuracy. For every one that is right there are a thousand that are wrong. In addition to this, we must not neglect to observe a particular set of circumstances in the matter of American painting. The hypothesis roughly indicated in my opening paragraph is the key to the entire situation. It is not only that we have to take into account the great fact of humanity's inherent incapacity for inspired apprehensions and accurate estimates. We are confronted by a condition peculiar to ourselves; a condition that I have deplored as making for the worst possible muddle and blur of matters that should, if they were competently and honestly handled, become clearer and simpler and more accessible to the average state of mind. And this condition is something as follows:

Alien criterions have played and are playing a preponderating part in determining this country's æsthetic estimates. In the nature of the case, this had to be so. In a number of ways it is most fitting and proper that it is so. For example, there can be absolutely no question but that the literature of this country is inept, evasive and futile, and there is absolutely no question but that this humiliating deficiency will not alter under present conditions. In view of this fact, those of us who demand that art shall see and feel honestly and fervently will continue to look abroad for our literary gratifications. American music practically does not exist. With the possible exception of Mr. Gilbert's *Dance in Place Congo*, we have produced nothing that in point of competence and effectiveness can be considered

in company with the music of a third or a fourth rate French, Russian, German or English composer. Accordingly, our estimates in these matters remain aloof from the feeble, immature and incompetent encouragements given the American composer and the American musician and novelist and poet and short-story writer by fatuous optimists and shirt-sleeved mentalities. One could not hold a keen realization of standard and criterion and do otherwise. But if we must not heed the crass chauvinism of the uncultivated jingo (who, no doubt, still thinks it is the very acme of humour to sound the t in Corot), we must in equal proportion resist the subtle confusions and factitious intensifications latent in the exclusively and elaborately exotic point of view. It is just exactly here that so many very clever contemporary critics go astray. They have become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that America is, artistically speaking, an absolutely negligible proposition that they neglect to inform themselves regarding current developments. They have absorbed the art spirit and the art point of view of a foreign country to an extent where they have become permanently incapable of reacting competently to intrinsic qualifications. Their state of mind is prejudiced or artificially excited to a degree that incapacitates them for the ultimate test of the authentic artistic attitude—namely, that it shall be able to see simply as well as elaborately, and that it shall appreciate, each for its intrinsic and specific worth, things widely, even totally, dissimilar. These gentlemen are a logical result of the conditions imposed upon us through our dependence upon continental culture. They have received their education from foreign sources almost exclusively. They have seen their fellow-countrymen at work in Italy or France or Holland, and they have justly estimated this work as a mere negligible aping of the contemporary art of these countries. They have absolutely no apprehension of the essential gist of American painting as represented by Inness, Wyant, Murphy, Tryon and Weir. And what is worse, they are, for the most part, so addled and over-wrought by the forced draught and spurious extravagance of "modernism" that they can no more derive an impact, so to speak, from the idyllic grace of Weir or the frugal, primitive, bucolic vision of a Murphy than a man who has accustomed himself to a pint of whiskey a day can content himself with a glass of claret for his dinner.

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There is absolutely no question but that this or something quite like it is the answer to the entire matter. Our supposititious Frenchman finds an actual incarnation in the American art critic. As a result, the matter of American painting is disturbed and obscured by a mass of superficial opinion, to the highest degree incompetent, and, unfortunately, this opinion is given a circulation that it does not deserve by erratic, irresponsible and misguided publications. I have been observing, for some years now, a conspicuous instance of this sort of pervert procedure, and my amazement continues to increase. I have watched one of the most consequential and notorious of our publications consistently giving space to a writer whose whole end and aim seems to be to demolish any lingering confidence one might have in the validity of American painting. The gentleman writes capably when he is on familiar ground, and one can get a satisfactory estimate from him of Degas or French Impressionism—subjects, by the way, about which we have pretty nearly made up our minds, once and for all. But, as I have remarked elsewhere, I looked in vain in this publication for any account of the prominence achieved by American painting in the Hearn sale of foreign and American art—the one big, outstanding event of the season of 1918. To me there is something almost culpable in editorial negligence such as this. To allow a writer to express his personal idiosyncrasies and incompetences of judgment upon a subject of national significance, and then to ignore the conclusive refutation of his egregious inaccuracy supplied in a practical and unmistakable manner by actual developments, is, it seems to me, to err against proportion, at the very least, and to verge almost upon disloyalty.

I have mentioned this matter in no wilfully invidious or carelessly impertinent spirit, but merely because it is essential we should recognize the regrettable fact that there is very little competent comprehension of the subject of American painting to be found among critics and collectors and dealers of foreign extraction or affiliation. It makes no difference to these gentlemen that Mr. Thomas B. Clarke or Mr. James W. Ellsworth buys Innesses, or that Mr. Lewisohn or Mr. Hearn buys Murphys! They know better than to put their money into these pictures at a four or five hundred per cent. yield! They want to interest you in a Van Gogh or a Gauguin or a

Matisse or a Cézanne. These gentlemen are the equivalent to the broker who advised his customers against the purchase of Steel Common at 22. They have lost their bump of reality in a maze of academic obfuscation, factitious theory and illegitimate excess.

It is, of course, perfectly obvious that any equitable perception should be able to turn to a Weir or a Murphy, an Inness or a Wyant, and receive, in adequate measure, whatever peculiarity of appeal these pictures may contain. I do not enjoy Grieg any the less for knowing that he is not Tchaikovsky, and I do not enjoy Tchaikovsky any the less for knowing he is not Wagner or Chopin or Beethoven. I repeat that the infallible sign of the authentic artistic attitude is that it shall be able to enjoy and to appreciate, each for its individual degree of intrinsic qualification, things widely, even totally, dissimilar. This our radical gentlemen cannot do. Fearful, perhaps, lest they be considered provincial, they are led into an acceptance of any and every novelty regardless of the fact that novelty is genuinely novel only about once out of every hundred times. And so (I repeat) they tell us there is "no American painting." Above all—and I call a special attention to this point—whatever painting we have is not "national." We are urged to visit current exhibitions of foreign art, where, it is hoped, we shall suffer a salutary humiliation. Any and every alien manifestation is advertised and exploited regardless of the degree of intrinsic significance it may possess. Sorolla is a Spaniard: very well; the adroit journalist appropriates him! (The fact that Sorolla is a third-rate painter is of no consequence.) Note how splendidly he proclaims his nationality! And his compatriot, Zuloaga! What a virile art! And how unmistakably Spanish in its splendid, primitive, almost brutal assertiveness! And so on, and so on!

Now I do not like to discuss the charming subject of art in a tone that may appear somewhat petulant. One would infinitely prefer to ignore the transient bickerings of petty controversy. Unfortunately, it is not easy to do this. As I have remarked elsewhere, there may very properly exist a difference of opinion regarding the relative degrees of individual merit possessed by this or that painter, or by this or that tendency. My choice may not be yours, and, it goes without saying, you have as much right to your opinion

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as I have a right to mine. On the other hand, it is perfectly obvious that we must have some common meeting-ground for even the widest subsequent disagreements, and it is equally obvious that this common meeting-ground can be nothing other than a mutual recognition and acknowledgment of reality. It is because this common meeting-ground is so rarely established that we find so much discrepant opinion and inconsistency where we should like to find a gradual coalescence of standard, criterion and ideal. When this discrepant opinion develops into egregious fallacy, it is perhaps as well to put aside the delights of a sheerly æsthetic point of view and to approach the matter from a somewhat more actual standpoint.

Of course it is patent to anyone that sees the matter from a practical, actual, common-sense standpoint that Zuloaga, for instance, is not one whit more characteristically national than is Winslow Homer. "Ah!" I think I hear someone say, "we concede Winslow Homer. But grant us he is the *one* painter America has produced of whom we may say, Here is an original impulse, racially individualistic." Well, as a matter of fact, I do not grant this point at all. Winslow Homer is no more characteristically and unmistakably national than is George Inness. And Inness is no more characteristically and unmistakably national than is Wyant—or Murphy—or Weir. How can a painter express nationality in art? Shall he do it by inventing some new kind of paint? Or brush? Or palette knife? Shall he do it by standing on his head and painting up-side down? If not, what is there left for him to do? How shall he differentiate himself from the painting of other countries so that we shall be able to say with unerring accuracy, This is a Frenchman, and this is a Spaniard, and this is an American? Well, as a matter of fact, the only way a painter can indicate his nationality is by reproducing on canvas the topographical and architectural characteristics of his particular locality. If he is a portrait painter he will present us with a characteristically national physiognomy; if he is a landscape painter he will present us with a characteristically national landscape. That is the only way he can express nationality through the medium of paint and canvas: it is the way Mr. Zuloaga expresses it and it is the way our Mr. Bellows or our Mr. Inness or our Mr. Murphy express it. You could not mistake

the line of elms that Tryon has made so characteristically his own for anything other than a typical New England landscape. Murphy has practically brought a new note into art with his apotheosis of stark, sweeping uplands, shorn of all facile, ingratiating prettiness. This is as distinctly typical a note as are the songs of Stephen Foster. Murphy and Tryon have merely reproduced on canvas what their eyes have reported to them. What else is there for the artist to do?

"Oh, express a national spirit!" someone answers; "symbolize, incarnate, achieve a synthesis of national character!" Well, I do not admit that, in so far as such abstractions are reducible and translatable into concrete, actual demonstrations, American painting fails to accomplish any of these things. The point is that these abstractions are not reducible and translatable into concrete, actual demonstrations. They may mean anything or nothing. They are pregnant with innumerable confusions and discrepancies. Note, at the outset, for example, the glaring inconsistency of the fact that the radical and the theorist will denounce American painting for its alleged failure to express unmistakably a national character, and, in the very next breath, they will plead the cause of what they call "pure" painting. (Which is to say a painting sheerly abstract.) Now a painting sheerly abstract is perfectly all right if you prefer not to believe that art is the sublimated essence of reality: at the same time, it is quite clear that if you are an advocate of abstract painting, you are advocating a kind of painting that is prohibited, by its very nature, from the expression of a national character. This is obvious. But let us look at the matter from an inverted standpoint. Let us ask ourselves whether an art must express nationalism in order to qualify as a satisfactory art, or—to put it into other words—whether art is under obligation to convey an unmistakable indication of its national origin. And what is the answer?

Clearly and unmistakably, no. The idea of nationalism in art is fundamentally and entirely fallacious. Art is the expression of an individual, not of an aggregate. We prize art in proportion to the degree with which it brings a new kind of rare beauty into the world. Art is the expression and the record of the human spirit; it is an emanation from that indefinable, occult something in man which we think of as of divine origin.

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We may accept these statements as axiomatic. We may proceed to call attention to the fact that the great art of the world is art that is abstract in its subject and universal in its significance and in its appeal. What is there in the poem itself to indicate that an Englishman wrote the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*? What is there in the music itself to indicate that a German wrote *Isolde's Liebestod*? What is there in the pictures themselves to indicate that a Frenchman painted the two Manet's up at the Metropolitan—*Boy With a Sword* and the *Woman and Parrot*? Will any one deny that the preponderating influence obvious in these pictures is the influence of Hals and Goya and Valasquez? Will any one deny that up to the beginning of his last period, Manet painted directly under the influence of these painters? And yet note how inconsistent people can be. Mr. George Moore, a critic of almost uncanny sagacity, deplores and laments the fact that art is dead and that internationalism is the cause of this incalculable disaster. How shall we reconcile this with Mr. Moore's notorious admiration of Manet, perhaps the least original and most eclectic painter that France has produced?

It is noticeable that, in the long run, this question of nationalism in art automatically exposes its invalidity. A most amusing instance of this tendency towards a sort of self-stultification occurred a few years ago at an exhibition of "modern" art held at the Anderson Galleries. This exhibition of what is euphemistically called "modern art" was organized by a group of radical gentlemen exclusively identified with all forms of alien insurgency. According to their advertisement of their aims, these gentlemen wished to present us with a comprehensive revelation of the "best" and most "typical" art produced in this country at the present time. One of these gentlemen had written elsewhere that, as yet, (referring to American painting as represented by Metcalf, Ochtman, Murphy and Crane), we have "achieved no synthesis of national character." Well, the art on view at this exhibition was a sheerly premeditated aping of the sort of thing that has come to us from abroad labelled "cubism" or "futurism" or something to this effect, and it was about as representatively and essentially American as the philosophy of Nietzsche or the harmonies of Schoenberg. It was merely a local application of certain extravagant theories imported from an effete and degenerate æstheti-

cism of alien origin. You will at once observe the inconsistency. The men backing this particular exhibition, ignoring the stark, primeval, epic vision of a Winslow Homer, the tumultuous, glorious ardour of an Inness, the reedy, vibrating, bucolic twang of a Murphy, had turned to the effort of foisting this spurious kind of exotic, factitious and sophisticated "art" upon the American public! It was half-baked theorists of this sort that imposed the notorious Armory exhibit upon us some four or five years ago. These gentlemen have persistently opposed the irresistible rise that has taken place in the best kind of American painting: bemoaning our lack of an "original" art impulse they have sought to correct this lack by the curiously contrary method of emphasizing all exotic artistic manifestation.

"But surely you will not deny," someone may say, "that the kind of painting you indorse is hardly an original national creation; hardly what you might call an indispensable impulse?"

I answer without a moment's hesitation: "Who in the world ever said it was?" Eighty per cent. of the art of the world would fail to qualify under so crucial a definition. We may count on the fingers of our two hands the number of artists that have represented to their respective arts an incarnation of indisputably original and eventful impulses. No accurate judgment attempts to substantiate the contention that American painting is either great or original in the sense that these words should be accurately applied. One merely says: Here are painters who are painting with exquisite facility—who are recording the facts of their particular environment with inspired divination. That is all one says, and it is sufficient. To say that they are not characteristically national is to allow one's self to stumble into fallacy. We seek and maintain art for the amount of spiritual and emotional significances it contains. We do not stultify its inestimable capacity for expression by limiting it to a locality. The essential function of art is to express an emotion beautifully and to translate fact into patterns and symmetries that shall charm us for their degree of sheer decorative loveliness without, however, a loss of authenticity of substance. The only demand that we may properly make of the artist is that he shall meet this test successfully. We may dismiss all other theories and obfuscations and complexities as spurious. The ultimate test of a picture—whether it is produced

Nationalism and American Painting

in Iceland or India or China or France or the United States—is, Is it a good picture? By this is meant: Is it beautiful in colour, in design, in draughtsmanship? Has the painter a correct sense of values? Is his vision an enchanted vision? Is his taste impeccable? It is because the most significant painter of modern times—Whistler—successfully meets these requirements that we accept him, and that we accord him his high estate. But think for a moment what would happen to Whistler if we were to demand that an artist bear an unmistakable indication of his national origin in order to qualify as a satisfactory artist. We should be compelled to dismiss Whistler as an absolutely negligible proposition.

In concluding, I urge the case of Whistler upon the attention of the reader; and I would suggest that the next time the reader hears someone deploring the lack of a "national character" in American painting, he will fortify his confidence in our native art by a calling to mind of the significant and notorious evidence for the defence presented us in the career of this brilliant, bizarre, preposterous painter. Here, it is generally admitted, is one of the greatest painters that we have so far had. (The fact that the present writer does not unreservedly agree with this estimate is not pertinent to our immediate purpose.) The important thing is the fact that Whistler, artistically speaking, was a man without a country. He studied in France, working shoulder to shoulder with Manet and Degas. He took up his residence in England, and lived his life in that country. His premeditated appropriation of the point of view of the art of the Orient is a commonly understood fact. There is nothing in anything he ever painted to indicate that he was born in the United States. His art is no more indicative of a national origin than a rainbow is indicative of a national origin. And yet he is accepted as one of the world's great painters. Clearly, something is wrong somewhere. If art must express nationalism, Whistler is automatically debarred from qualifying as a first-class painter; if Whistler is a first-class painter, then (inevitable corollary) art is under no obligation to express nationalism. The demonstration stands four-square. Its significance is obvious. In fact, we may accept it as decisive.

Once and for all, let us put aside this enormous inaccuracy. One thing and one thing only is our proper concern: Does American painting accom-

plish beautifully what it sets out to accomplish? If we can hang a marine of Dearth's, a Carlsen still-life, an Inness, a Tryon, a Dessar, a Weir and a Murphy in company with the best art of all time, the answer is, unequivocally, Yes. All theorizing to the contrary is vain and futile distraction. Bear one thing in mind to the exclusion of all sophisticated elaboration: the fact that this autumn upland, this clump of underbrush, this line of elms delicately traced against an evening sky, this amiable meadow-land, this sweep of arid, naked soil may be found recorded in the canvases of Wyant, Tryon and Murphy with a degree of beauty of handling that no landscape painting of any kind or time whatsoever has excelled. And, furthermore, it is not entirely irrational to contend that for those people whose sensibilities are free from spurious intensifications these pictures are a quite unmistakably original manifestation in so far as they represent an exquisite fusion of the highest degree of decorative beauty and a kind of plaintive, frugal sentiment eminently aboriginal. One must not subscribe to the fallacy of nationalism in art: on the other hand, one may contend, without fear of successful contradiction, that American landscape painting is as genuine a reflex of the American spirit as a Corot or a Monet is a genuine reflex of the French spirit. Personally, I am convinced that in Inness and Murphy America can lay claim to two painters that have carried the art of landscape painting to a degree of subtlety and eloquence beyond anything we have so far known, and I believe, furthermore, that their art represents as authentic an attitude as the art of any other country. Personally, I indulge myself in the theory—not entirely irrational, I trust—that the distinguishing and inestimable characteristic of American landscape painting is the miraculous and quite charming equilibrium it achieves and maintains between the essentially decorative attitude of French painting and the essentially domestic point of view of the modern Dutchmen. Surely, it is not unduly fanciful to argue a legitimate Americanization in this fusion of opposite tendencies. To say as much is not to stumble into inconsistency. One does not prohibit an expression of nationalism in art; one merely contends that nationalism is, at most, a sort of by-product of art, and that the essential and decisive factor is the question of whether the art is technically competent and beautifully articulated.

A New Theatre Beautiful



LOUNGE OF THE NEW SELWYN THEATRE, NEW YORK

NEW THEATRE BEAUTIFUL

A WITH the building of every new playhouse in the larger cities of America, the progress that is being made in theatre architecture and decoration becomes more and more strikingly apparent. The deep, barn-like auditorium, topped by gallery after gallery, the chief aim of which was to raise the seating capacity to a maximum, is a thing of the past. Modern drama with its abandonment of bombast and its nearer and nearer approach to the realities, demands more intimate theatres and the shorter ranges of vision and hearing. The smaller number of seats is offset by the vastly greater number of playhouses and the possibilities of profits are preserved by the constantly higher and higher rates charged for admission.

This progress is especially, and quite naturally, apparent in New York City, which contains more theatres probably than any other city in the world. It is a lean season indeed which does

not witness the construction and opening of several new amusement palaces of the better class. And quite properly, New York's very newest playhouse of all is, or at least has already achieved the reputation of being, architecturally, decoratively, and from a practical standpoint the best.

This is the Selwyn Theatre on West Forty-second Street, erected by the producing firm of the same name, under the direction of Mr. Crosby Gaige. With the property on which it stands, the house represents an outlay of a million dollars or more. No expense has been spared to make it the most modern and complete structure of the kind in the United States. After the installation of all the latest devices and conveniences for the staging of plays, first thought has been given to the comfort and pleasure of its patrons. The auditorium is broad rather than deep, bringing even the rearmost seats within a comparatively short distance of the footlights. The chairs are roomy and comfortable with ample space between the rows. There is but one bal-

A New Theatre Beautiful

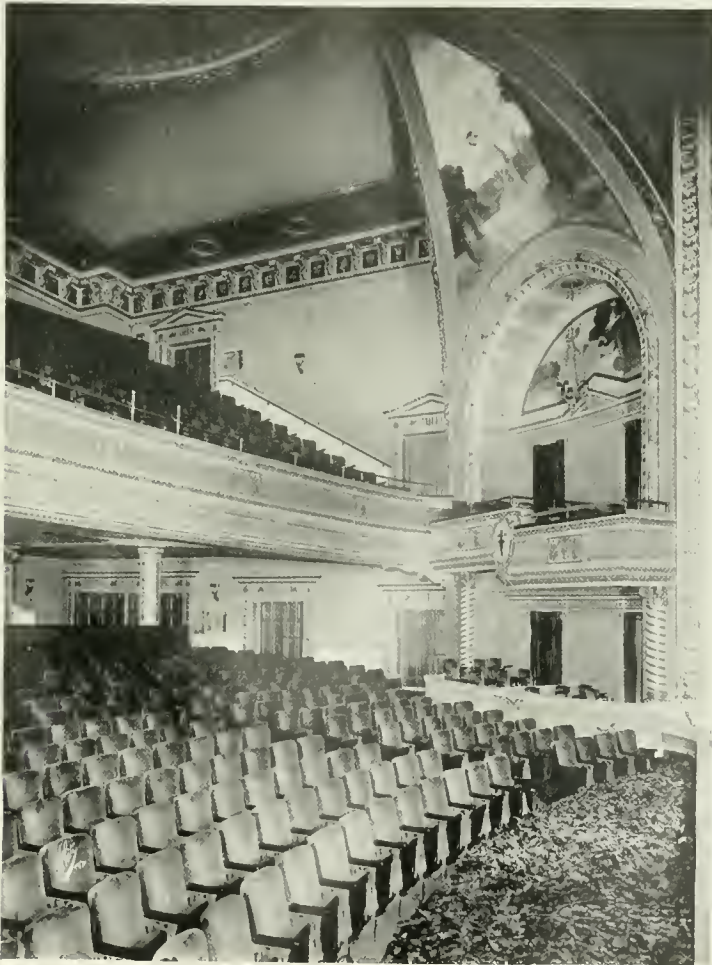
cony. In addition, the acoustics have been so perfected that it is said a whisper from any portion of the stage is distinctly audible in every seat in the house. The auditorium is lighted by the indirect method in four colours which can be used in combinations as required. One other feature of practical value in this connection is the low stage, which brings the players more nearly on a level with the eyes of the observers in the orchestra, besides necessitating less effort on the part of the actors or singers to project their voices effectively.

In recognition of the social element of theatre-going in New York, a luxurious, comfortable and most attractive lounging room has been introduced between the auditorium and the lobby, decorated in the style of the Italian Renaissance, according to the scheme adopted for the whole

theatre. The colour used throughout is a beautiful soft shade of Italian blue with an admixture of gold, and a wainscoting of Italian marble, which is also used to enclose the lower proscenium boxes. The lounge performs the additional practical function of separating the auditorium by just so much more from the main entrance on noisy Forty-second Street. Smoking is permitted here, and, in conformity with the fad of the moment, there is also a separate smoking room for women as well as for the men.

Corresponding care has been given to the comfort and convenience of the players back of the footlights by providing them with comfortable, up-to-date dressing rooms individually equipped with shower baths, telephones and other modern requisites.

RALPH W. CAREY.



A VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM



American Water Colour Society's Exhibition, 1919

THE IDLE BOATS—WATER COLOUR
BY FELICIE WALDO HOWELL



Exhibited at the National Academy Winter Exhibition, 1918

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM LAIMBEER, ESQ.
BY LOUIS BETTS

A New Gothic Skyscraper



MAIN RECEPTION ROOM, FIRST FLOOR, OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUYERS' CLUB, BUSH SALES BUILDING

A NEW GOTHIC SKYSCRAPER BY HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE

WHILE the adaptation of Gothic architecture to commercial purposes has heretofore been largely restricted to suggestive ornament, its affinity as a garb for tall buildings of the skyscraper class has only recently been fully determined. In the thirty-story Bush International Exhibition Building in West Forty-second Street, New York, the architects, Helmle & Corbett, have applied the Gothic principle with superb effect, to the end that the city has acquired an industrial monument destined to exert an influence as potent as any that falls under the head of pure art.

Incidentally, the new sky tower enjoys the distinction of being the tallest structure in the world, outside the Washington Monument, ever built over so limited an area. As may be imagined, the building presented many problems to the archi-

tect both of a constructional and decorative nature. As regards the latter, there arose the necessity of providing a means of bringing the sides of the building into harmony with the main façade. To do so required special treatment.

Since the building was located in the centre of the block, the introduction of projections and reveals would have meant a sacrifice of area to protect them from crowding the adjacent structures, so the architects obtained very cleverly the same effect by the use of different toned brick. Buff was used for the foundation, black for the shadows, and white for the high lights. The end justified the means, for there is nothing to indicate from the street that the new building does not conform in every particular to accepted standards.

The main entrance, though reserved in treatment, is sufficiently distinctive to strike the keynote for the architectural revelation within, for beneath a lofty Tudor arch access is had to the main vestibule, which rises two stories in height and gives full expression to the rich beauty of



LIBRARY OF THE BUYERS' CLUB



A COSY CORNER WHERE TEA IS SERVED

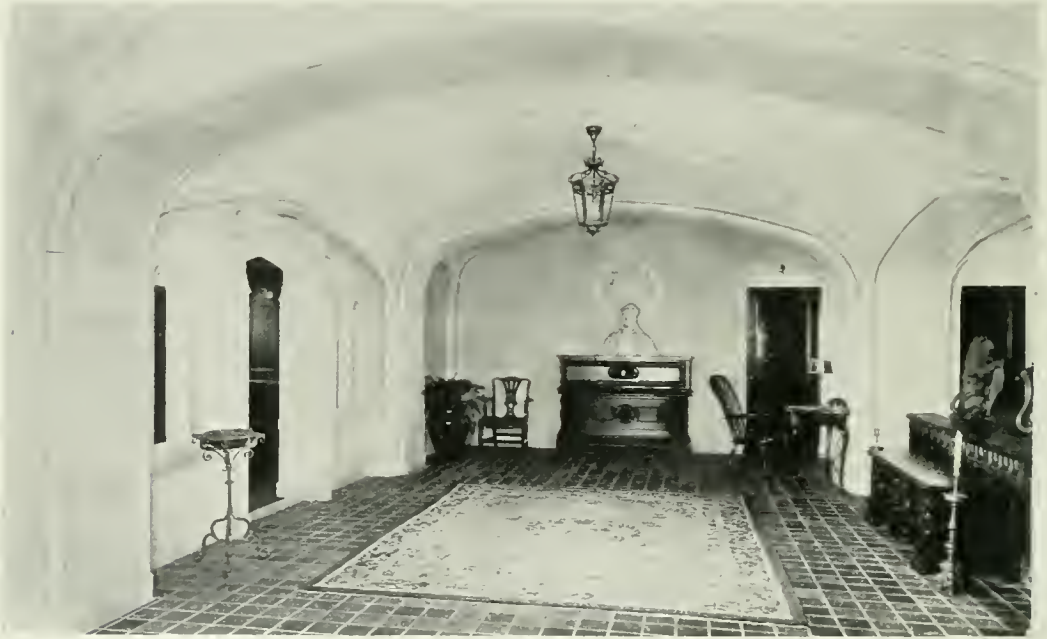
A New Gothic Skyscraper

Gothic design. A rood screen of oaken panelling and bar tracery, built to enclose an inner court, lends an ecclesiastical flavour. The posts of the screen are carried up to support a similarly carved balustrade around a mezzanine floor, or as the French would call it "*salle des pas perdus*."

It was the aim of the architects to reproduce, as faithfully as space would allow, a typical English manor house of the Sixteenth Century. Although handicapped by the circumscribed area of one small city lot, the designers have achieved their end in a remarkably clever fash-

or faced with travertine stone, with a heavy beamed ceiling, quaint hob grate, small octagonal tables with modified Windsor chairs, enjoys an atmosphere savouring of an old English inn. A refectory table and benches near the South window lend a monastic touch which finds its complement in the canopy and screen of Gothic tracery used to shield the service portion.

The fidelity with which the work in the Bush International Exhibition Building has been carried out is exemplified in the exquisite leaded silhouettes introduced in the diamond-paned windows



CORRIDOR, MEZZANINE FLOOR, SHOWING VAULTED CEILING AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

ion. By way of corridors, divided by the screen, admission is had to a spacious hall, panelled in oak, from which a grand stairway rises with carved newels and balusters. The staircase is by no means the least interesting feature of the club rooms, for its perfect proportions, ease of ascent, massive appearance and richness of effect, follow the rules laid down by the early English craftsmen to attain that stately appearance for which the early examples were noted.

Beyond the stairs, on the main floor, is the grill where meals are served to the members of the Buyers' Club. Here Gothic ornament has lent itself as a background for the enjoyment of epicurean delights. The room with walls panelled

which line the corridor of the upper hall. They were designed and executed by John Scott Williams, the artist and illustrator, and, in a highly picturesque way depict the chase, the hunt, the sea or else image some whimsy rhymes of classic origin. Impertinent little motifs, suggestive of the main theme, have been applied unexpectedly here and there with delightfully humorous effect. Mr. Williams also designed the quatrefoil let into the walls of the mezzanine gallery which, framed in a moulding to correspond, lend a brilliant touch of colour to the soft gray walls.

The library which occupies the width of the building on the Forty-first Street side, is a room of noble proportions. The semblance to an Eng-

A New Gothic Skyscraper

lish manor house has been closely adhered to and the walls are clothed in fumed oaken panelling, the ceiling heavily beamed and the furnishings kept distinctive of the period. Instead of the walls being broken by the usual rectangular panelling, they are divided by flat strips into large surface above a wainscot of oblong panels, horizontally applied.

The heraldic devices, carved in high relief, that decorate the overdoors are very spirited in treatment and striking in effect. The fireplace with its ancient hob grate focusses the attention to one of the most typical architectural features of the room. Ionic pillars, delicately fluted, support the overmantel, the latter carrying a handsome oil portrait, while smaller pillars support an entablature above. Book shelves back of diamond-paned leaded glass doors flank the fireplace. Incidentally this feature is intended to house a collection of some 10,000 volumes, many of them rare editions, exquisitely bound. Those on the subject of costume alone include many books long out of print and such as are only to be found on museum shelves.

Following the upper corridor towards the front of the building one is admitted to the aisle which, panelled in oak with a rib ceiling of the Elizabethan period, forms a harmonious link between the two main groups of rooms on the second floor. The entrance is framed by a broad entablature of rectangular panels upheld by broad pilasters. The wall is broken midway by the introduction of domed recesses, decorated with pilasters ending in Doric capitals, a style of decoration strongly suggestive of the work of Inigo Jones.

Small octagonal tables and chairs of early English origin are placed in convenient positions for those who stop for tea, and there are built-in seats upholstered in the softest of Cordovan leather along the walls. The insets done in embossed enamel by Mrs. John Scott Williams constitute a novel and striking feature of the wall treatment. Square wood panels are first fumed to match the background and are then illuminated in the highly decorative fashion which Mrs. Williams herself originated.

The architectural beauty of the Bush Building, so far as the interior goes, centres in the mezzanine floor, and the view from the aisle is almost startling in its splendour. Through a rood screen of travertine stone, which, by the way, is the material of which the old Roman monuments were

built, one is favoured by enchanting glimpses of vaulted ceilings, a carved balustrade with delightfully grotesque finials and suggestive notes of tapestried furnishings. Sanctuary lights flank the screen while from the vaulted ceiling beyond swings an ancient wrought-iron lantern.

Some interesting pieces of old English furniture in the shape of an old oaken coffer or dower chest and a massive desk serve to accentuate the Elizabethan feeling while the Chippendale settees, quaint Tudor bench and richly upholstered wing chairs supply the decorative note to the mediæval setting. The application of Gothic ornament and early English fittings are by no means confined to the club rooms for similar ideas have been incorporated elsewhere, finding a particular expression in the offices of Irving T. Bush, President, and Miss Henrita F. H. Reid, Vice-president of the Bush Terminal Company.

SALMAGUNDI CLUB

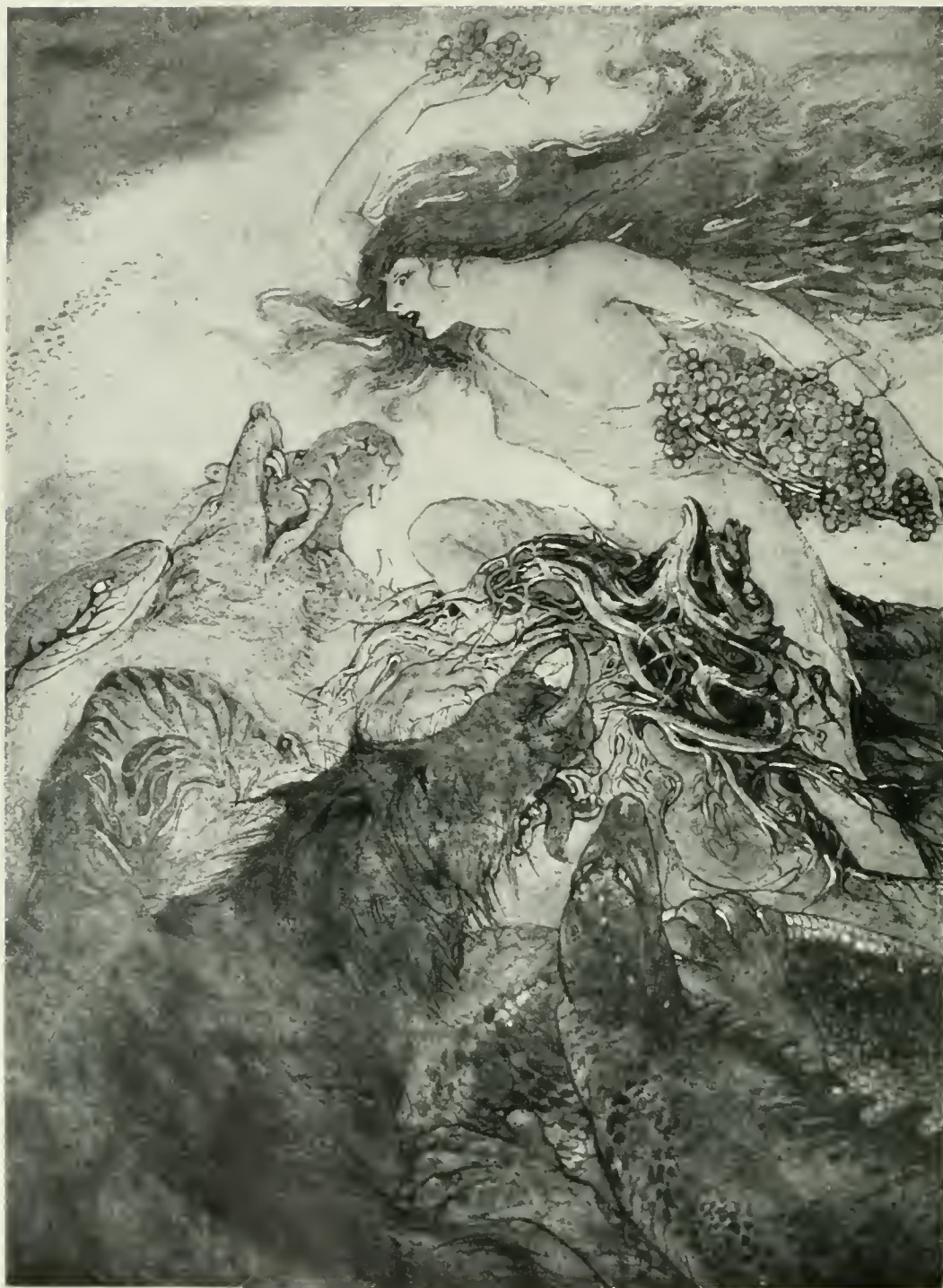
AN exhibition of sculpture by Massey Rhind, and paintings by E. Irving Couse, Glenn Newell, Ivan G. Olinsky, Edmond W. Greacen, H. Giles and H. F. Waltman has been shown in the past month at the Gallery, the hanging and arrangement generally calling for much appreciation, the tapestries on the walls helping the total effect in marked degree. The most prominent exhibits perhaps were the bust of Mr. Joseph G. Butler, Jr., dear to many American artists as a purchaser of characteristic canvases for his handsome museum at Youngstown, Ohio, said bust being the work of Massey Rhind, and the portrait group by Ivan G. Olinsky of his daughters Leonore and Tosch. Special mention attaches to the work of Walt Whitman who, resting from an excess of "portraiture while you wait," has painted a good landscape entitled "*Where the Stream Runs Blue*." Glenn Newell's *Midsummer Day* is the best of some good contributions. Edmond W. Greacen's *Summer Land* has a charming quality of the Whistlerian order. Howard Giles is best seen in his *Holidays*, whilst E. Irving Couse continues his specialty of painting the red Indian in his native haunts, engaged in peaceful occupations. The exhibition is interesting as bringing together in happy unison the work of several painters of marked ability who see things through totally different temperaments, thus obviating the sameness of one-man shows.



LAMIA AND HERMES
ILLUSTRATION FOR KEATS' "LAMIA"
BY ELENORE ABBOTT



ENDYMION AND THE NEREIDS
ILLUSTRATION FOR KEATS' "ENDYMION"
BY ELENORE ABBOTT



CIRCE
ILLUSTRATION FOR KEATS' "ENDYMION"
BY ELENORE ABBOTT

Elenore Abbott, Illustrator

ELENORE ABBOTT, ILLUSTRATOR
BY EVA NAGEL WOLF

WHY no publisher has ever conceived the idea of bringing out an illustrated volume of Keats' poems is a question that has long puzzled lovers of poetry. What a fund for the imaginative artist are *Lamia* and *Endymion*! Such an artist, Elenore Abbott, has felt and answered this call in no mean manner. She gives a keen interpretation of *Lamia*, the serpent goddess, with all the sinuous grace of the serpent and the tantalizing, haunting memory of a beautiful woman, a serpent's head "but, ah, bittersweet! She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete." The figure of *Hermes*, full of vigour, is drawn with an assurance that brooks no criticism.

It is a pity that these illustrations could not be reproduced in colour, for despite their beauty in black and white, there is a subtlety of colour embodying the word pictures of Keats that will charm the lover of beauty and delight the connoisseur of poetry and art. The grace of the *Nereids* as "they interwove their cradling arms and purposed to convey towards a crystal bower far away," and the swooning body of *Endymion* are the crystalization of poetry.

For vigour, action and beauty, "*Circe*" is possibly the most graphic and gratifying. Here in the "flames gaunt blue" and through the "thorny brake" maddened, horrible beasts grovel at the feet of the tyrannizing *Circe*.

These illustrations have never been reproduced before, but it is to be hoped that they will be exhibited shortly, for the colour adds tremendously to their charm. The medium is water colour, strengthened with a brown pen and ink line and the final tone and surface velvetiness is gained by a polish of wax. Many pencil lines are visible, but it matters not how or with what the effect is accomplished, for the mind that can give the embodiment of the honied words of a fellow artist like Keats is to be lauded.

Elenore Abbott is a well-known contributor to *Scribner's Magazine*. Many will remember the illustration that accompanied the poem "*Carnival*," by Maxwell Struthers Burt. The inspiring version of "*Pierrot at War*" was reproduced in colour in the January number of that magazine.

While Mrs. Abbott has illustrated for years,

her recent works show a marked change. She is clearer visioned, losing thereby none of her subtlety; her colour is more beautiful and her conception more comprehending. Her line is simple, vigorous, and when there are faults, they are as frank as her truths. I speak advisedly of the marked development in her work, for I have seen the illustrations in the making for a fairy tale book, shortly to be published. At last she has a theme she can simplify or embroider to her heart's content. Elenore Abbott loves her fairy tales as one who never grew up, and no child who receives such a book will be disappointed. When twelve ravishing princesses go to the ball—twelve, each more beautiful than the last, will be found clothed in gowns that befit a princess of fairy land. Elenore Abbott is not a surface clever artist; her active, vigorous, yet idealist's mind is brought into subjection and guides the long sensitive fingers that hold the water colour brush.

PERFECTION AND THE HIATUS BY MURIEL PIERS

WHICH of us but has observed the fluent gaiety of our pedagogic friends as they tell us, in domineering words and many, the precise features our surroundings should exhibit; and been perplexed by the equally fluent nebulousness with which they craftily omit to warn us against those incriminating symptoms our surroundings should elect to leave undisclosed? The reference here is not to debatable matters of conduct and conscience; not to recondite opinions on life and literature and vexed questions of philosophy and ethics; we are come to a simple consideration of the visible settings upon which our daily lives are to be staged.

In municipal libraries are shelves full of books on "*Decorating the Home*"—words of dread to a sensitive ear—but the horrid contradiction in thought brazens its impertinence unchallenged; no book on any shelf carries a single page devoted to that vital preliminary process that here shall be called *Un-decorating the Human Being*.

What lies behind this evasion of the cardinal point on which our sole universal form of self-expression has its foundation? Is it politeness, or pity, or actual paltering? Is it perhaps because to-day is a concrete, positive thing and can be handled according to the dictates of ephemeral

Perfection and the Hiatus

modes on which it is easy to be authoritative, whilst yesterday is an atmosphere and to-morrow is an intuition: both of them matters of character and divination where fashion and the insouciant may well fear to tread? It takes a great soul to remain in steadfast touch with the eternal verities, and when it comes to materializing an artistic version, the first essential is a deep sensitiveness to the involuntary and sometimes wilful workings of that mysterious need of beauty that is founded on inspiration and is akin to divine wisdom itself.

It was in such a flash of penetrating spiritual insight that a great Frenchwoman, shortly before the outbreak of the war, wrote to one troubled in the age-long quest for perfection: "My friend, St. Thomas à Kempis said it long ago: Desire to have less rather than more. And remember always that God builds the nest of the blind bird." What lovely saying could have a more irradiating power for the waste places of this our human pilgrimage?

Less rather than more! Truly, there can be no doubt that the cataclysm of the European War will bring back to our souls the twin sisters of Austerity and Patience, and those stern kind faces will look at us in our homes and we shall conform to their decrees for elimination and restraint. But if the thought of such sacrifice falls hardly on our unaccustomed hearts, were it not wise that we should take comfort beforehand by—in a measure—facing our ordeal and considering whether we would shrink from it even if we could?

In homely illustration of our meaning, let us take the case of a philosopher who, not long ago, was a guest in an apartment of many rooms furnished with unmistakable disregard of expense. The place was haunting in its suggestion of something seen before. . . . something not to be laid hold of and identified until a few hours later when an Ethiopian truck-driver clattered along the street hilariously flourishing a whip, . . . and then in an instant the connexion came. Of course, reflected the philosophic mind, the eluding memory was of an African village; there would be found the same effect of strident and unrelated colours, the same crowded spaces and heavy weights ready to fall upon the philosophic head, the same hysterical people with feather head-dresses ejaculating in noisy triumph. . . . those unhappy rooms reminded the beholder of

an Ashanti chief's hut, and of nothing else in the world!

Let it be confessed, the illusion was helped by a mounted alligator pegged out on the wall; by a stuffed ostrich in the foyer with the bushiness of its tail-feathers well emphasized; and by a gigantic hippopotamus-head with open red jaws, gaping by the door—savage, you will say? surely, the word would be too harsh; primitively, these people had a right to the wild trophies they had shot or snared. Rather, the sign of their childishness in the cosmogony of the human race lay in the proofs there spread before us that they had not learnt as yet to discard for beauty's sake the possessions it still pleased them to acquire.

Now take another impression. Spring came, and found the philosopher in Philadelphia, where of all places Spring comes at her loveliest. It would seem as if the friendly traditions of that bland country-side add to the mellowness of her morning light, to the clear beauty of her streams, to the restful dignity of her orchards and her old gardens. The hour arrived when a visit was to be paid at the College Club, a rambling old house in the heart of the city, of whose history and traditions there was merely a vague remembrance that it had once belonged to a famous Philadelphia doctor, and had recently been skilfully renovated and adapted by a committee of women of culture and good taste. Yet that evening the caller, entering the reception parlour, was struck dumb by . . . what? Let us describe it inadequately as a conviction, that it was good merely to be in that room; as a strange sense of the same utter well-being we may experience on hearing intricate music perfectly rendered—we can call it the Symphonic Satisfaction in our poor human attempt to express its depth, its mastery and its involuntary origin.

The visitor looked, but there was little in the interior to explain this huge contentment: summer was coming, so there were no curtains in the tall windows giving on the little stone-paved court where a fig-tree grew and twisted; there was no rug on the polished floor of broad old hardwood boards; midway, one long wall was a Colonial fireplace below a high mirror; a door, one step up, led out of the room opposite to the door of entrance. For furniture there was no more than a fine American Empire side-table in long and narrow mahogany with brass claw feet; a superb Colonial highboy desk that shone in the gloom like a precious stone; several Sheraton side-

Perfection and the Hiatus

chairs against the wall; and presiding over all, a stern old mahogany sofa from North Carolina, such as a seventeenth-century diarist would beyond doubt commend as "contrived with all elegance and exceeding formal." Enlightenment was a necessity and was not withheld. "Did you not know?" said the friendly historian, "this room is professionally famous. It has a reputation as a little masterpiece of symmetry and balance, and architects passing through the city come to see its perfect proportions. But the strange fact is that no one to-day knows the name of the obscure craftsman who drew its lines and built it." Such effacement is Homeric in its disregard—or perhaps disdain?—of fame, but the essence of the Hiatus for which I plead lies in the dignity of such an abnegation, in the triumph of a pride that is content to create a perfect thing and go its way, keeping its personality a secret forever.

The problem of restraint is the hardest of all the sacrifices a woman must make who would have her home beautiful rather than decorated. Let her remember that the higher the art, the more stringently must this rule of austerity be self-imposed. What Robert Louis Stevenson said of the technique of writing; his *Apologia pro vita sua*—"War to the knife on the adjective." . . . holds true in the same degree of Decoration. And by the adjective in decoration we mean such things as meaningless pictures that punctuate like exclamation points the harassed walls; restless rocking-chairs, over which one falls in the dark; glaring ceiling lights with their painful reminiscences of a Pullman sleeper during hours of insomnia; plates and pottery of no conceivable value, dotted precariously on mantels where no plates should in the nature of things be; and bow-fronted cabinets of superfluously-golden oak that straddle in dining rooms and afflict the observer with a delirious sense of massed mirrors, clumsily-cut glass, and preposterously painted tea cups . . . Mere well-meaning junk, all of it, that provokes us with its message of heat and heterogeneity, and must be warred against with a gentle steeling of the heart and a liberal application of the bonfire in the back-yard . . . !

Whilst it is beyond question that these dicta are of merely academic and entertaining interest to the readers of *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, yet it may be assumed that our kindness and sympathy go out none the less to the courageously-furnishing young wife and home-maker in

so many a cheerful little habitation scattered across this wide continent, who is striving by the light of her own quick wits and native sincerity to satisfy her aspirations for beauty, if only under its guise of good taste. What help can we give her? Is there no infallible standard we might set up for her? I can think of but one: Hero-worship. Let her find the writer or painter or musician who appeals to her so unmistakably as to fit her temperament; let her read and study and steep herself in every fragment of her hero's work that she can reach; let her give to her life the added interest, and to her personality the added colour-value of a hobby on which she is an authority, and then, putting her house as she equips it to the rest of her hero's measure, she will find her own standards so raised that instinctively she can hardly go wrong.

Who that has read and re-read Walter Pater's "Gaston de Latour" and "The Child in the House"; who that has lingered over Henry James' "Spoils of Poynton" or Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford";—who that has stood in absorption before the great painters of interiors from the Dutch Gerard Douw and Pieter de Hoogh and the Van-meers downwards to such modern illustrators as Randolph Caldecott or Hugh Thompson, but is equipped already and stoutly prepared for that fearful combat between Personality and the Possessive Instinct that so often dissipates our energies, discourages our souls and does its dangerous utmost to drag us back to ruthlessness and uncivilization.

THE School of Applied Design of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa., has announced the appointment of Mr. Frank A. Bicknell of New York City as visiting Professor of Painting and Decoration. His duties at Tech will extend over a period of six weeks.

Mr. Bicknell is a landscape painter of international reputation and the Carnegie Institute of Technology is most fortunate in securing the services of so genuine an artist. An appointment of similar character was not made last year owing to the inroads the war made upon Tech's art school. In conjunction with Mr. Henry Hubbell, head of the department of Painting and Decoration, Mr. Bicknell will carry on that work which was so excellently done by Mr. Charles Webster Hawthorne, another great artist of New York City, in 1917.



Courtesy the Whitney Studio

COCKFIGHTING

BY RANDALL DAVEY

I N THE GALLERIES

O, ALL YE PARKS AND STATUES
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

SOME parks cannot be rescued, but prospective ones can if people will only take warning from the terrible examples with which we are faced. To pursue a concrete case, let us cite Hudson Park, New Rochelle. Here we have an acre or so of people's park delightfully situated on the water with every agreeable landscape feature to hand, rocks and sand making charming inlets, and beaches nestling beneath rising ground of varying altitudes well planted and dotted about with pavilions and benches.

It was necessary, however, for the authorities, presumably the Park Commissioners, to call art to their aid to intensify nature's charms, with the result that they have made the place impossible to people who have the least understanding for the beautiful. These gentlemen evidently believe that scenery is enhanced by a judicious sprinkling with tin goddesses, in a coat of bilious

paint, standing upon out-of-scale shafts of similar hue, tin gods—a noticeable partiality for Mercury—and horrible metal toy dogs three feet high, clothed in brownish-yellow housepaint to make them "natural."

If this is bringing art to the people, for the people's sake let us denounce all such art as it is not approved and recommended by competent artists. It is not customary to call upon an architect to remove a tooth, or upon an undertaker to construct a yacht, but when art is required the last person consulted appears to be the artist. These crimes will continue as long as no complaints are made and as long as men and women who ought to know better are content to gaze upon these atrocities, ordered from the price list of some firm of German taste or origin that makes a specialty of catering to the depraved tastes of retired plumbers or beer-garden proprietors wanting some ornamental work done on their grounds. When it comes, however, to invading public places where citizens pass to and fro in their hundreds and thousands, it is time to smash up false gods and substitute good



Exhibited at the Knoedler Galleries

MEMORIAL PORTRAITURE: WIFE OF PROFESSOR PUMPELY, OF NEWPORT, R. I.

BY GEROME P. BRUSH



Courtesy the Whitney Studio

MAINE BEACH

BY GIFFORD BEAL

In the Galleries

taste for bad. No one of any decency would object to Prohibition that prevented the desecration of highways and parks with such devil-spawned statuary as has not only ruined Hudson Park, New Rochelle, but has also crept into a little patch of ground at the end of the harbour, which on the demolition of an obstructing house

reverse the procedure and *bring the people to art*. Hudson Park, New Rochelle, is a ghastly reminder of what we may expect if we exclude the artist from our councils and permit vulgar minds to handle artistic problems. We are approaching what may develop into an era of memorial and commemorative activity in which architect and



Courtesy the Whitney Studio

BARNs

BY ALLAN TUCKER

has been converted into a public garden. Here may be seen another tin goddess of the Aphrodite brand with a dull coat of park-railing paint of slatey hue. What manner of man can it be that has official recognition and the ability to war upon inoffensive nature with such terrible weapons as these metallic dogs and goddesses?

We talk about *bringing art to the people*, which is perfectly absurd; it is possible, however, to

sculptor should find rich opportunity. The victory arch tentatively erected on Fifth Avenue proves uninspiring and unsatisfactory in every way, and the authorities throw up their hands when confronted with the problem of how best to provide a perpetual memorial in honour of the men of the United States of America who have upheld so splendidly their country's ideals upon the battlefields of Europe. The idea of a victory

In the Galleries



THE COAST GUARD

BY JAMES WEILAND

arch must be abandoned, because there is no adaptable site for it. The people are in fact invited to suggest a way out as no suitable site for a monument seems available. There is a site, however, which could not be improved upon, though it could be vastly improved. We refer to that unsightly possession of the people known as Madison Square. This is public property and might with advantage be entirely cleared and then transformed into a handsome park worthy of its central position in a great city. There is a memorial right to hand, an acre or so of land, at present worse than waste land, but capable of any beauty and utility that the art of man could apply. What better monument could be conceived? And what a splendid setting could be given to the Farragut statue which is not seen to the best advantage on the skirts of the Square. If we can bring the people to art by giving them things of beauty such as a remodelled Madison Square, future generations will balk at the idea

of desecrated parks as exemplified by Hudson Park, New Rochelle.

It seems but a very short while since the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors held a crowded display of their accomplishments in the pleasant but limited space of the Arlington Galleries. Now behold they have filled the Academy of Design, and henceforth their shows will have to be reckoned amongst the more important annual events. They have demonstrated how admirably painting and sculpture can be shown together, and also how tastefully the three galleries may be arranged with the aid of fountains, benches and pieces of furniture. But in order to fill the three galleries nearly 600 exhibits were necessary, and of those quite one half could be dispensed with. The sculptors have revealed themselves as the stronger element, exemplified in the work of Harriet Whitney Frismuth in her stunning fountain. Grace Mott Johnson, with her new-born lamb

In the Galleries



BATTLEFIELD SKETCH

BY LÉON CALSON

and the elephant Gunda on the march; the work of Olga Popoff Muller, Marie Apel, Janet Scudder, Annetta St. Gaudens, Jane Poupelet, Lucy Perkins Ripley, Edith Parsons, Frances Grimes, Marjorie Curtis and others, have raised the sculpture to a high level. Amongst paintings of merit may be mentioned a portrait by Helen Turner; Bishop Burleson by Jeannie Gallup Mottet; the bright still lifes of Elizabeth Roth; harbour pictures by Anna Fisher; animal pictures by Matilda Browne, especially her ox catalogued as *The Wanderer*; the dashing, breezy types of Martha Walker; Ellen Rand's portrait of Dr. W.B. James; a winter picture by Marion Bullard; *Betsie*, an excellent child picture in the Luks manner by Camelia Whitehurst; *Sally in Our Alley* by Ruth Anderson, but why those fiercely encarnadined cheeks and lips?; Lydia Emmet's portrait of a girl, entitled *In the Studio*; Mary McCord's Portuguese-Gloucester canvas; *The Cherry Hat* by Elsie Dodge Pattee; wood interior by Alethea Platt; still life of flowers and a huge bronze statue by Lydia Floret; a still life by Dixie Selden; *Alice* by Gladys Wiles; Florence Snell's *Deserted House*; the portrait of Joseph

Choate by Ellen Rand; Irma Kohn's *Late Twilight*, and of course Alice Ball's *Girl and the Cage*. These are just a few of the noticeable canvases. Very little may be enjoyed amongst the sketches, but we recall a very good sea and rock water-colour by Alice de Haas, a good water-colour and oil by Martha Wood Belcher; Alice Seipp's *Corsican Girl*; a study of cypresses very nice in tone by Martha Bintliff and an excellent plein-air study of a child at the seaside, *Priscilla* by Louise Heustis, one of the best sketches shown.

Jerome Myers has exploded in colourful oils at the Milch Galleries where twenty canvases, chiefly concerned with East Side children and Italian revelries, hold the walls. Myers is a realist, but much more besides. His children give us to think in a way that a mere materialist could not effect. Myers in fact permits the soul to take part in his statements and throughout his numerous presentments of the poor we are spared a feeling of pity and sympathy. These little people are leading the'r own lives in a happy and independent fashion.

An illustration on the contents page, besides one here, is devoted to the work of Gerome Brush, whose work attracted considerable attention recently when shown by Mrs. Albert Sterner at the Knoedler Galleries. A purity, elegance of line and extreme simplicity are especially characteristic of his work in marble, which medium lends itself best to his undoubted ability. Some children portrait busts there shown were of great delicacy and beautifully modelled.



SKETCH FOR ENGRAVING ON
THE SOCKET OF A HOWITZER

BY LÉON
CALSON



'THE PRIMROSE DAME.'
FROM THE PAINTING BY
PHILIP CONNARD, A.R.A.

(By permission of Messrs. Ernest Bouverie and Phillips, The Leicester Galleries)

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LXVII. No. 267

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APRIL, 1919



THE BROODING HEAD

BY STIRLING CALDER

S TIRLING CALDER, SCULPTOR BY HENRY RANKIN POORE

IF "Art is the expression of man's joy in his work," the jollity thereof has rarely found interpretation more emphatic and complete than in Calder's masterpiece lately installed in Indianapolis—the Depew Fountain, the creator of this supreme work spending two years in the society of these happy, mad-cap revellers, day by day passing in and out among them while the circle widened to completion. As one by one each figure of the group grew into being, it was given place on the circumference of the fountain, chalked upon a rotating platform on the floor of the studio, until in time the hands all touched and the sculptor was an excluded

observer on the outside. But even then he clung to their company, for after the clay has been cast it is his habit to continue his labours in the plaster and on the wax castings, seeking by these final means to set the seal of his individuality in full upon a matured idea.

Like Blakelock rushing from his easel to the piano and thumping out an Indian melody that he might put himself into the fervour of a war dance while he shouted "dance now, will you dance," so we may see the sculptor of this gay farandole slipping in and out among them as they pranced, cavorted, swung and pirouetted, calling upon them to dance the harder, to laugh the louder and to yield more and yet more of the vision he had seen and was patiently following into reality.



NATIONS OF THE WEST

BY STIRLING CALDER
F. G. R. ROTH, LEO LENTELLI
COLLABORATORS

And so in durable bronze this riot of joy has been handed on to us that we may pause and gaze and go our way with a smile at this reminder that youth and happiness are one, and that each of us has had his chance at them.

The dance, in sculpture, is almost as old as sculpture itself. From the bas-reliefs of Etruria to Carpeaux's marvelous group before the Paris Opera, wherein Apollo with timbrel raised gives step to his escort of maidens that ring him round, sculpture has loved this theme and sculptors have rendered it, but it is a conservative statement to say that never has the delight of it been revealed with greater charm than at the hands of Stirling Calder.

I found the artist installed in the old exhibition hall of the West 10th Street studio building, where a generation or more ago as a student I visited the late William M. Chase. He had just arrived from Munich with a flourish of trumpets, and had "set up" in the largest of New York studios. One's knock was then answered by a negro in a red fez; the door as it opened automatically gave forth music from a stringed instrument which died away in the

screech of macaws and parrots; a greyhound stretched himself from a polar rug; in each corner were canopied divans, the whole great apartment was a riot of colour.

To-day it was difficult to realize that one stood at the same threshold. The walls, tinted in high key confronted the visitor with a severe formality—a classic quietude reigned. Statues in clay and plaster stood with a certain mute disdain for the intruder who would call from his work the master of the place.

It was a natural sequence of thought that prompted a comparison of the present and the former occupant—the painter and the sculptor—a pleasant opportunity for applying the Plutarchian balances.

I well remember how Chase, small of stature and bristling with enthusiasm, had walked up and down this sumptuous apartment declaring that he had secured a big place because he wanted to do big compositions; but they never came. Chase was too much of a technician for big enterprises. His mind was more closely focussed on the *how* than the *what* of art, and this easy mastery of the way of putting on paint

Stirling Calder, Sculptor



NATIONS OF THE EAST

BY STIRLING CALDER
F. G. R. ROTH, LEO LENTELLI
COLLABORATORS

was more absorbing to Chase, the painter, than anything that paint might represent.

But the West 10th Street studio was destined in time to bring forth great compositions, all of Calder's conceptions of heroic size for the San Francisco Exposition being designed here.

Enthusiasm, which with Chase was a perennial fountain, always overflowing its rim, is shared in full degree by Calder, but one feels that with the latter it is locked up in a reservoir, and when the vent is found it manifests itself like therapids of Niagara. Touching on his work of colossal size at the Panama-Pacific Exposition here was such a vent. The whole project in the hands of Calder, as Chief of Construction in Sculpture, demanded not only enthusiasm of the highest order, but that great push from far behind in this sea of troubles, which produced the flash and fall of the waves upon the shore, to the public their only visible sign of it.

Calder was eminently fitted for this task, for his work had ever been directed by the appeal of subject; and what had interested him had won

his effort. And so it had comprised a range from the architectural adornment of a garden to the group decorative, and the portrait statue. He, too, has shot his arrows in many directions, and has been styled a "cosmic" sculptor. In short these two men probably represent a wider range of subject than any two others in American painting and sculpture.

A natural ease in execution may account for this, for whatever has been undertaken by either shows the rapid and sure touch.

During the intense period preceding the Panama-Pacific Exposition, when for months work went forward at fever heat, the problems arising in the department of sculpture were intricate and perplexing beyond those of all the fine art sections combined. Collaborating with Karl Bitter, attending to the work at the New York end, Calder organized the labours of the force of assistants who executed the full-sized sculpture, besides supervising and directing the composition of many works made in San Francisco. The placing of those colossal

Stirling Calder, Sculptor



THE DEWEY MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT INDIANAPOLIS

BY STIRLING CALDER
HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT

groups upon roofs, domes and pinnacles, the arrangement of the many and varied fountains, columns and figures, historic or symbolic, and the harmonizing of these with the architectural plan, of itself was sufficient to engross a single capacity; but besides this Calder designed two groups of

the Nations and a great fountain comprising in all some forty figures, and of type and subject as varied as the colossus bearing on his shoulders the figures of Victory and Fame, the mermen and mermaids of the Fountain of Energy in the wild revelry of their wave-splashed basin, the



GAINES—VISCAYA MODEL
BY STIRLING CALDER

Stirling Calder, Sculptor



THE LITTLE MERMAID OF VISCAYA

BY STIRLING CALDER

allegorical figures of the Stars, surmounting the colonnade of the Court of the Universe, the dainty flower-girls in the Court of Flowers, the caryatides in the Court of Palms, and from these to the pure realism of the Mother of Tomorrow, a detail from the Nations of the West, and the sturdy types of the Nations of the East surmounting the Arch of the Rising Sun. The rapid passage from one to another of these subjects, so distinct in their demands upon the invention of the artist as well as upon their right and rapid execution, must have put him into the

frame of mind of a steeplechaser with a new problem looming before him in every barrier which beset his course. But the race was won and in good time, all the important projects of the sculpture department being ready at the opening of the Exposition. It could only have been accomplished by one equipped cap-à-pie before entering, one for whom the period of experimentation lay behind, and whose judgment must be immediate. It was indeed a man's job. In this time of stress Bitter, in a moment of hesitation turned to his colleague and



SUSAN LENNOX
BY STIRLING CALDER

Stirling Calder, Sculptor



PACIFIC OCEAN



NORTH SEA

BY STIRLING CALDER

F. G. R. ROTH, COLLABORATOR

exclaimed "You of all sculptors should follow your intuition."

The triumph of this achievement can only be appreciated by those who came to see. The Easterner, rendered apathetic by a jealous press refusing to herald the successes of a Western undertaking, and left without a reminder of the miracle that had been wrought upon the Pacific shore, let this opportunity slip of appraising the genius of American architecture and sculpture and of receiving that thrill and inspiration which only great art can give.

Let us pause for a moment in memory before Calder's Fountain of Energy, now a shapeless mass of broken concrete dumped into San Francisco bay.

Standing in the place of honour in the South Gardens it epitomizes *the triumph of accomplishment*. To the conquering hero the battle has been won, the task lies behind, his hands are free and open. Like a strong man conscious of his power, he makes no effort with those hands to control the figures that ride upon his shoulders, Fame and Glory. They rest there by their volition, not his. The energy expressed in this figure is all passive, not active. Those arms and hands we know have already broken two continents asunder, uniting the waters of two oceans, and uplifted toward the heavens they are now advancing toward the greater accomplishment of the future. Herein is exemplified the philosophy of Lessing's Laocöon, a deeper sensation of strength attained through repose rather than action—in fine, the nobility of tranquillity.

Below this masterful, confident figure lies the

world which he has dominated and on it the forms of mankind in their struggle of evolution from the lower to the higher type. Surrounding this and the great basin of the fountain are the oceans, each with its symbolic representation. These genii of the Atlantic, the Pacific, the North and South seas are conceived with that sense of contrasted characterization which means so much in symbolism. The rude energy of the North Sea impelling his will upon the labouring Walrus, the refined and sensitive gaiety of the female lying confidently on the back of her armoured dolphin, the Pacific, typified by a brooding oriental, the South Sea expressing the tempest-tossed mood of the merman. The lesser waters are also there in allegory, nereids and sea sprites, the mouths of their chargers spouting jets of water which rise to meet the nimbus and rainbows of the semi-spherical downpour from the main fountain.

To those questioning the worth-whileness of art, one is prompted to ask what of the influence of such a work as this upon the housewife, in her endless round from the churn to the pantry and the dinner dishes, and how such a revelation of the amplitude of life could suddenly tear aside these stifling curtains which hem her in and enable her to breathe the great upper air which she had never known; or on the cowboy beyond the touch of any æsthetic influence, a gleam of constant recurrence in his lonely life; or on the business man absorbed with market reports, salaries, and typewriters, and on all sorts of conditions of men of those millions who stood in awe and beheld these wonders,

Stirling Calder, Sculptor



ATLANTIC OCEAN



SOUTH SEA

BY STIRLING CALDER

F. G. R. ROTH, COLLABORATOR

and thought upon their meaning. Like the song of the singer this has now passed forever, yet will forever live in the hearts of those, made friends of art, who came and saw.

Alexander Stirling Calder, the son of a sculptor of note, started life with the gifts of inheritance and environment. What a chance is a nursery in a studio, and a lump of clay as a plaything!

Calder senior saw that the plaything was there, and before the days when Froebel's Kindergarten was established in this country the young sculptor was using his fingers and learning his technique under a parent's watchful eye. However, the lad's real ambition was to be a soldier, but West Point being impracticable he drifted at first apathetically into sculpture. The Pennsylvania Academy was but a stone's-throw from his father's workshop, and on leaving school he was put there under that arch disciple of anatomical form, Thomas Eakins. After four years in the institution he went to Paris. There for two years he studied under the sculptors—Chapu and Falguière. On his return his first commission was a portrait of the great anatomist, Dr. Samuel Gross of Philadelphia, a subject which his earlier master Eakins had painted in life size surrounded by his students at a clinic.

This success was quickly followed by other portrait commissions, and the "new man" might have spent his days in complacently making a living at portraiture but for the promptings toward the ideal which the nature of sculpture aroused, this, coupled with an interest in design, and its application to architecture, an avenue opening to a much larger field.

Such originality was first evoked in a fountain donated to the University by the class of '92, which for a man in his twenties was a most creditable performance, but the promising touch of genius must be found in the pair of drinking cups, the handles of which show an athlete doubled into a hand-spring upon the cup's bottom.

In the period which followed, and before that great opportunity came which is the gilded Mecca to the sculptor's outlook—the International Exposition, Calder was busy with many themes, developing himself along as many lines, but always in his own way, seeking *within* rather than *without*, and seeing opportunity in the humblest as well as the loftiest offering.

The frankness of the artist in appreciating the sculptural assistance which many architectural schemes require has since brought to him commissions of large size, notably the designs at the Deering Estate of Miami, Florida. There he worked in collaboration with Paul Chalfin the architect. The "Island" is a limestone structure designed like a Venetian barge, and built in the waters of Viscaya Bay, at this point quite shallow, confronting the series of terraces which lead up to the house. The sculpture comprises the two prows of the barge, colossal in size, six figures on the balustrades and four gables on the boat landings.

Here we find the same lavishness of conception, not only in the robust beauty of the forms employed, but in the active lines as they approach and surround their principals—the wings of the mermaids, the head and tail of the great

Stirling Calder, Sculptor

fish, the sea-weed, shells, etc., emphasizing variety. If one has the impression that the sculptor is *trop facile* in these extra things, that he gives more than is necessary in making his work remarkable and interesting, one has but to turn to the reserved statuesqueness of the gables to find in their repose the contrast which harmonizes the whole work as a combination of the two ideas of the static land and the restless sea.

In recognizing the aid which sculpture stands ready to offer the architect not only in adorning but often in focalising architectural intention Calder says—"Sculpture may be conveniently divided into two kinds—one, the free creative work inspired directly from nature and without relation to use, the other conceived with relation to architecture. There is considerable class feeling between the humble workers in architectural sculpture, and the proud devotees of sculpture, in and for itself. Among these last there is frequently found a reluctance to engage in work associated with architecture, as being of a lower order; this in spite of the fact that many of the finest examples of ancient work were of this nature.

"If we are to be anything but a degenerate race of copyists, the motives of true sculpture must be more and more *our* motives, part of the sculptor's beliefs and imagination, adorned with our invention, trophies, allegories, literature, poetry—all of that world of thought that is our *living own*. All these the sculptor stands ready to supply; only you must know him, sympathise with him. He is the high priest of form, perhaps too often engrossed in technical problems, which after all must be his first care, to see quickly his opportunity, to apply his methods to architecture; perhaps disdaining to apply it at all, since sculpture is so beautiful in itself. The realm of the ideal must always be the most attractive to the artist—without it there would soon cease to be any sculpture—the restless desire to embody our thoughts exists as a kind of superior instinct for visual beauty—eversearching for the divine calm that life itself is denied, Art seeks to set up her lovely idols of consolation. This most precious quality is far removed from practicability. Yet it is just this quality that is also valuable to architecture. If it has no spark of it, it is a dead and useless thing."

With such a creed sculpture is enabled to



CARYATID

BY STIRLING CALDER



TRIUMPH OF ENERGY
BY STIRLING CALDER

Stirling Calder, Sculptor



SON OF THE EAGLE

BY STIRLING CALDER

establish itself over a much larger domain than though her platform were limited to a pedestal.

The personal conception, all one's own, will always, however, attract the intensive worker, and Calder has allowed his own free fancy to lead him in many directions. Was there ever an artist with a baby who could resist the opportunity of turning it into art? When Calder allowed himself a little release from his weightier themes he discovered in his own infant son a subject which will live in the annals of American sculpture quite as long as any of them.

In this statue—life size—has been epitomised the child of all time.

In the *Man cub* he has proceeded on the general agreement that every child in whatever environment reared, begins as a barbarian, original sin being his chief endowment. Here it is interpreted as just pure mischief. The child

himself is not quite sure how in this instance it will develop, but wait and see. Any youngster with a physique of such sturdiness which defies cold and who is evidently used to playing about without need of a nurse, and who would much prefer to take to the woods and live with the bears or play with the fawns or the fairies than



THE MAN CUB

BY STIRLING CALDER

Stirling Calder, Sculptor



TRAGIC FIGURES

BY STIRLING CALDER

wear clothes, is bound to convince his parents that he has little sympathy with civilization. As for the ball, he will not let you have it because you want it; as for the kiss you are dying to inflict upon him because you can't help it, this he will deny for the same reason; but after you are ready to turn away and give him up as a puzzle, then he comes at you with a hurrah—just to keep you guessing—and then, why, instead of your getting him he has escaped you after all, gone to the woods and the bears that he knows about, and where you cannot follow because you are civilized.

From such character reading we turn to that "Presbyterian of the Old School," and find the sculptor has hit him quite as hard, almost too hard: and again to "The Miner" resting at

the end of his day, the "Mother and Child," a tender bit of genre, the Washington of the Memorial Arch in New York, a work of rare dignity, and so we look along down the lengthening corridor of this artist's production to find type after type, each rendered with that close



FIRST SKETCH FOR
FOUNTAIN OF ENERGY

BY STIRLING
CALDER

Stirling Calder, Sculptor

fidelity to its essential character which expresses his delight in *vision*.

Among the works calling for special attention are:

Marble—Sun Dial, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

The Man Cub—Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

Memorial Crosses—Harleigh, Camden, N. J., and Rock Island, Ill.

The Sculptured Portico, Throop Institute, Pasadena, Cal.

The Lea Memorial, Laurel Hill, Philadelphia.

Faience Mantel, Residence of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, New York.

Spandrils for Ryan Art Gallery.

Washington as first President of the United States, supported by figures of Wisdom and Justice—Washington Arch, New York City.

Depew Memorial Fountain, University Square, Indianapolis, Ind.

Twelve designs for the "Island," Viscaya, Florida. Estate of James Deering, Esq.

Exposition Works, San Francisco, 1915.—designs of two great original groups replacing the usual Roman quadriga which surmounted the arches of the Rising and Setting Sun, by McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

First design of the "Column of Progress" and its sculptured allegory.

Allegorical figure "The Star."

The Flower Girl.

Fountain of Energy.

General supervision over Exposition sculpture for buildings and grounds.

Small bronzes, including:

Narcissus—Stretching Girl—Najiyankte.

Tragic figures—A Woman.

Portrait-Busts.

In all of Calder's work one feels the student's willingness to express not merely nature but the

added something which the higher mind knows is there, and which it is the business of the artist to show us. Technically his work discloses a feeling after the constructive spirit of his subject which searches for its most gracious line of development. One is satisfied that this has been obtained after an analytical appraisalment; a sort of clairvoyant instinct.

Calder is truly an Aristotelian. His work reveals a beauty beneath the exterior, not of soul merely, but of quality. Here he stands with his master Falguière at quite a different philosophical angle than that of Rodin, whose dictum was that nature, wherever found, without selection, was good enough for the purposes of the artist, a philosophy which eventually forced him into a false idealism in his effort to reconstruct the photographic truthfulness of nature by smoothing its surfaces, of *tempering* the actual, and leaving much of it in the original stone.

In Calder's art we find all of Rodin's love of nature's surfaces and anatomical truth lifted toward the great archetype.

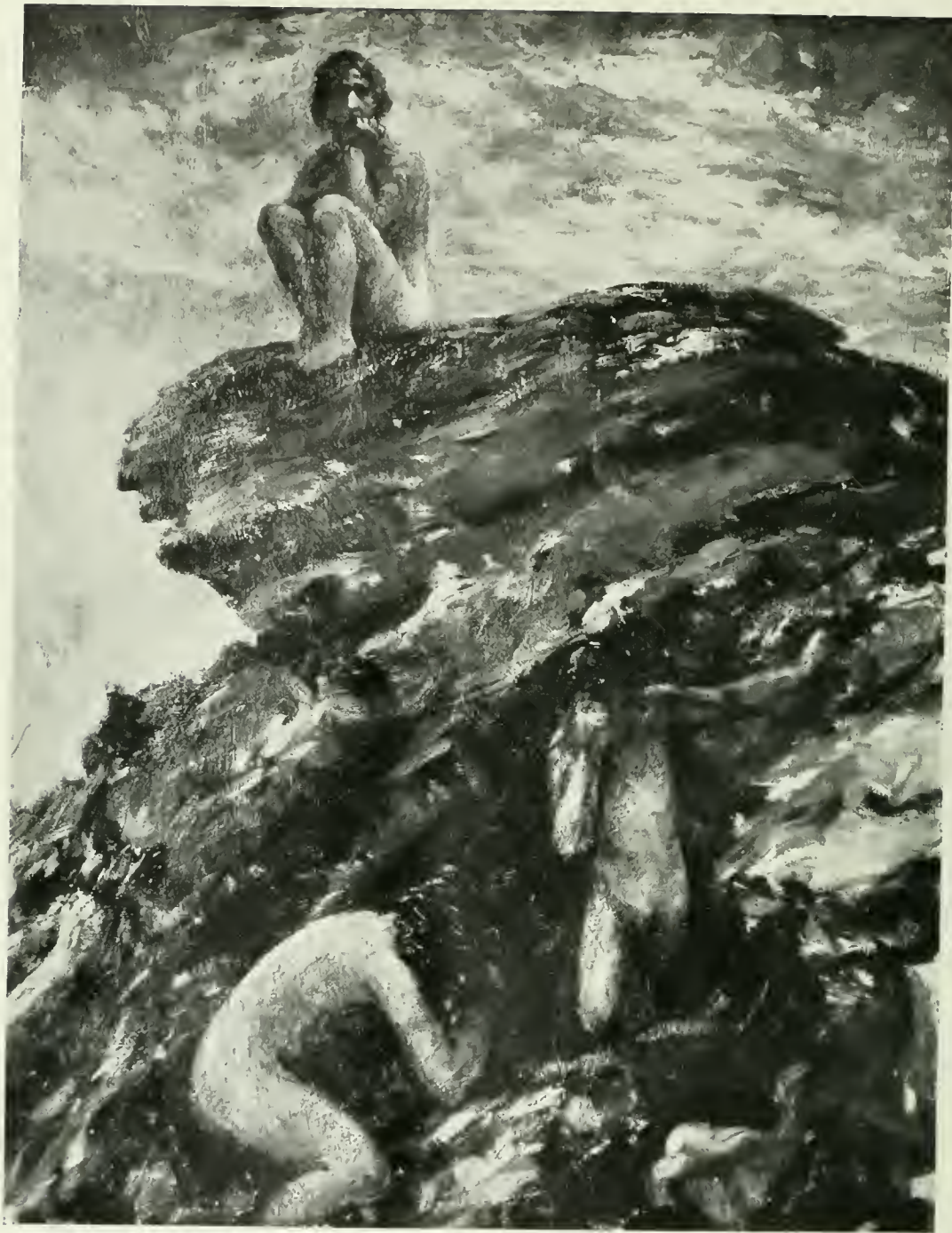
It is just in this range that art can advance, and Calder knows it. Exhibiting recently in a group exhibition at the Bourgeois Gallery the critics have entered Calder as a member of the "New Movement." In point of fact all of these examples of his were produced long ago without reference to either new or old movement. They were purely *self expressions* in sculpture and would seem to prove him on the critics' estimate, ten to fifteen years in advance of the modernist; the Seated Athlete modelled twenty years ago, "Tragic Figures" twelve years, and "A Woman" eight years ago.

The most adventurous of these is "A Woman," a figure in the semi-nude, lying on a couch, which awakens the reflection that were Christ to come to New York he would advise, "Woman arise, take up thy bed and walk." Compare this with the mass of examples of feminine dignity and charm with which his output abounds, and one could wish to keep him as an exemplar of pure physical beauty—this associated with the decorative motif.

The works, now plastic in his studio, confirm this hope and one leaves it with the impression of rhythmic forms crouching, listening, turning, each glorified by some quaint or curious touch separating it from the usual—it is the touch of genius.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON SHOWN APART
FROM THE GENERAL DESIGN
BY STIRLING CALDER



BEYOND LIFE'S VALE OF TEARS
BY LILLIAN GENTH

Exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists



UNITED STATES MAIL

BY FREDERIC M. GRANT

EXHIBITION BY THE CHICAGO
SOCIETY OF ARTISTS
BY EVELYN MARIE STUART

THE twenty-third annual exhibition by artists of Chicago and vicinity, which opened on February 13th at the Art Institute to extend until the 30th of March, demonstrates the growing importance of the Middle West in art, its power to hold big men who have arrived as well as to bring new talent into blossom. The catalogue still displayed the familiar names of those noted ones who have worked to the betterment of art in this community for the past twenty years, and of those who have recently been winning

national honours, as well as a large showing of new exhibitors and a full representation of the brilliant younger set who shall constitute the glory of the future.

It was with much satisfaction that the older artists, who have done the pioneering in this field, observed how favorably this Chicago show compared with the American annual of last autumn. The country must indeed look to the Middle West for the long expected American School for this is the very heart of America. Most of the older artists are here because they have felt this from the first and have chosen to cast in their lot with a new civilization.

A fresh point of view has always characterized

Exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists

the work of those who are now the pillars of this society and this season one views the ripe fruits of their maturer years with an appreciation of the fact that they have not only kept abreast of but in advance of the times. In the landscapes of John F. Stacey, Leon Roecker and Alfred Juergens we see how the sparkle and spontaneity of youth may be preserved to brighten works wherein the certainty of touch, which comes only with long practice of one's

the recognized landscape painters of the country, even though he has chosen New England as his sketching ground for the past few seasons, is still a Chicago artist as this exhibition serves to establish and his group includes some of his finest achievements. Edgar S. Cameron who is another seasoned exhibitor impresses us anew with the cosmopolitan character of his art and the fact that he is a delightful traveller bringing back from whatever locality he visits beautiful



WILD ROSE INN

BY KARL ALBERT BUEHR

art, tells the story of fully developed powers. Alfred Janssen spreads before us snowy forest solitudes kept in key as only a natural snow painter of the closest observation can, reminding us that his unmistakable individuality has long been one of the pleasant things to greet in a Chicago show. Adam Emory Albright varies his well-known childhood pictures with scenes from the Andes and here too is a man whose works always give us the thrill of a meeting with an old friend. Wilson Irvine, who shines among

impressions and gracious memories preserved through the medium of his art. He offers us scenes from France and Belgium as well as our own country, one of the most interesting of the latter being *The Hacienda, New Mexico*. The Latin quality imparted by his early training seems in perfect accord here with the romance that attaches to the life of the border country.

Mention of New Mexico brings up the Taos Colony and recalls our pride in Walter Ufer and Victor Higgins, realist and poet, who have been

Exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists



THE KNITTER

BY ANTOINETTE B. HOLLISTER

capturing big prizes in the Eastern shows for the last two seasons with the Taos paintings which had already won for them the greatest honours to be had here. It seems to be the special province of Chicago to recognize a good thing while it is yet new and to have its judgment sustained later by the East as in these two instances. Both of these great men are creditably represented in this show though simultaneous Eastern exhibitions of necessity make heavy claims on their season's work.

Ethel Louise Coe is another Taos painter whose group reflects a phase of our exclusively American school, dealing with the representatives of the oldest civilization on the continent. Her works are rapidly gaining favour with those who appreciate Indian painting for its artistic as well as its illustrative qualities.

The show, as a whole, however, features no one school or tendency in art, offering, rather, a wide variety of styles and methods which betoken the breadth of view which the society has sought to encourage.

One room has indeed been devoted to the modern movement, but the exponents thereof appear rather conservative in their application of its principles, for their works seldom approach

that inexplicable point of view for which the layman's mind must be prepared with much argument. It is notable that the prizes were divided between the older and the younger element, though the more important ones fell to well-known exhibitors. The portrait which won the Logan Medal for Frank A. Werner is one of his characteristic low-toned arrangements marked by dignity, reserve and the achievements of true likeness. Even his critics concede to him this faculty for grasping those essentials which reflect personality from canvas. There were, however, a number of equally felicitous portraits in the exhibition, Arvid Nydholm's delineation of Dr. Walter Haines being entirely successful in much the same manner as the Werner portrait. Cecil Clark Davis maintains her reputation for elegance with two portraits of men, and a small canvas of a girl in golfing attire, with the links in background, executed after the manner of a Gainsborough landscape. Her study of Lionel Barrymore is entirely delightful, graceful, aristocratic and decorative.



PORTRAIT OF LOUIS SULLIVAN

BY FRANK A. WERNER

Exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists

Anna L. Stacey, one of our foremost woman portrait painters, has been honoured by representation to the exhibition limit of five canvases and among them are two portraits of young women that are real artistic achievements. "Mary," in particular, is so full of the graces and freshness of youth that one accepts her at once without analysis of technique. This, however, is because faultless technique like faultless manners is a thing which we recognize by its very lack of obtrusiveness.

Another woman painter of distinction is Pauline Palmer whose entries comprised both landscape and portraiture. In the latter she maintains her pre-eminence with two fine examples well-conceived and graciously accomplished. Of these *Baby Mine* is an unusually interesting study of mother-love, proud, protective, defiant, yet infinitely tender. There is great beauty in great variety in this picture, beauty of colour, composition, form and tone but, above all, beauty of thought and sentiment. The technique is free and broad, and the utmost simplicity is maintained throughout, concentrating attention upon the two heads and the feeling of unity between mother and little one.

Among the younger element Carl Bohnen appears as a portrait painter of rare promise. Of all the visitors that have thronged the galleries there are none who do not recall his canvas entitled *With the First Poilus to Defend France*. Nor is it theme alone which recommends this picture to popular favour, but, rather the manner in which that theme is handled, the sympathy that has seen to the bottom of the soldier soul and painted its vast yet nonchalant courage looking out from the depths of brilliant dark eyes. There is a graceful carelessness about it that fascinates with a suggestion of indifference to danger.

Walter C. Brownson is a comparatively new comer, whose single contribution, a portrait entitled *Cecelia*, aroused much comment of a generally approving nature. The ends of realism and decoration are well served here for the picture is unmistakably a speaking likeness of a real person, yet it is so melodic of line and harmonious of tone as to fall within the class of world-popular portraits of beautiful women.

The *Portrait of a Young Lady*, by E. Martin Hennings, is notably well painted and though the colour scheme is daring it has been so cleverly

carried out as to please the eye at once with its balance of brilliant hues against darker ones. The texture of the clinging silken blouse of vivid yellow and the modelling of shoulders and arm beneath its tissues are technical feats which do credit to his training.

Oskar Gross has three figure paintings which bespeak his faculty for the delineation of people in wholly natural poses free from all consciousness of self. One has a feeling of having come upon the people in his pictures unawares rather than that they have been posed and painted for one's benefit. *A Bite* belongs to a series of studies of street scenes in Chicago's ghetto and depicts three boys about to enjoy a watermelon on a hot summer's day. The charm of sunlight, atmosphere and boyish absorption in the delicious business in hand are woven into a little lyric of the street.

Beatrice S. Levy and Eda Sterchi represent the modern movement in the portrait line. In the former it is the odd choice of type, pose and colour rather than any breaking away from academic fundamentals that bespeak modernity. Eda Sterchi goes in for the poster effect, flat masses of dull soft colour contrasted with brighter hues among which one always carries away an impression of coral rose. Her work has a certain charm and interest by reason of its smartness.

Joseph Kleitsch is yet another of the younger artists whose portraiture added to the dignity of the show. His characterization of Charles F. W. Nichols is quite complete and a work of fine tonal qualities.

The Municipal Art League Prize has been awarded to a portrait, the work of Wellington J. Reynolds, one of our pioneer painters, who, under the title of Mrs. E., presents a well-known journalist with the artistic penetration and style for which he has long been famous.

The landscape showing had a mark set for it in the exhibition by the Friends of Our Native Landscape, which immediately preceded the Chicago Show. Despite this it is not without its thrills for the wondrously beautiful dream paintings of Karl R. Krafft, and the finished performances of Frederic M. Grant are numbered among its glories.

Krafft is an artist on whom the collector should keep an eye for he is a young man of undoubted genius, a colourist and a poet with the modern

Exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists



AUTUMN MORNING

BY CHARLES W. DAHLGREEN

leaning toward the decorative. That the discriminating are aware of the place which awaits him in the future is indicated by the sale of his largest and most important canvas for a considerable sum upon the day of the opening reception.

United States Mail, by Frederic Grant, features an airship in a dramatic manner, yet without making it too obtrusive. The beach, the bathers, the blue waters and the sky compose a lovely picture in themselves. But just below the cloud rift in the lofty heavens hovers a phantom shape to which our gaze is drawn as is that of the group upon the sands. It is as if we saw it from their standpoint, heard the beating of its wings and felt the thrill of man's achievement. This picture was awarded the Joseph N. Eisendrath prize and none found fault with the award.

Two important prizes were bestowed upon Karl A. Buehr, of the old guard, so to speak, and no one better deserves appreciation than does this conscientious student of colour. *Farson's Creek* which won him the second Logan Medal and *Wild Rose Inn* which secured the Edward B. Butler purchase fund, are characteristic examples of his later works which justify his theories in their high keyed harmony and the luminous qualities imparted through his mastery

of construction in colour.

Charles W. Dahlgreen was also the recipient of two awards, the first important laurels of his many seasons as an exhibitor. That his interpretations of the moods of morning found favour with juries and committees is not surprising, for he sings of the silvery beauty of early light in tones that entrance his sentiment and handling being in sweet accord with the theme of opening day. *Autumn Morning* secured for this artist the Mrs. Julius Rosenwald Purchase Fund, while *Good Morning* captured the Clyde M. Carr prize.

The Sombre Forest, by Walter Sargent does not leave as gloomy an impression as its title would suggest and surely brought cheer to the artist in the award of the Englewood Woman's Club Prize. One remembers the leaf-strewn ground in this picture as being of warm hues verging to red brown and golden and the texture of the surface suggesting a deep covering of the fallen frost crisped foliage.

A winter picture, *The Snow Covered Road*, by Albert H. Krehbiel brought a newly instituted award to a comparatively new exhibitor, when it was honoured with the Mrs. William O. Thompson prize. This was a well-deserved recognition of ability, for in this picture are much of all that is best in the traditions of snow painting.

Other good landscape work is to be seen in the canvases of Frank C. Peyraud, whose entries in this exhibition are of a more decorative and romantic nature than is much of his former work, though his pictures are always strongly composed and beautiful in colour. This season, however, one notes a mannering of the trees, and a feeling of design throughout, especially in his *September Morning*, and feels that a man in the fullness of his powers as an artist has expressed in terms of consummate beauty the vision of his soul's idea.

Other successful decorative painters are

Exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists

Jessie Arms Botke, Cornelius Botke, John Carlsen, Gerald Frank and Gordon Saint Clair. Jessie Arms Botke has indeed been the idol of the town since the unveiling of her decorations in Ida Noyes Hall of the University of Chicago. It is small wonder that she received the medal of the Chicago Society of Artists, for her work is the most exquisite and intricate in detail, the most marvelous as to drawing, the most rhythmic and pleasing in design that one can recall having seen. *The Pelicans* in this show was the wonder and despair of artists and have been sent East for the Pennsylvania exhibition.

Cornelius Botke is notable for wide decorative landscapes with lofty skies, conventional trees, flower-starred meadows and figures in antique attire. He combines these things with infinite charm to produce a fair realm of story-book unreality. Gerald Frank is coming to the front as a painter of poetic phantasies, and four of the five paintings in his group sustained this reputation. The fifth, a still-life of a joyous banquet of starry spring flowers, was not unlike them in spirit, suggesting things felt through things seen.

Another successful still life was the field flowers of Paul Bartlett's which secured Honourable Mention, a most pleasing bit, with a quaint old-fashioned flavour. The glimpses of white village houses seen in some of the finest of the other canvases in his group are much remarked for the quality of colour and sentiment with which he has imbued this lovable theme.

Honourable Mention was also accorded Gordon Saint Clair's large decoration, *Song at Dusk*, executed somewhat after pointellist methods though not obtrusively so. The fascination of the work lies in its fancifulness and the little sharp accents of light and colour in the flickering candle flame of the Japanese lantern which the nude nymph carries swinging above her head from a resilient rod, the orange bill of the black swan floating on the shallow waters through which she approaches, and the scarlet trumpets of the bed of cannas against the dusky sky where an enormous red-gold moon hangs low upon the horizon.

Favoured a bit of fortune was Frank V. Dudley, one of whose faithful and fascinating dune pictures is under consideration by the Arche Club. This artist has all but made the dunes his own, so long and so well has he loved and painted them. His dune pictures are a

contribution to the art and the history of this portion of the country, for their beauty is an ever potent appeal for constituting these lovely, lonely lands a national park.

Lucie Hartrath is also a local painter of local scenes whose work deserves commendation for its feeling and charm. *The Red Barn* and *The Little Town in Sunshine*, tell the story of a love of cheer and colour and the simple life of simple folk in out-of-the-way places.

A curious study in contrasts was afforded by the hanging of Edward J. Holslag's big *Gloucester Harbour*, between two winter scenes by E. Emes Aldrich. The Holslag canvas is powerful, cheerful, breezy, full of the feeling of life and motion cleverly contrived without the introduction of figures, and of strong sunlight, broad handling and vivid colour. Yet the Aldrich snow scenes, with their refined Thaulow technique, their ice-locked waters and silent mill, their slight dreamy melancholy and soft colour hold their own perfectly, each type of painting seeming like a foil to the other.

One of the great attractions of this exhibition is the sculpture room which has been beautifully arranged by Mr. Rosse of the Institute's department of design especially for the purpose of enhancing the beauties of marble and bronze. A pool with floating lilies occupies the centre floor space affording opportunity to display fountain figures to the best advantage. Never have the sculptures at an exhibition been so delightfully set.

One of the prizes of the show is especially established for an ideal conception in this line, and this award was given Antoinette B. Hollister for her genre work entitled *The Knitter*. It is difficult to detach the appeal which this makes to one's sentiments from its appeal as sculpture, and perhaps when the two are so perfectly blended it is folly to attempt an analysis which destroys that unity constituting the best achievement of art. A lovable work to the layman this bust is also approved by the sculptors who look upon it entirely from the standpoint of their craft.

Among other meritorious works is the *Magdalene* of Emil Zettler which is quite the reverse of the type just considered in that sentiment plays a minor part therein, the mere beauty of mass, the feeling of volume, the nice spacing and the play of light and shade over

Our Soldiers and French Beauty

its planes being sufficient in themselves. Albin Polasek exhibits his portrait bust of Frank G. Logan to a critical public with a confidence founded upon his ability to satisfy laymen and artist alike. His tablet for the Cable Memorial is a beautiful conception with a strength not often united to so classical an arrangement.

Frederick C. Hibbard received many felicitations on his two works, *The Moulder* and *The Pioneer Mother*, which have a very wide range of appeal.

A model of Katherine Wheeler's equestrian statue of Sir Douglas Haig and Nancy Mae Cox-McCormack's portrait bust of the French Consul, M. Barthelmy, are works with something of the importance of state documents; in the latter the sculptor has achieved personality and fixed a fleeting and subtle expression that suggests so much of the mind and temperament of this descendant of Voltaire.

The works of Sylvia Shaw are much admired for their exquisite grace, their quaint archaic suggestion and their success as decorative objects. The women sculptors indeed are most creditably represented. Nellie V. Walker has a model of her latest and most important work, a figure for a monument, while Clara Leonard Sorensen enlivens the exhibition with a spirited little fountain figure replete with the wild wood charm of childhood.

Edwin Pearson, who has just returned from service, exhibits his camouflage medal and Carl C. Morse presents a new conception of Lincoln in his portrait bust.

Altogether this show is a credit to Chicago and to the progressive and sincere society of artists who having done their work well are labouring cheerfully to secure a good attendance on the part of the public. Inasmuch as the Art Institute has the largest attendance of any museum in America, the current exhibitions need only proportionate interest to assure Chicago's standing as an art centre.

UR SOLDIERS AND FRENCH BEAUTY BY LOUIS WEINBERG

THE letters from our boys in France reveal that the charm of the Watteaus, the Millets, the Corots and the Monets, the exquisite quality

of French gowns and millinery, jewelry and cabinet design find expression in the French environment. The tree-lined roads, the country inns, the old stone houses, the quaint villages, the rivers which flow through the cities and the bridges over the rivers, all are mentioned. Though he may be untutored in the peculiar language of aesthetic criticism, the doughboy's scribbled words prove that there is a warm glow in his heart at sight of the loveliness of the French scene. Is there any promise for the future of taste in America from the pilgrimage of our army to the land in which beauty is regarded as something more than a little grace note on the song of life?

The art articles which have appeared on the relation between the war and painting have been of two kinds, informative and prophetic. With the former there can be no quarrelling. But there are critics who pretend to glimpse through the veils which shut out the mysterious promise and bounty of the future from the gaze of ordinary mortals. And they announce to a rather non-attentive world, the character of the coming era in art.

These prophets impressed by the moral strengthening of individual and social tone forecast a very rosy "human" art, among the profuse riches in the cornucopia which the muses have wrought from the war. Whether or not the aroused social emotion of the age will produce an art deeper in its sympathies and richer in its emotional appeal than the work of the last generation is a moot point.

The habit of making the walls of our buildings sing in rainbow hues the deeds of the Argonne forest and Château-Thierry, might result in the increased skill in design and execution which comes from the frequent repetition of traditional themes. But prophesy in art is an easy though unprofitable business. If therefore the writer refers to the promise for the future in the contact of the American soldiers with French life, it is not in the spirit of idle prophecy, but in the hope that this promise be realized by an active educational campaign.

For the more harmonious development of our environment cannot be counted upon to grow out of this situation without well-planned guidance. Two million men may enjoy the beauty of France and fall beneath its magic spell, and yet fail to make the connecting link between

Our Soldiers and French Beauty

this emotion and action in their home towns. They are likely to assume simply that this is France, to be expected in France, the peculiar product of exceptional racial traditions. They are quite unlikely to realize that the beauty which they see points a way for their own efforts upon their return.

This is no reflection upon soldiers. Most people accept beauty in a foreign country or in a museum as a gift of Providence, and likewise submit to ugliness, in fact create ugliness in their own environment as a matter of habit. It will require much of the propaganda spirit and proselytizing zeal to convert men to the religion of beauty in everyday life.

The machinery for this propaganda has been created. The Army Overseas Education Commission of the Young Men's Christian Association is in a position to approach this problem with undoubted results. The Art Department of the commission which is headed by Mr. George S. Hellman is planning activities along the lines of recreational study of French art, and technical instruction in painting, sculpture, architectural and industrial design. The plans are quite ambitious and include local ateliers, in the cantonments as well as provisions for special instruction in the schools of Paris. But this programme might well be enlarged to include the propaganda for America Beautiful.

The first step in this direction would be informal talks demonstrating that the charm of France is not peculiar to the French landscape as such. No persuasion would be needed to make the soldier feel that the rocks, the rills, the templed hills of his own land, are at least as beautiful as those of France. But these talks could clearly reveal by what means the French have added the touch of human warmth and intimacy to the scene, means which the soldier can remember and some day apply in his home town. Many of these means are quite simple and involve no previous knowledge of art or of design. The part played by trees along country roads or city streets and squares are sufficiently clear. It would not be difficult to make many a doughboy feel that on his return he could some day become a soldier fighting in a modest way for the preservation of trees against the vandal spirit of tree destruction which is rampant in our cities. So also the charm of the gardens which grace even the poorest quarters of the cities

in France may excite the soldier to future emulation.

In every cantonment there are many men who are architects, builders, engineers, iron-workers, realty operators, leaders in local politics, social workers, teachers. All of these men in their contact with French life have a remarkable opportunity to equip themselves for the task of bringing beauty back from France. The teachers can see at first hand the methods used to train taste and cultivate skill, the whole edifice of art training which produces the exquisite designers who have given France her high place in the fine and industrial arts. The artisans might also study the methods of the local ateliers in the training of men in their own chosen work. The builders, engineers and realty operators might devote themselves more particularly to the study of the charm of French houses, villages and cities, observing carefully to what extent the virtues of the French scene could be introduced into their own ever growing communities.

Every now and then some well-meaning citizen called upon for a speech at a dinner, suggests that America dedicates herself to the task of reconstructing French towns and villages. These suggestions have met with a polite but very firm silence on the part of the French press. But whether or not America helps to rebuild France, that reconstruction would profit by the introduction of American ideas of housing conditions and sanitation without any loss of picturesqueness. The æsthetic problem which America faces in her constantly growing older cities and her ever increasing number of new communities is this—Shall they like Topsy just grow up; or can we not gain by the lessons of French taste without sacrificing our sense for practical values.

It may be argued that the soldier is not in the state of mind to listen to art propaganda, that he is in all likelihood more or less homesick, and that on his return getting a job will be his first concern. But is it not probable that it is at this very time when he is thinking so warmly of home and idealizing its lineaments that it would be easiest to plant in him the desire to improve it by touches of the beauty which he sees and loves in France. The instinct to serve, the desire to give to the group, is much stronger than the economic which interpretation society allows for. Many soldiers would no doubt be

Our Soldiers and French Beauty

happy to feel that they were returning to their homes with more than stories of their share in the battle. No matter how homesick there must be many who would welcome practical talks pointing out ways in which they could become forces in their own community, living not on a record of past achievement alone, but happy in the feeling that they have a continuous contribution to make. As for the period of job hunting, and the priority of his bread-and butter problem, these must be absolutely granted. But it is only a question of time when the army will once again have found themselves in civilian life and will be going along in full swing. When that day comes, if ever a relatively small number of the men would do their bit for beauty in their own street or front yard the village road or city square, the propaganda effort for which I am pleading would have well justified itself.

There have been instances in history, when triumphant armies have become the means for the infiltration of the enemy culture into their own lands, the victors vanquished by the gentle arts of the defeated. Thus the Romans in their very acclaim of the returning soldiers bearing aloft the treasures brought from Greece fell beneath the spell of the bronzes and marbles of their enemy.

There is of course no analogy between Germany and Greece. American art has nothing to learn from Germany in the realm of taste and charm. There seems to have been a decided coldness to the modern German plastic and graphic arts long before the war. There is no reason to believe that the war has thawed out that coldness. Böcklin who is a household word in Germany means nothing to America. The names of Stuck, Klinger, Erler, Leibl, Kley, awake no responsive chords over here. But Millet, Carot, Daubigny, Monet, Manet, Degas, Rodin are names to conjure with in our art schools. Reproductions of their work have long been standard on our walls.

The taste of France, the charm of her design, the light gracefulness of her style has always appealed in America. This is all the more strange when it is remembered that we are supposed to be a crude uncultivated people. But strange or not, the fact remains that the bonds of our sympathy with France are not only historic through the memory of Lafayette, but are largely æsthetic through the subconscious

influence of her exports in the field of fine and applied arts. This factor is none the less powerful for being subconscious. Memories or vague moods based on memories may present a stronger basis for affection than any formal reason.

In this sympathy between the American spirit and French taste there may therefore be room for the hope if not the prophecy that with a carefully guided educational effort, our American Expeditionary Force may return as an American æsthetic force bringing with them something of the fair smile of the French village town and city to the making of America Beautiful.



LA PRINCESSE DU PAYS
DE LA PORCELAIN

BY WHISTLER

A brief account of this picture, recently sold through the Howard Young Galleries, 620 Fifth Avenue, appears in the Gallery notes on page lxvii.



AT THE TABLE

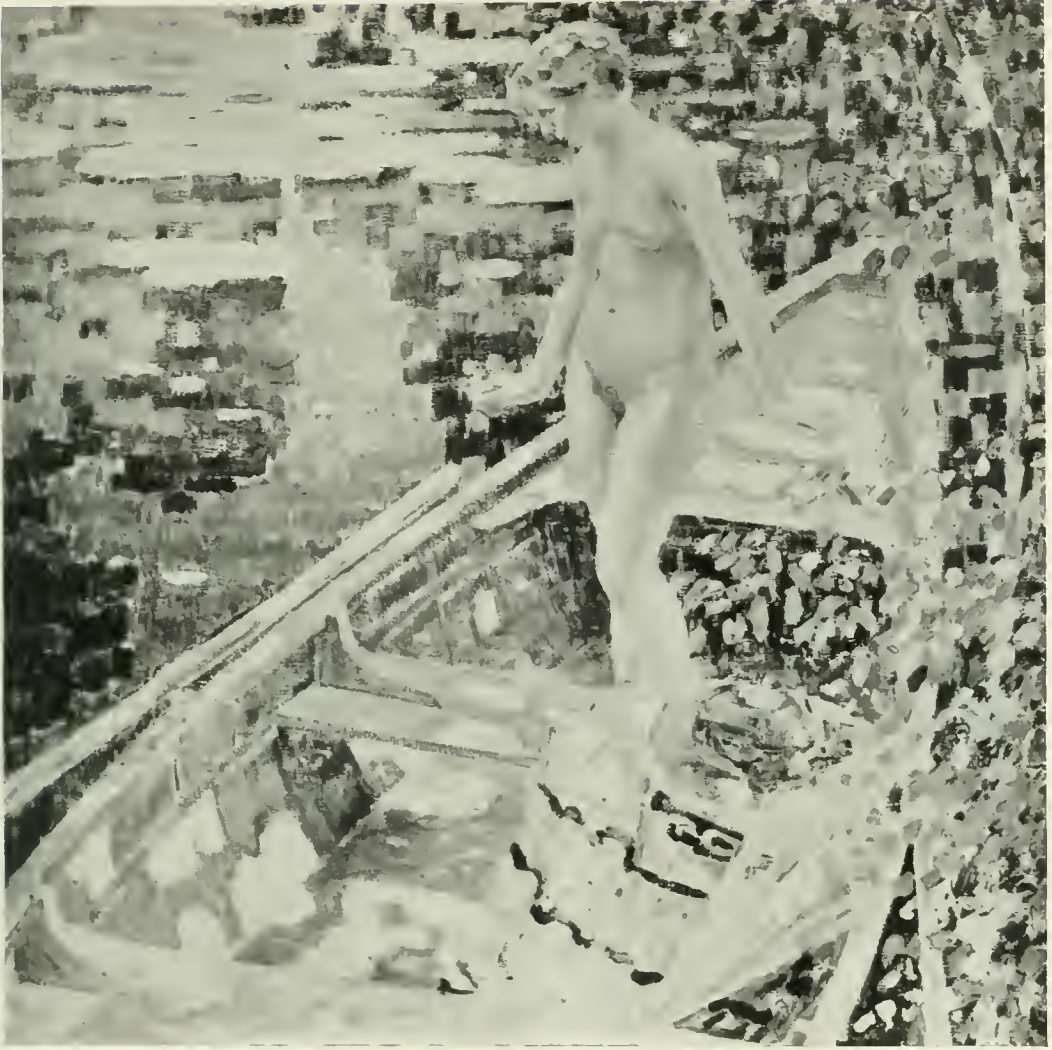
BY LOUIS RITMAN

LOUIS RITMAN
BY C. H. WATERMAN

THAT virtuosi are rare is obvious. Less obvious, but equally true, is the fact that they are much rarer in painting than in the field of interpretation in music. Each season brings forward a few brilliant pianists or violinists who are mere boys in years. In painting, long periods pass without the excitement which attends the discovery of a newcomer of outstanding power. Most of our well-known painters have pounded their way to recognition through years of persistent effort. And as they worked they learned, and the critics learned; and slowly the public learned, until at last the

day came when they "arrived." But Louis Ritman in his very first one-man show in New York springs at once into the front rank of contemporary American painters.

His twenty canvases at the Macbeth Galleries reveal him as a painter's painter, brilliant in brushwork, a master of the nuances of texture, an exquisite weaver of patterns, a man to whom pigment seems a natural medium, his very own element. Nor is his virtuosity subject to the criticism that is blatantly clever. His skill is unostentatious. His pictures are not like the principal numbers of a new violinist's programme—dazzling in pyrotechnic feats. There is no striving after obviously difficult passages. The canvases would seem the soul of ease and simplicity



AT THE WATER'S EDGE

BY LOUIS RITMAN

to a layman. They are, moreover, tender and charming in sentiment, well felt and sensitive in execution.

Ritman is young. He is only twenty-nine, but this work of his has back of it many years of study. His school days in Paris began in 1903 at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts under Jean Paul Laurens and Corman.

It is interesting to observe people at an exhibition; painters and critics as well as laymen. Ritman is a new name. He has not been heralded. There has been no preliminary fanfare of trumpets to announce his coming. How do the gallery visitors respond?

A critic stops in the doorway of the gallery.

He glances swiftly at the four walls and dismisses the pictures with a phrase: "Friesekes. Influence of Frieseke." He leaves without entering the room. It is true that Ritman studied with Frieseke for a while, and that because of the similarity of theme a superficial glance will miss their individual qualities. But Ritman is far defter of touch, more exquisite in pattern, more richly varied and sensitive of surface than Frieseke. It is not necessary to destroy Frieseke that Ritman may stand, but since the charge will no doubt recur, it becomes important in the interest of a true appreciation of this remarkable young painter that it be met. To see the difference one need only compare the still life painted

by these two men. In a Frieske, forms disintegrate and become powdered colour spots. Dresses, china, fruit flowers, all lose their individuality of texture and of modelling. Frieske knows his Monet, but seems totally unaware of Cézanne. Ritman is always plastic. His grapes and pears, his flowers, his teapots, are all beautifully translated into paint, without the loss of their character as form. He has learnt that the painting of light and atmosphere need not imply the annihilation of form; that light as often as not, reveals the beauty of modelling in objects and that the movement of the planes in a teapot or a dress helps reveal the loveliness of the light which plays at different angles upon every facet.

A painter enters the gallery. "Clever, very clever, but thin in colour," he remarks. It is as though a lover of Mendelsohn's melodies were to call Ravel's music thin in tone; those shivery sequences of Ravel, so close to dissonance, yet so fascinating in their tang. There is no more inherent depth or fulness or sincerity of colouring in a scheme of brown, gray, or green than in Ritman's chords of luminous lemon yellows, intense blues and acid greens, relieved by large areas of tremulous silver grays or enhanced by an occasional crisp note of black.

Here comes an "art lover," a layman with a detective eye. He looks at all the pictures carefully and finally discovers what he has been looking for. "This hand is too large for the head." "That arm looks stiff." In the twenty canvases which are on view there are two or three such notes of faulty draughtsmanship. He has discovered them. His day has not been spent in vain.

That Ritman can draw, the illustrations which accompany this article amply prove. For a colourist with a colourist's temptations, his drawing is remarkably good. For Ritman is so much the colourist that he will on no account nag his surfaces. His very patchiest areas have a painter's sure touch in every stroke, in the direction and shape of the stroke as well as in its colour. His most finished bits, in a teapot, or in the hands of *The French Girl*, are as freely brushed in as is the spotty background. His brushwork which means so much more to him than it does to most painters, varies throughout his canvases, so that the surface of his pictures is most pleasing to the eye. Here the brushing is easy and flowing, there it is staccato and crisp. In one place it is

rich in impasto, in another broad and flat. And every stroke evokes line, colour, form, light and air simultaneously. Under the circumstances, the fewness of his lapses from good drawing is the measure of his rare skill.

The themes which Ritman paints are few and simple and oft repeated. Arranged in sequence, they are a song cycle in the leisurely moods of a midsummer's day. A girl drifts down the river in her boat. She sits by the river edge or stands nude in the woodland. We see her dressing in her boudoir. Again we see her fully dressed and gazing into her hand mirror. Later she is in her garden, sitting quite pensive beside her tea table.

The same model, the same gowns, the same fruit and flowers and china, even the same plant, appear and reappear in these pictures. But whatever the title, and whatever the detailed properties, the true subject is always the play of light on form. *Sun Kissed* is the title of one of the pictures. Light kissed might well be the title of all. The kiss of the light is soft and caressing. It is playful and capricious. It is intense and passionate. But it lends life to every canvas in the exhibition.

Virtuosi are rare, but the absolutely individual pathfinders are even the less often to be found. Ritman is blazing no new paths either in the subject matter or in treatment. But he brings to his work a sure taste, sensitive touch, and a fine synthesis of rich colour, beautiful surface and exquisite composition. His work is like so much of the work of our younger men most markedly under French influence, but if Ritman fulfills the promise of these canvases, he will be the Vermeer of the Impressionist School.

IN MEMORIAM

THE recent death of Kenyon Cox removes a well known figure from amongst the artists. His claims to distinction are many, but undoubtedly his strongest weapon was the pen. In debate, especially upon matters of art, it was unhealthy to be on the other side, as many a speaker has discovered to his regret. The artist was born in Warren, Ohio, in 1856, and was trained early for his profession in different classrooms before studying under Gérôme in Paris. Kenyon Cox was well known throughout the states as a mural painter, landscapist, portraitist, besides being a capable painter of the nude.

In the Galleries



A STUDY

BY LILLIAN GENTH

IN THE GALLERIES

IF nothing else indicated the departure of winter, the return of the Spring Academy performs that task and very graciously. The Academy on 57th Street has seldom of late years shown such a bright collection, which will be reviewed, as usual, in the following issue.

The Gold Medal of the Philadelphia Art Club was awarded to Lillian Wescott Hale for her painting of a young woman, entitled *Moranda*, in the twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the Club, current March 15th to March 30th. Honourable mention was made of Gifford Beal's *Rabbit Hunting*. There were eighty-four works on view, selected from about four hundred; some were declined on the ground of being mistaken for water colours, and among those accepted were some that were declined for the Academy show further up the street, a circumstance that did not apparently prevent the Art Club's offering being worthy of many visits. There were good landscape canvases by E. W. Redfield, Charles

Morris Young, Charles Reiffel, Charles S. Corson, Charles Rosen and Robert Spencer, an excellent marine, *Tidal Pools*, by Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., and a capital bit of richly coloured *Still Life* by Henry R. Rittenberg. A large panel by Everett L. Bryant that might well be the decoration of the tomb of an Egyptian ruler is entitled *Feast of the Nile*. Wayman Adams exhibited the most distinguished portrait in the collection, that of *Mr. Bonner*, having qualities of tone and colour that give it unusual interest. Well drawn is the *Nude* by Leon Kroll, and good in general facture of a figure piece, and quite as fine in a more finished manner, is another nude, *Mother and Child*, by W. W. Gilchrist, Jr. Joseph Sacks exhibited a large canvas, *The Gold Dress*, in which there is more charm in the drapery than in the figure, and Maurice Molarsky had a fine effective work in his young girl, *Knitting*.

The Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy held an annual exhibition at the Art Alliance Galleries, March 6th to 20th, also partly made up of works denied admittance to the big show of

In the Galleries

the parent institution, yet one could see that all the good things were not in one place. Leopold Seyffert's portrait sketch of *Mrs. Thayer* was a feature of the display. Mary Butter's *Poplars in October* and *November in the Catskills* were fine autumnal landscapes. There was a group of delightful little pictures of Troyes, France, by D. Owen Stephens; a beautiful *Moonlight Symphony* by Cesare A. Ricciardi; fine envelope of diffused light in Henry R. Poore's *Release of Winter*, badly hung in the gallery; two good works by Katherine Farrell, scenes in *Fish Market* and *Spar Yard*; a large work hung in a dark corridor, *Brandywine Meadow*, by N. C. Wyeth, and two street scenes of the *Loan Drive*, animated by crowds and fluttering flags, painted by Paulette van Rockens.

The New York Public Library's Prints Division has transferred its exhibition, *The Making of Prints*, from the picture gallery (room 318) on the third floor to a special room (No. 112) on the main floor, near the Fifth Avenue entrance.

In six floor cases, this show offers a compact illustration of the processes by which etchings, line engravings, mezzotints, wood-engravings, Japanese colour prints, lithographs and process-

prints are produced. The tools and printing surfaces are shown in each case, and there are descriptions which lay stress on the characteristics of each process. Thus, the influence of the medium, always present in all art, is emphasized. Each process, of course, is accompanied by the final product, the print.

The exhibition, technical though it is, is attracting not only those directly interested in the subject, but the "general public," and to a noteworthy degree.

Art made its way to Palm Beach last month in the form of an exhibition of paintings and sculpture taken down from New York by H. Grant Kingore.

The opening reception was enthusiastically attended by the fashionable winter colony.

Among the exhibitors were: John Sargent, Robert Henri, Randall Davey, Paul Dougherty, Jane Peterson, Cecelia Beaux, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Jane Poupelet.

Another important example of Whistler has found its way to America, the native land of the artist. It is *La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelain*, one of the artist's famous "colour harmonies in pink and grey," and it has just been sold by the



Courtesy the Arden Galleries
SHIPYARDS

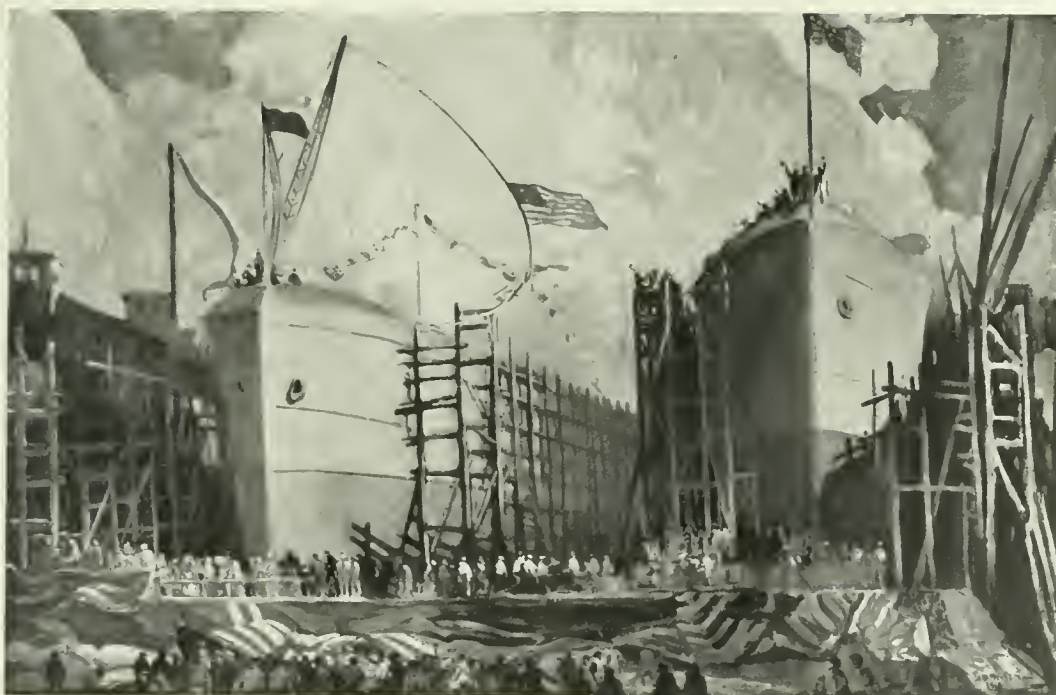
BY JOHN C. JOHANSEN



Courtesy the Arden Galleries

SHIPYARDS

BY JOHN C. JOHANSEN



Courtesy the Arden Galleries

SHIPYARDS

BY JOHN C. JOHANSEN

In the Galleries

Howard Young Galleries, 620 Fifth Avenue, to a well-known New York collector, for \$50,000.

This painting, a free translation of whose title would be "The Princess of Porcelain Land," has for its subject the figure of a Chinese lady, standing against a screen, holding a fan. The real subject of the work, however, is its exquisite colour. This "harmony of pink and grey" is one which Whistler particularly loved, as he used it with variations in a number of his finest pictures. The present work gives the artist opportunities for lovely passages of flower-like colour, such as occur in *Miss Alexander*, which is regarded by many as his masterpiece.

La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelain was originally sold in 1891 by Dowderwell & Dowderwell, of London, to Mr. Van Wisselingh. This collector sold it two years later to Professor Brown, of Slade School, London, who in turn sold it to Mr. Carroll Thompson, a connoisseur, and author of a celebrated work on Corot. Mr. Thompson sold it to Agnew & Son, and it then passed into the hands of Mr. Alexander Young, one of the most celebrated collectors and art connoisseurs in London. It was purchased from him by Boussed Valadon & Co., and then found its way through dealers' channels to America.

The Howard Young Galleries have recently come to New York from St. Louis.

A group of paintings at the Milch Gallery by Lillian Genth reveals her as a still closer student of outdoor effects than of yore. Her inarticulate nudes of former days have developed into well-constructed and organized shapes and her colour is brighter and more luminous in certain examples. There is still, in some canvases, the old brownish taste and a too-persistent undeterminate grey, but such are in the minority. Her nudes, when they are not too obviously posed, have great charm and are well surrounded in their setting. Some high flights in the realm of allegory have been well carried out technically, though unconvincing as Blake-like symbolism or cosmic utterance. Miss Genth is most at home, and therefore most pleasing, when she paints caressing sunlight amidst foliage reflecting upon tender flesh.

At the Arden Galleries great interest attached to the wartime paintings of John C. Johansen, a vigorous record for all times of what the American shipyards have achieved. It is to be hoped that the collection may be kept intact. It is proof

positive of what our American painters are capable of and what others might have performed had they been given official appointments abroad to chronicle the war. Some illustrations are herewith shown of the artist's big conceptions.

A very important assembly of paintings by George Inness may be seen at the Levy Galleries opposite the Ritz-Carlton on 46th Street. His middle and late periods are excellently exemplified in canvases side by side where tightness and the burden of detail, as in *On the Juanita*, are opposed by breadth and freedom as expressed in his Montclair and other pictures. The gamut of his performance may be seen here to great advantage, a lasting memorial to the best in American Art.

Raymond Holland has on view at the Reinhardt Galleries, twelve canvases of particular interest, especially sweeping expanses of marshland studied at different lightings in the manner of Monet's famous haystacks. His pictures of Pittsburgh steelworks are less striking as works of art owing to the almost impossible task of rendering beauty where the average eye can only detect ugliness. Belching factory chimneys and tired workers seem to get away from the subjects that should inspire a painter. It is almost as bad as the other extreme—prettiness. Fortunately a mantle of snow, well painted, hides much of the pictures and gives a certain feeling of charm to what it conceals so tenderly. Holland paints ably and with good feeling for colour and design.

The Macbeth Galleries put on an excellent show during March with thirty canvases by thirty artists including *Golden Sunset—Medfield* by Inness, a beautiful little moonlight marine by A. P. Ryder and a child portrait by Whistler—with these exceptions the pictures shown represented living artists, and made a most harmonious and impressive display.

The City Club is second to none in its endeavour to present forceful exhibitions of art to its guests and friends. At present Cullen Yates is represented with a characteristic display of fifteen canvases revealing him as one of our strongest painters of landscape. As snow painter, or painter of marines, his renderings are excellent and all show his joyous response to nature's appeal. Nothing is wearied or commonplace.

The work of Lieut. Jean Julien Lemordant at the Gimpel & Wildenstein Galleries will claim our attention in the next issue.



"ZINNIAS." WATER-COLOUR
BY FRANCIS E. JAMES, R.W.S.

(In the possession of P. Scouloudis Esq)

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LXVII. No. 267

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MAY, 1919

RESTRAINED AND UNRESTRAINED BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

CONTEMPORARY shows of paintings at the National Academy of Design on 57th Street and on the roof of the Waldorf have been of significance to conservatives and radicals alike. The Spring Academy stands, as usual, for restraint whilst the Independents are a law unto themselves. The Academy in a few years will be celebrating its first centenary when the Independents, if not dismayed by lack of success, will at that date, namely in 1925, be holding their tenth annual exhibition. The life of the tree is in the sap. Many think, with good reason, that the sap of the Academy needs an invigorating process and friendly revolts and protests from within the ranks of the younger associates are of frequent occurrence. It is a tug of war between the older and younger men with the rope of progress taut in the centre. At the last election of new members many were called but precious few were chosen. Several good men who would be a credit to any organization of art must bide their time in the cold corridor, whilst stretched before a comforting stove are many incompetents whose work to-day is but a feeble reflection of former ability. There be some academicians who should have the grace to be satisfied with the button of honour and leave their space upon the walls to abler and younger hands to fill. Pictures could be pointed out in the present exhibition, which if held at auction would not pay the expenses of removal.

When the red ticket privilege was voluntarily surrendered some few years back, many canvases were rejected by the jury to the surprise and consternation of the painters concerned. On one or two repetitions of the scene these men, in deep resentment at the treatment meted to

them, demanded back their red ticket or right to exhibit a picture unchallenged. Most people are selfish and no one should blame them for adhering to their hard-earned privileges. The system is to blame, not the retrograding academician, and as long as the present system is in force, we are bound to see a stiffening attitude of the conservatives against any innovation savouring in their minds of Bolshevism, whatever that may precisely mean in art. And so good painters will continue to shiver in the passages with the knowledge that mediocre talent is warming itself within. Both parties are in error, unmindful of a means to initiate the *juste milieu*. The conservatives are on the side of being too clannish and exclusive. The Independents are unclannish and inclusive to the end that their exhibitions are unmeaning and absurd. They cannot expect a thinking public to wade through a welter of immature and amateur paint-splashing to seek relief in occasional good contributions. Anyone who took the trouble to winnow in too abundant material might have paused with contentment before the offerings of James C. Ayer, Reynolds Beal, Theresa Bernstein, Joseph Birren, Wm. J. Boylan, Louise Brumbach, John A. Cook, Randall Davey, Maurice E. Debonnet, de Mance, Detwiller, Eva Donly, G. P. Ennis, Hamilton Easter Field, Flannagan, Friedlander, A. H. Gorson, Glackens, Ella Hagnet, Robert Henri, J. R. Koopman, Blanche Lazzill, Jonas Lie, Monro Mackie, Macrum, A. E. Mayer, Milton Mayer, Meyerowitz, Curtis Moffat, Martha Muller, Munsell, Perrine, Stewart Reinhart, Elizabeth Roberts, David Robinson, Ernest T. Rosen, M. Rosenthal, Leo Sielke, John Sloan, J. E. Stuart, Van Boskirk and Walkowitz. No doubt many good names are overlooked, but it is to be hoped that no visitor failed to see the figure composition by David Robinson, representing a young couple,

Restrained and Unrestrained



CHATHAM SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

BY COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER

he a soldier, enjoying the sights of Broadway. That picture was undoubtedly one of the very best offerings and the artist who, we hear, is under thirty, should certainly go far in his chosen career. Van Perrine, too, presented a beautiful landscape with a child swinging, the picture unfortunately having a double focus on account of the great tree trunk in the centre of the frame. The child swinging is the acme of infant abandon and delightful in colour. The same artist has a picture at the Academy entitled *Morning*, where two children racing along through the wood epitomize the poetry of motion. You feel the joy and movement in every brush stroke. A very beautiful nude by Leon Kroll is a canvas of distinction but overstated in the features, thus sacrificing values. That is a common pitfall and Kroll shares the pit with many colleagues.

As long as an expenditure of a few dollars entitles anyone to a position upon the wall, the public must expect cartloads of trash to be foisted

upon it in the name of art. Those pregnant words "*They shall not pass*" are applicable to the Independents until some of the restraint of the academy shall have entered into their councils. And now let us return to the Academy.

The hanging in the Vanderbilt Gallery "where, perhaps some beauty lies, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes" would have been more satisfying if the pictures instead of resting on the wainscoat had been raised six or eight inches above it. In this way the line of vision would have been advantageously corrected. Childe Hassam again asserts his claims to greatness in his excellent treatment of willows and water supplemented by a nude figure not too much in evidence. The drawing and pattern of the branches forming a linear mosaic throughout the canvas are the work and conception of a master, also the way the foliage has been massed without sacrificing its lightness.

Shimmering Lights, by Gardner Symons, is a



LOUINE
BY MALCOLM PARCELL

Restrained and Unrestrained



AFTERNOON IN THE FOREST

BY JOHN F. CARLSON

ful treatment of a difficult subject. Colour is rich and satisfying in a bold painting by Anna Fisher, entitled *Hauling Timber*. Unusual technical qualities mark the portrait by Malcolm Parcell, here reproduced. The shadow effect and low key are exquisitely rendered and masterly in conception. Sergeant Kendall's *A Child* is principally noticeable for the extraordinary drawing of the

fine example of landscape depicting hills and valleys and distance. Especially distinctive is the way the shadows lie upon the snow and the reflected lights from the cottage windows playing upon the broken surfaces. "He best can paint them who shall feel them most."

Geo. Wharton Edwards shows a good effect of atmosphere and sun-light in *The River Road*. Felica Waldo Howell in *The Mender of Nets* has made us forget the cool colour in the skill-



HAWK'S NEST

BY DANIEL GARBER



PORTRAIT OF MRS. B—O—
BY DE WITT M. LOCKMAN

Restrained and Unrestrained

feet which look like visiting cards with toes attached. The rest of the anatomy is fairly well rendered, also the background. *Wild Surf* by Waugh is strongly painted and well drawn, but disagreeable in colour. Elliott Clark's *Hillside and Valley* conveys the bigness of Nature and holds one by his management of greys in which the influence of colour is felt at all times. Glenn Newell shows a strong advance in his work, which

interesting. *A New England Village* by H. A. Vincent is beautifully painted, a dreamy quality marking him as an artist of real distinction. *The Old Mill*, by E. W. Redfield, is in our estimation better and more conservative than his *In the Woods*; both are fine canvases.

A trout stream in the late afternoon, by F. de Haven, entitled *November* is the best de Haven we have seen, and has that particular quality of



SHIMMERING TREE SHADOWS

BY GARDNER SYMONS

has not suffered through his recent election to an A. N. A. *Toil and Rest* is attractive in colour, good in composition, broadly and directly executed. Walter Griffin's *Old Sluiceway* is full of charm. His use of heavy impasto is masterly in the extreme and with him never reaches that stage where further work might to most men be difficult.

Harry Watrous in *The Fallen Pine* has eclipsed himself. His moonlight effect and the pattern of the tree against the sky are most

importance which should entitle it to a place in one of our museums. The turquoise of the sky reflects in the brook; the air is crisp and clear and the white birches in the background are particularly effective in conjunction with the pines in the near distance; the rendering of the woodland traversed by the stream is excellent.

The large painting over the stairway in the Vanderbilt Gallery by Christine Herter representing a quartette seems to be painted from a photograph—it is lifeless and colourless and the



NOVEMBER
BY F. DE HAVEN



SEVENTEEN

BY IVAN OLINSKY

arrangement of the musicians, their stands and the chandelier very unhappy. The low-keyed tapestry in the background is admirably painted but does not excuse the rest of the huge composition which destines the pictures to be more of a monsterpiece than a masterpiece.

The catalogue is thoroughly unattractive in its make-up, both inside and out; interesting, however, is page 7 where in modest type is conveyed the information that 55 exhibits are by academicians, 52 by associates and 177 by non-members. If the Academy were for one

moment forgetful of their dignity, they might have placed that information in display type upon the outside of the catalogue as a concise answer to those who challenge their fairness.

The Academy room should be closed or else reserved for gem pictures only, nothing to exceed, let us say, 20 x 30. The system of infiltration allowing good pictures by such men as Lawson, Gifford Beal, Hayley Lever, Vonnoh, Ritchel and Ipsen to be shown in a row surrounded by humbler competitors does not increase the prestige of this unattractive gallery.

Pictures by Hovsep Pushman

PICTURES BY HOVSEPPUSHMAN
BY ANTONY ANDERSON

HOVSEPPUSHMAN, American artist of Armenian parentage. Studied in America and Europe. Pupil of Lefebvre, Robert Fleury and Dechenaud. Awarded medal, Paris Salon, 1914. Address, The Hovsep Pushman Studios, 419 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

These annals, printed in a catalogue recently issued by the art gallery at Exposition Park, in Los Angeles, are simple enough in the reading, and to the layman they may not spell adventure. Not so, however, to the artist, and not so to me, for I knew the artist in Chicago when he was a lad of twenty, fresh from Constantinople, where he had studied—it must be declared!—under German “doctors” and “professors.” His work as a new pupil in the Art Institute of Chicago showed that dark-brown Teutonic influence. But how wonderfully he sloughed it all off when he sailed away to the clear atmosphere of Paris, which he did a year after I first met him.

Born in Armenia. Studied with Lefebvre, Fleury and Dechenaud. Won medal in Paris Salon. All these seemingly quiet events in Hovsep Pushman's history are in reality magnificent adventures, full of thrills, discoveries and escapes. They extend over twenty years of the artist's life. They mark the long road to a permanent fame. They tell of work, despair, triumph.

Pushman's triumphs are three—colour, modelling, imagination. He himself says that these are the three things needful in good painting. However this may be, he has them all to a marked degree. He has substituted opalescent loveliness for the dark-brown taste of Germany. Dechenaud was his guide to that exquisite emancipation. Pushman maintains, and justly, that modelling is as necessary to true beauty as colour, for modelling is the solid basic structure upon which “that dome in air” must be raised. And imagination is the flying pennant on the topmost curve of the dome. It touches the infinite, discovers and communicates to us the meaning of life and art.

This artist, this nobly imaginative colourist, has been in Southern California for two years, and many of his most beautiful pictures were painted there. He has just left for Chicago and New York, where the same twenty-five canvases that comprised the exhibition in Los Angeles will be shown. Very soon after these events he will

again set sail for Paris, his ultimate goal being Armenia. There he will paint and work among his own people. What a wonderful future! Now do you believe that an artist's life is packed with adventures?

It is not easy to say much about Hovsep Pushman's pictures. For that matter, it is not easy to talk much about any genuine work of art. As Shelley found that the glory of Rome could not be expressed in the city's architecture, its pictures, its statues, or its literature, so the reviewer of a painter's work finds it impossible to convey to others the essential value of this or that particular canvas. He may point out colours, values, contours, composition and arrangement—and still he may not be able to tell us why the picture is beautiful. The artist must do that. His announcement is complete in itself, it has no need of pale words to convince us of its beauty.

Therefore I shall not attempt the difficult, the impossible task. I shall only suggest that you who are fortunate enough to be living in Chicago or New York will go to the exhibition of Pushman's pictures and yield yourselves to the exceeding great charm of colour and the subtle imaginative force that are inherent in them. You will find these to a marked degree in the pictures I will briefly mention—and in fact they are not wanting in any canvas shown.

Note the fine modelling, the fluent brushwork and the solidity of *Sheykh of the Tribe*, a man with a yellow turban and a plum-coloured robe seen against a greenish ground that holds bluish shadows. In *Jewels of the Madonna*, a scheme of yellow, green and purple is reflected in a mirror; though the foreground holds cold blue and the background warm yellow, each takes its place—which is contrary to tradition, and which convinces us that any colour may be used anywhere if the values are correctly observed.

The Incense Burner has great beauty and charm—a child in purple placed against a cool greenish-blue ground. Equally lovely is the portrait called “*Ma Femme*,” whose pink veil shows positive light shining through it. How distinguished is the pose of the head in *The Rose of Granada*, how beautifully modelled the face, how full of wonderful colour the shawl seen against a dusky red background. Equally noble is the head in *Tales from Samarcand*, a scheme of pinks and coppery yellows; note how truly the reds behind the figure take their place.



THE INCENSE BURNER
BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN



MY SON, ARSÈNE
BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN

PRINCIPLE IN ART
BY EVELYN MARIE STUART

WITHOUT subscribing to the advanced religion which holds that "principle is universal" one cannot but be impressed by the profundity of the suggestive phrase which, like a rule or a square, may be laid upon any problem with results that hold no compromise with error.

This thought, indeed, enables one to escape the snare of much that is styled modernity, new impressionism and the like in art. For that these things have their lure is not to be denied since, being unfathomable, they invite the mind to conquest. It is, however, a battle like that of Don Quixote with the windmills, or of the victims of vampires of the "rag, bone and hank of hair" variety who ravish their own bodies, souls and fortunes in an effort to bring out of a barren nature a thing which does not exist therein. For, like the vampire, all of these false forms of near-art are without principle and for that reason without reality as art. They start with the assumption that drawing, modelling, composition, and harmony of colour may all be disregarded at once and great art still achieved, forgetting that it is the rules which make the game and the restriction which make the art. To do a certain thing within certain limits and according to certain laws is art. An art without laws, restrictions, formulæ, is as impossible as a card game in which every card is a trump of equal power and value, or a chess game wherein every or any move is allowable.

To mention drawing, look for form or ask for resemblance to reality, is to pass for a "tender-foot" with the self-styled "advanced" representatives of the newer and wilder schools. And all this because the older masters laid stress on these things and neglected luminosity and atmosphere.

Yet we may not advance by merely avoiding the mistakes of our ancestors. We must also be capable of discovering and appreciating their virtues as well, even of emulating and perpetuating them, while avoiding their mistakes and supplementing their old-fashioned wisdom with some new-found wisdom of our own. Progress, natural wholesome progress, goes forward by evolution rather than by revolution, let us never forget that. Revolutions are like the upsetting of natural functions through which medicine (especially old-time medicine) attempted the cure of des-

perate conditions. They are violent, unnatural and essentially temporary, sacrificing for the time all that is good in the old for the sake of securing what little may be good in the new. As a rule, it develops that the good of the old has been underestimated, that of the new overestimated, and the world returns, when the storm is over, to the old blessings augmented by the little gain of the new.

So it is with revolutionary art, at best it only adds some little grain of truth, and the importance of this small kernel is so exaggerated in the minds of its exponents that it rarely, if ever, produces a great artist. Even the great French Impressionist school is more notable for its discovery of certain truths, the impulse it gave to certain tendencies and elements in art, than it is for the production of any great and everlasting masterpieces of painting.

The modernists and new impressionists, however, have progressed from the merely erratic to the absolutely unbalanced in art. They have eliminated so many of the rules of the game, that only colour and emotion are left to play with. It is the quite usual, the very usual, remark of the tolerant in looking about at an exhibition of this kind to observe: "After all, there is a certain charm of colour in these things." Quite so, and equally there is a certain charm of colour in the untrammelled beauties of the crazy patchwork quilt, a board on which a house painter wipes his brushes before putting them away in water and kerosene, or the quaint mosaics of broken china pieces set in putty over stone crocks which one sometimes encounters in country places.

These formless, thoughtless efforts of the ultra-moderns are all attempts to establish an art without principle and as an excuse for this lack their authors urge emotion. They are ever voluble upon the subject of feeling, forgetting that emotion without reason is madness. For, mark you, that it is when one loses his reason that he is adjudged insane, the emotions of the lunatic remaining as strong as ever, usually in fact gaining intensity. Madness, as a matter of fact, is largely an overwrought, emotional state which reason is unable to control, hence an art which is all emotional is essentially neurotic, at best.

Much of this new art is not, however, even emotional in the usual sense, being far too vague to arouse any feeling save disturbance, confusion

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and the hypnotic terror of a bad dream, or the awakening from anæsthesia. You cannot arouse emotion in a human being without touching upon his memory of scenes and objects connected with his emotional experiences, and this would, of necessity, involve some degree of realism, likeness to nature accomplished through accurate drawing and modelling, all of which things are anathema to the revolutionary artist. He falls back on colour alone as a means of arousing emotion arriving by some crude mental process at the childlike conclusion that colours have in themselves the power of exciting emotions. The facts in the case are, as any student of psychology could have told him, that his language of colour is as futile as the language of flowers, and that it is not colours themselves, but the association of ideas which they suggest that accounts for any emotional reaction they may produce.

Thus, the bull bellows and prepares for battle at the sight of red. And why? If there were any basis of physical fact for the emotional theory of colour, red should be, of all colours, most soothing because it is produced by the slowest vibrations of the waves of light. But red excites even the bull. And why? Because it is the colour of blood, seen first by the little shrinking calf at its mother's side when the roaring of a mad forefather shook the hillside as two terrible combatants gored each other until one fell in a crimson welter. It is the colour of life broken open, the badge of what is inside and we have come to accept it as violent, exciting, by association of ideas.

Black is the shade of mystery, it oppresses with suggestion of tragedy from the days when might was a thing of danger to our cave-dwelling ancestors and so on, ad infinitum, according to our race and tradition, colours have acquired a purely secondary emotional reaction through association of ideas. However, colour does possess one primitive appeal, inherent in its self and based upon the physical nature of its own manifestation and of the construction of the human eye. It may please that eye, by a balance of such quantities of slowly vibrating and swiftly vibrating light rays as are easiest for the organ of vision to record, without taxing its mechanism. Herein is the secret in good colour as in cooking. One does not serve a banquet beginning with honey, progressing through pastry to syrup and candy, and neither should the eye be assaulted

with a simultaneous array of the most vivid hues. I have indeed heard violent colour defended on the theory that children love gay colour without restraint. The experience of parents will bear out that they also love sweets without restraint, and if permitted to do so, will indulge the taste to the destruction of normal appetite, all of which merely goes to establish the opinions of the ages that children lack discretion in many things.

After all, there is much philosophy in the colloquialism "easy to look at." A picture should be just that at least on the same principle that a really good meal should be inviting and easy to digest. There is a whimsical coincidence, which is not without its logic, in the fact that the two races which gave the initial impetus to the two great branches of art, decorative and representative, China and Italy, respectively, are noted also for having evolved perfectly balanced combinations of food elements in their tasty national dishes. Truly taste is basic, it begins with the lowest of the senses, from which it takes its name, and being a principle it is universal, its manifestations extending upward into the realm of the purely æsthetic.

What then? Art, whether of the pot or the palette, is a matter of nice adjustments, perfect balances. Does not God Himself so order a universe which is held together through a balance of forces?

"The wings of time are black and white
Pied with morning and with night.
Mountain tall and ocean deep
Trembling balance duly keep.
In changing moon, in tidal wave,
Glow the feud of want and have.
Gauze of more and less through space
Electric star and pencil plays,"

So do we recall the verse with which Emerson introduces his essay *Compensation*, a masterly study of the divine balance as seen in the fate of man.

It is in their lack of balance that the wilder forms of modernity offend all the canons of good taste and of true art. Their exponents seem fondly to have imagined that the realm of fancy is a world without law, that once cast aside realism and all restraints have been surmounted. The whole history of art and literature is, however, against them. Realism, resemblance to natural forms and conditions, is not an essential of art,

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but only of representative art. Balance, however, arrangement, harmony, are essentials of all art, both representative and decorative.

The art of the Orient is fantastic, yet it remains great art because it is bound within the most rigid formulæ of balance, that of design. Its patterns are as arbitrary, as stereotyped as are the prayers of its religions and its balance of colours is a thing at which to marvel. This is a point that should not be missed by those to whom resemblance to nature is abhorrent in art. No great art stands upon a negation. It is not the fact that India, Persia and China disregard close representation of natural forms, nor that Japanese artists adapt their drawing of human anatomy to the needs of their composition which make them masters of decorative art, but rather the fact that their patterns, designs and compositions are such masterly fêtes of arrangements of line, mass and colours as to render departure from nature justifiable in so orderly a scheme of balance.

Truly the realm of fancy has its laws, and very rigid ones they are indeed. A day dream and a nightmare differ just in this, that the one has a central scheme, a theme, a thread of logic, and the other has none. Even a successful fairy tale must have a gleam of fable or allegory, a thread of logic of some kind to render it of interest to a child and insure its existence throughout the ages. Did anyone ever yet take pains to examine the really successful fairy tales that have come down from antiquity without discovering that, as with the great myths, they were bits of profound philosophy veiled in fiction or, like Cinderella, stories from the heart of everyone? It is not the pumpkin coach or the glass slipper that make this tale, or even the fairy godmother, but the old desire of all poor maids to make a good marriage, of the great masses to see the mighty put down and those of low degree exalted. The rest is mere stage setting, again the universal principle.

So must imagination in art be encouraged, so long as it be ordered imagination. For disordered imagination the sanitarium, not the art gallery, may be recommended. The usual excuses of artistic Bolsheviki for the crimes they perpetrate upon good, clean canvas is: "Well that was the way I felt at the time," or "I must express myself, art is a matter of self-expression." Let us examine these claims with reason, principle being universal, what applies to the production of a picture must apply to a pudding equally as

well. Could an angry cook put a pint of pepper in a pot of soup because that was the way he felt at the time and insist that because the soup recorded his mood and expressed his personality so perfectly it was a great feat of culinary art? Is art a matter of self-expression exclusively? Does not self-expression require that we shall have an audience to whom we express ourselves? Is not self-expression indulged in for the benefit gained thereby to expresser and audience, the closer bond of sympathy and interest so established? If art is a mere matter of self-expression the exhibiting of pictures would be unnecessary. Having painted the thing the matter would be over for the artist, just as it is after he has taken a bath or eaten a meal. As a matter of fact, art is a contract to which there must ever be two parties, the creator and the appreciator. Each has his functions, rights and obligations under the contract. Pictures are painted for people to enjoy or study, painted to please or to instruct, to thrill in some way. This being so, the artist is only permitted to express as much of himself as may be agreeable or profitable to others. That whatever he may feel or experience must, of necessity, be interesting to another is the philosophy of the bore the world over. Again do we return to the universal principle of good taste.

It is difficult for a normal, well-educated man to really believe that any feeling or emotion (save the desire to create a sensation) ever did inspire the futureless futurist. If his works do indeed record his feelings, then it is evident that his emotional machinery is out of order. The delirious bubblings of a fever patient record the disordered state of his nerve centres, but they are uninteresting and painful to everyone save the doctor who is intent on finding what organs are involved in the disturbance and how to quiet them, and these incoherent utterances surely are not literary art. If the weird and gaudy canvases of post-impressionism or whatever you may call it are a heart-cry to the world for sympathy and understanding, one can only say to their perpetrators: "Learn to understand yourselves and the world of men and you will then find a means of making your appeal intelligible. If you scorn the understanding of the masses, and self-expression is the only purpose of your art, do not exhibit it, bury it, for the painting of it has served your purpose." It is not my wish or intention to bind

the futurist to the past. Art should ever seek the new thing, but it must always give us a good thing as well.

Progress we must, even in art and it may even be possible to change the racial character of our painting, though whether such change were for better or for worse is open to argument. As matters now stand the distinctive character of the art of all European peoples has ever been that it was representative. Its measure of excellence has been the degree which it represented successfully. Composition, design, arrangement, are basic essentials in all art, but representation is the distinct aim of European painting and every development thereof has been to the end of fuller and more perfect representation, even the good in impressionism was a matter of representing the effect of light and atmosphere and producing the semblance of volume and motion.

Those among us who shrink from a representation of nature as too *gauche* an ambition would do well to reflect upon the rigid restriction which governs all good art that is not representative, and turn to Asia, the fountainhead of wisdom, on the subject of decoration.

Practically all neo-impressionism, futurism, and the like is a matter of negation. Its claim to notice is to be found in the fact that it discards drawing, modelling, colour harmony, resemblance to nature, or pleasing, well-balanced design, and its composition is never good enough to atone for all this. Its exponents talk loudly of freedom and perhaps they are merely giving unconscious expression to their instinctive recognition of the fact that they are lucky to be at large. If any advocate of these wilder forms of pigmentious pastime or profanity in paint will advise us as to the principle involved therein, we may be ready to grant that this, in truth, is art.

ART FOR USE

Extracts from the Scammon lectures given at the Art Institute of Chicago

Discussing the necessity of trained talent drawn from our own schools, Dr. Haney said:

"The war has pressed the term 'Industrial Art School' to attention. Our art industries have begun to feel the lack of trained talent. The war has acted to curtail their supply of needed designs. Skilled artists and artisans have been taken from

their studios and they have been unable to find others to fill the vacancies. Many of these workmen were born abroad and trained in art schools of foreign states. These schools are now emptied of young men, and in their place women students have been taken into training.

"But these women students, when trained, will not be available for our American studios, nor will the men now they have returned from the trenches. They will be needed in their own countries in a hundred different industries. France and England are now doing all that they can to conserve every ounce of their own talent and prepare it for the commercial struggle coming with the peace treaty. Indeed, all European countries are doing this, and information which has leaked out indicates that Germany, also, is doing everything possible with selected pupils in her three score of industrial art schools to enable her art industries to enter the commercial field in the shortest possible time after peace is signed.

"It is the adolescent, the young high school boy and girl, who is now looked upon through European countries as one of the most precious assets of the state. The adult adapts himself with difficulty, but the adolescent can be shaped and formed to meet new conditions. These new conditions are coming in different ways within the next decade, and that state is wise which uses its mobile youth to meet these changes. Now is the time to train the talented.

"America is a great industrial nation. In the years to come she will have to depend largely upon her own resources in the industrial arts. Foreign states can no longer supply her with designers, but foreign states can and do show the steps by which these designers may be trained. England is covered with a network of industrial art schools, some forty in all. France is similarly provided with over thirty well-equipped industrial art schools, and scores of local schools of design. Paris alone has a dozen craft schools, headed by the great institute of design named after Bernard Palissy.

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"Besides the general industrial art school, special schools are needed in special industries, in the printing trades, in the interior decorating trades, and others for the training of costume designers, illustrators, millinery workers, and those connected with the art of dress.

"These special industrial art schools are to be

Art for Use

found abroad in great numbers. All kinds of subjects are thus taught to limited groups of students in schools for lace makers and violin makers; schools for toy makers and for carvers; schools for cutlery designers and for jewellers. The special art school is particularly needed in Chicago for the training of the workers in printing and lithography, just as Paterson needs a special school for silk workers, Trenton one for potters, Grand Rapids one for furniture makers, and Attleborough one for jewellers.

"The special art school differs from the general art school in that its advanced courses, instead of presenting opportunities for training in half-a-dozen different crafts, offers these opportunities in a number of related subjects, all dealing with the one art particularly fostered by the school.

"Essential to the success of the industrial art school is the co-operation of representative members of the trade. Committees of these members must be formed through their respective societies and must lend active support to the school. Without this support the school can never be closely in touch with the needs of the trade. With it there will be constantly brought to the school's studies the practical point of view of the man in active business.

"This establishment of trade committees to mediate between school and business life is one of the most certain methods of insuring the school's prosperity. To succeed, the industrial art school must have the backing of the manufacturing class. Not only must there be committees from the trades, but there must be scholarships offered in the trades so that graduate students leaving the industrial art school can at once find openings paying a living wage to the beginner. These trade scholarships will materially aid in taking care of the product of the school, and the manufacturers will in time come to look upon the school as the proper source from which to draw new blood to their studios.

"For the support of the industrial art school, different agents are needed. Part of the support will undoubtedly come from the city, but part may also be secured from the state. Massachusetts has for many years carried forward a Normal School of Art with state funds, and Pennsylvania a school of textile working and of industrial design under similar auspices. In addition, the United States Government now is free, through the Smith-Hughes law, to appropriate

money for vocational education. Education in the industrial arts is unquestionably one form of training which is contemplated under this act. Thus the Government should be called upon to support the industrial art school.

"Liberal support for the school is essential. Those of marked talent are not many, and on no account should success be estimated in numbers. The true estimate is in the work produced. This should be of the highest standard. To secure this work, good teachers will be needed and much personal teaching. This cannot be done in large groups.

"We have still to learn the lesson long since learned abroad, that good industrial designers cost money to produce, but that it is to the state's interest to invest its money in their production. The return upon the investment is manifold.

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"Improper teaching in the past has led to much misunderstanding in regard to industrial art. Just as our picture dealers have over-emphasized the importance of imported pictures, so have many of our merchants lauded the superiority of imported designs. Praise has been given to the foreigner, but little to our own home talent. The imported article has been advertised until a fictitious value has attached to the fact that it was designed abroad. Thus the public has received an idea that a power exists in the foreigner that cannot be cultivated in our home talent. We have the talent and we have the market, but our talent needs training, and it cannot secure this until schools exist to give it.

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"The question, as a whole, is as plain as it is imminent. With the signing of the treaty of peace, there will be a rush on the part of merchants the world over to secure new markets and re-establish old ones. Manifold millions in profits are at stake, for the industrial arts show the very highest rate of return upon the investment in raw material. The clever designer multiplies the value of the product into which his design goes from a hundredfold to a thousandfold. Why should we, in America, not enjoy this profit? If we fail to do so, it is only because we fail to read the lesson writ large in the industrial art school, as it exists in every industrial nation but our own."



A COTTON WARP VICUNA WEFT PONCHO—PACHACAMAC, PERU

A N C I E N T P E R U I N T E X T I L E S A N D P O T T E R Y

BY MARION NICHOLL RAWSON

PERHAPS in no country has it been so convincingly proven that the art of a people represents the life of a people as in ancient Peru. An exceedingly clever race of people, the early Peruvians set up a government, tilled the soil and developed a representative art which is the envy of the present day. Hand in hand the practical and the artistic walked down the long years, and the result, on the artistic, is a standard of technique, colour and design which is unexcelled in the world.

There is no form of decoration known even today which was not employed by the early Peruvians in their art and no perfect combination of colours which was not used by them. Alone on the western edge of a great continent they made the unique record of developing, unaided, the arts of weaving and design from the smallest begin-

nings to the heights of an acknowledged supremacy. They are the only people who show no trace of the Asiatic influence. The collections of their prehistoric art which have come down to us show an antiquity no less great than that expressed by the relics of Egypt and Asia, and a greater versatility on the part of the artists.

Living, as we do, in an age when the weaver directs the technical working of the loom only, it is well to remember that the weaver in olden times was also the artist, using his frame or loom as a means of expression as the artist uses his brushes and canvases.

In Peru, as elsewhere, as man drew away from the animal habits of living in trees and eating uncooked food, he found the need for tools, utensils and protective coverings, and rudely made the first hatchets, baskets and stone or skin jugs. Thus did the arts develop along with the growth of civilization, decorative design appearing at once in the form of a thumb-print in the warm

Ancient Peru in Textiles and Pottery

clay or the drawing through of a darker thong in the loin cloth. Prior to this, naked bodies had been decorated with dyes made from crushed berries and earthen pigments. In these simple beginnings do we find the birth of the arts of weaving, pottery, painting and design.

Decoration may be called the joy part of any industry, the opportunity to reflect beauty. Also is decoration a record of what appeals to the designer and seems to him most worthy of preservation.

When the Peruvian potter made his water jugs he made them in the shapes of the native gourds or animals; he painted them with pictures of the other potter who worked beside him; perhaps his model was his neighbor in the next branch-covered tent who plied her shuttle all day long and was in turn putting the potter into the border of her fabric.

There was no outside world of mankind for the Peruvian. There was no Paris to be cabled for a design to be applied to a native cloth or bowl. For the Peruvian there was nothing but Peru, therefore her art was untainted Peruvian art.

Just as the demand for skin decoration brought the berry juice dye, so one art demanded another, and since a limitation in one brought handicap in another, all lines were developed. To-day we are finding in their graves more kinds of weaving than America has ever known with all her mechanical supremacy, and fabrics so fine that no twentieth-century machine can make them.

We are indebted to the Peruvian custom of burying unfinished work with the departed one for the many splendid textile specimens which remain after all these centuries of time. Sometimes wrinkled and crushed into countless folds these precious fabrics are taken from the tombs where they have lain from two to four thousand years, in a state of wonderful preservation. This is due largely to the dryness of the climate and the nitrous nature of the soil found in that part of South America.

Weaving is the oldest industry in the world and, barring agriculture, the largest to-day. It began with the rough baskets of our oldest ancestors living in the Swiss Lake districts, and has been done entirely by hand until the last one hundred and thirty years. A textile, they say, is not a textile unless it be decorated, and man's tendency to beautify all that he made was carried out from the very first in weaving.

As previously among the early braiders of leather thongs, a single line of some warm and earthy colour appeared across the warps on the looms. Another line appeared, perhaps, with another colour, and the stripe was born. Then a single line of opposing strength found its way into the warp itself, and behold, the beginnings of the check and plaid. Play it was for the deft fingers, and joy to the primitive minds to watch the slow inches grow in beauty and interest. Little histories of the days and ages they were weaving. The glow of the worshipped sun, the blue of the quiet skies, the green of their growing crops and the brown of the wholesome earth, all found portrayal in the rough cotton and wools which lay beneath the women's hands.

The art most closely co-related with textile weaving was that of spinning. Twigs and grass could be woven without further preparation, leather could be dried and cut in strips, but before cotton or wool could be used in a loom it had to be spun into thread. The Peruvians had no silk, but used cotton and the wool of the llama, alpaca and vicuna, chiefly. As cotton will make a finer thread than any other material, with the exception of silk, the spinner was able to accomplish wonders in his craft and with true Peruvian thoroughness did so. A microscope is necessary for the careful dissection of some of the Peruvian textiles which have been brought to this country, testifying to the marvellous skill of both spinner and weaver. Although the looms, frames and needles which this people used were roughly and rudely made the work which was done on them was finished to a nicety.

There is an entire lack of duplication in the designs, showing that no set drafts were followed, and yet these designs flow along from side to side without a break in their beauty, based on the wealth of designs that had gone before and moulded to express individual feeling. Talent for weaving, colour and design was inherited and handed down through the generations, making a triple alliance which has given ancient Peru the most perfect textile record in the world.

It must not be forgotten that that prehistoric country had two distinct periods in her history. So far back that it is not possible for man to attach to it a date, a populous and powerful people dwelt in the land now known as Peru. There is one section that is believed by some to be the ancient Ophir, the land from which came

Ancient Peru in Textiles and Pottery



NAZCA POTTERY

some of the gold and precious stones of Solomon. While this is unlikely, it will make us understand, in a measure, how very old are the remaining signs of civilized man. Judging from the size and strength of the massive stonework still standing in temples and gateways, it is not unreasonable to guess that the people were a cyclopean race of great numbers. The gigantic monolithic gateway at what is now known as Tiahuanaco is a relic of that period and was as much a mystery to the people of the later period as it is to the South Americans of to-day.

The second period began shortly after the year one thousand with the reign of the interesting Incas, with their central city at Cuzco. The perfection of government and land apportionment has made this period best known to the world at large, and it is only within the last twenty-five years that both of these periods have commenced to

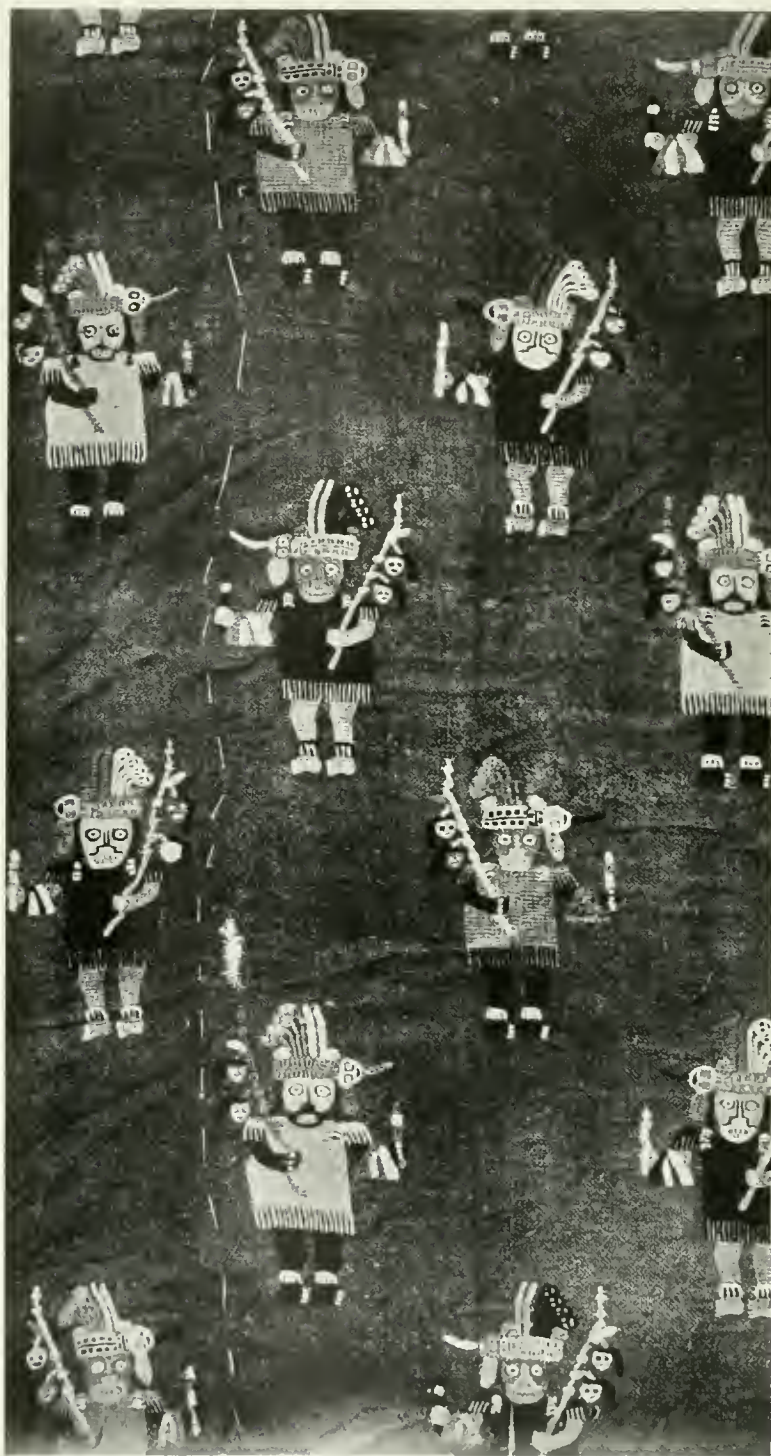
yield up their treasure to the art worlds.

Strange to relate, the technique of the former period was superior to that of the latter. The work done in Tiahuanaco was strong enough to cast its influence all along the coast, and it is in the vicinity of Lima that much of the best old work has been found. The high state of culture attained in Tiahuanaco explains their high standard in textiles and their gradually getting away from animal figures into the more highly developed geometric figures. The contemporaneous work of the weavers of Nasca and Yca shows the strong influence of the Tiahuanaco school but yielded often their form to the veneration of some grotesque figure.



NAZCA POTTERY

Ancient Peru in Textiles and Pottery



SHAWL-LIKE GARMENT—YCA, PERU

Nothing, on the other hand, was allowed to come before colour in either Nasca or Yca. A collection of shawl-like garments which has been presented to the American Museum of

Natural History contains the most wonderful colour combinations that have been found in any textiles. Here we find form used only as a medium for colour. Great strong units, terrifying in their symbolism, are used in a repeat design solely as carriers of colour combinations. Some of these textiles contain no two units of the same colour scheme and yet the whole is a marvel of chromatic harmony.

A little warrior who appears thus as colour bearer in one of the Yca textiles goes through many humorous changes as he appears and reappears on his journey. From the fierce savage carrying the heads of two of his enemies, he changes suddenly to the tamest of shepherds bearing home his staff at the cool of the day—all through a twist of colour. The weavers of Yca have told us, as have no other people, of the vigorous life that dwells in colour, a life which is related to the practical, to art and to music.

The designs found in textile borders are especially interesting. They often have no connection with the main body of the fabric either in colour or form, but are always harmonious. Often they are little parades of men or animals of antique proportions.

These images always represent an intense busy-ness, the figures either weaving, farming, or indulging in some other active occupation.

Ancient Peru in Textiles and Pottery



NAZCA POTTERY

From Nasca has come pottery, the finest in South America. When one realizes that these jugs and vases have been taken from graves thousands of years old, they seem of ridiculously thin ware. Like the textiles of Yca they abound in colour and for this reason are easy to distinguish from the pottery of Tiahuanaco which is in black and white. Again, like textiles, they have drawn their designs from animal, vegetable and human life. Fish, birds, animals, anything in fact which had three dimensions and could be thought of as having an inside, including man, was used as suggestion by the potter. The head of the puma or jaguar made excellent water jugs.

The symbolism of Peruvian art as a whole is, however, not entirely expressed in these forms, but appears quite as strongly in the early units where superstition and fear played a large part. The thing which he fears is the thing which the savage tries most to placate, and thereby learns to reverence. A god with one all-seeing eye grew to be a creature of many eyes in the minds of the artist weavers, and to do greater glory to the fearsome being heads and more eyes grew where hands should have been. These eyes played an important part in the designs of the early Peru-

vians, for many centuries giving way gradually to animal forms and later to geometric figures as their civilization advanced. So religion plays her part and finds her portrayal in this national history of colour and form.

As we find the colours on these ancient relics to-day they show no sign of having faded through the thousands of years of waiting, but only the suggestion of the inevitable mellowing which time always gives. The whites are softly ivoryed, the browns and yellows blend with a perfection which is inimitable, and even the blacks, in their role of contrast seem to lean toward the other colours with a decided affinity. No matter what the design, there is universal harmony of colour.



NAZCA POTTERY



A MERICAN-MADE POTTERY EXEMPLIFIED IN LENOX CHINA
BY HANNA TACHAU

AN APPRECIATION of art in all its phases has gained great impetus the past ten or fifteen years, and we are beginning to realize that true artistic expression has no limitations, that a general harmony of form, colour, and line can be revealed in the little things of daily use, as well as in the greater and more monumental achievements of an artist. And so our interest has been arrested by some fine productions of American ceramics.

The study of pottery has ever been a fascinating one, revealing a succession of wonder tales, unfolding secrets that for generations remained impenetrable mysteries, and disclosing the customs and manners of a race, as well as its artistic trend. Many a delicate romance is exhaled from a fragile vase or urn, like a breath of evanescent perfume, for we know that the quest of a rare, illusive bit of pottery was the pastime of kings and emperors and its beauty the theme of poets. We can perhaps better understand the pottery of today if we know something of its past. Its history reaches back to times immemorial, for we are told, with graphic accuracy, that the art existed in prehistoric ages in "the twilight of the gods," and it has been the gracious means of making vivid to us, as no other records have, Egypt, Babylon and Assyria in their

zenith; it has recorded the glory and decadence of Greece and Rome, and convinced us that Peru boasted of a civilization earlier perhaps than that of Egypt; it has shown us the broad culture and wisdom of China, and brought Persia and India within the realms of our understanding. All this we have been able to glean from a few bits of clay scratched with a few rough characters.

It is interesting to know that primarily all pottery was designed for use, for its origin dated from the time when the race, emerging from savagery into barbarism, felt the first promptings and desires for those necessities which were essential for its daily existence, and the need of a vessel or jug stimulated the impulse to create a shape that would adequately fulfil this requirement. These early peoples used various methods of shaping their utensils from clay, but the more general practice was to fashion a shape, modelling it freely from the plastic material. Then later some genius, whose name will probably ever remain unknown, invented the potter's wheel and a crude production was transformed into an art.

Ornamentation was a later development and was only added as an expression of the inherent and inevitable instinct in man for decoration. The early craftsman was not hampered by art creeds or dogmas of any kind, and being quite unsophisticated in his presentment of an idea was able to produce something that was charmingly simple yet quite complete. He had no

American-made China

problems of commercial rivalry to meet, no impulse to seek startlingly new or bizarre effects that seems to beset so many of our modern craftsmen, but with a pure undaunted spirit modelled a shape that would best perform the function for which it was intended. His decoration, an intensely personal expression, proclaiming his individual feeling for colour and design, was made altogether subservient but harmonious to the utilitarian intention of the object.

The Centennial Exhibition in 1876 marks the development of a higher standard of production of the potter's art in this country. Since then a widespread interest in its progress has been

leek of a rich but delicate lustrous ivory tone so beautiful and so splendidly adapted to table service that three-fourths of the output of the Lenox potteries are of this character. As compared with Irish Belleek the ivory tint of the Lenox is not so strong and the glassy opaque translucency has been modified, achieving a foundation upon which to apply decoration that is splendidly adequate. The soft, exquisite lustre of the glaze also surpasses the older ware, and is far richer and more adaptable for decorative purposes than the cold-white, hard, unsympathetic glazes of the various chinas that have been lately coming to us in great quantities from abroad.



awakened, and the unreasonable prejudice which has existed against American-made pottery in favor of imported china and porcelain is rapidly disappearing as the public becomes more independent in judgment and better acquainted with it. Of late years experts have conceded that the Lenox potteries of Trenton produce for the first time in American ceramics china that is equal in every respect to the best output of the manufacturing factories of Great Britain.

Lenox china is made in two distinct bodies: the one a bone china similar in substance to the highest grade of English bone china, and, like those wares, of a soft dead white tone; the other a Bel-

To attain so high a standard as Mr. Lenox has finally accomplished took years of painstaking experimenting, fraught with many discouraging failures, for the path of the ceramic craftsman is strewn with obstacles. Not only must he possess a strong æsthetic sense, giving him an instinctive feeling for beauty of form and fine proportion, but he must also have the actual knowledge of how to get practical results. His productions must reveal a mastery of the arts of sculpture, modelling and painting, and he must know chemistry as well, bringing all his skill and invention to bear to avoid the many snares and pitfalls that await him in the preparation

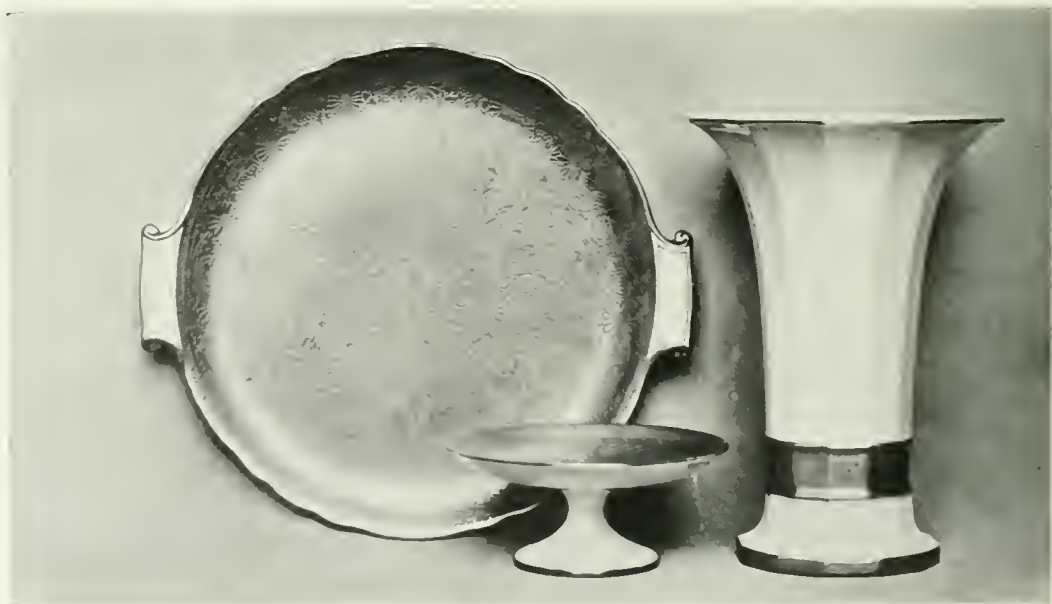
American-made China

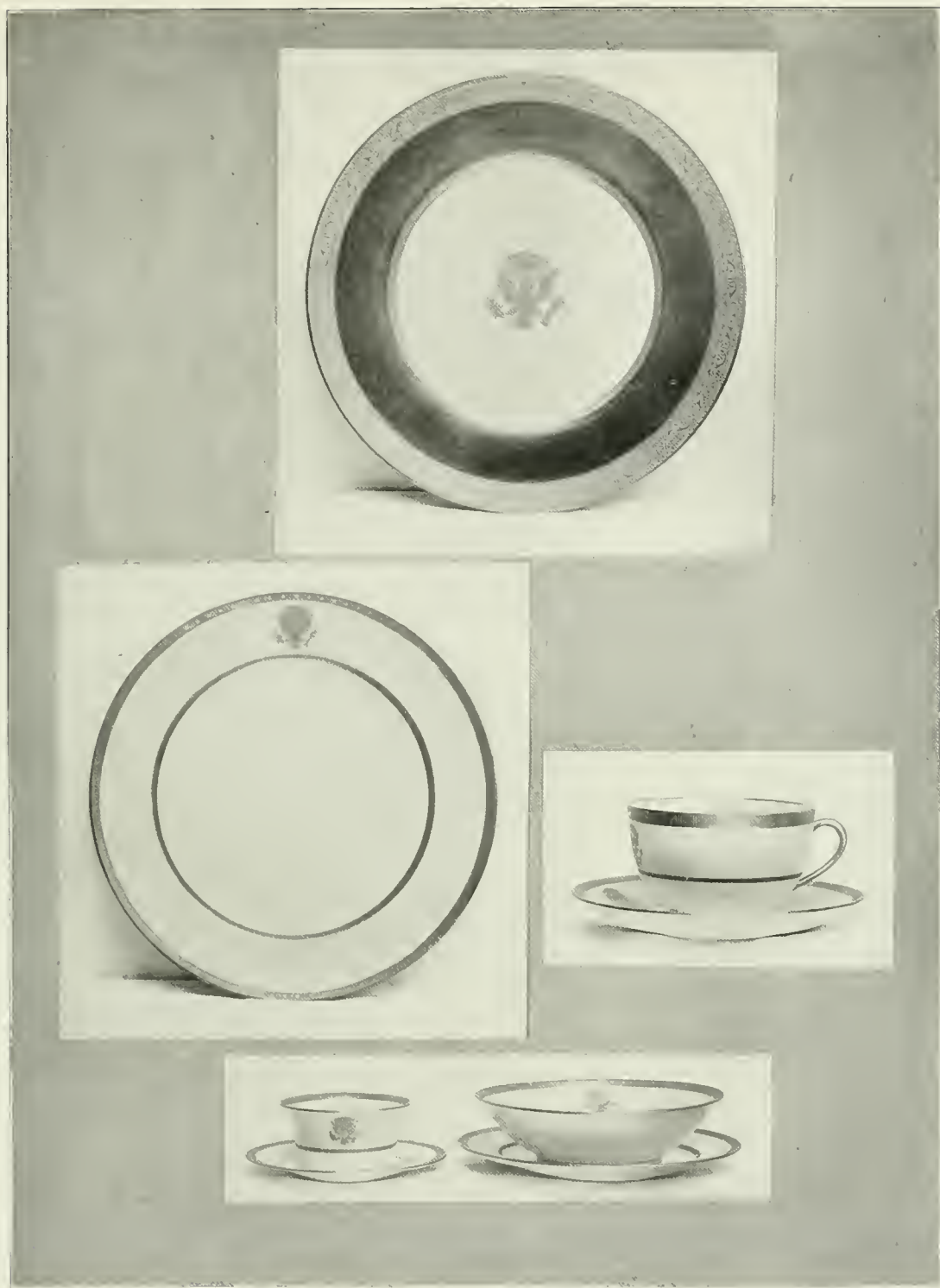
of his clays, and, above all, in their firing.

Mr. Lenox exemplifies in his china ware a nice sense of propriety, for though some of his productions intended for formal occasions are very rich and sumptuous in design and decoration, he has depended largely upon the translucency, the lusciousness of glaze, fine workmanship and the exquisite quality of the gold to achieve such splendid results. There is nothing strangely original or bizarre in his shapes, for, like the craftsmen of old, he believes that a beautiful shape is one which best carries out the purpose for which it was intended. A coffee pot or pitcher, for instance, must be so designed that it will pour easily and fluently, the handle must be easy to grasp and the vessel itself must be wide enough at the top to clean without difficulty. Many of the pieces used for dinner and tea services depend almost entirely for their charm and distinction upon their form and graceful proportion, for their decoration is limited to etched or encrusted gold borders which accentuate or subtly indicate a beautiful line. Others again, less formal in character, reflect the influence of the Chinese Chippendale and the pattern known as the "Ming," especially, shows a happiness of design and spontaneity and freedom of handling that is very refreshing. The border has a conventional motive carried out in Wedgwood gray, interspersed with panels in which brightly plumaged birds are the salient

note. The central motif is delicate and graceful, yet kept conventional and flat, revealing the qualities that are essential to true decoration. Almost anything can be done in the way of embellishment, using pottery as a medium, by the proper manipulation of the material—the decorations can be done in high or low relief; they can be broadly and audaciously painted or they may be elaborately depicted in delicate detail. One set that is particularly attractive shows a decoration consisting of little baskets quite conventional in form, that are filled with dainty flowers of raised enamel. A band of haunting Chinese blue binds the design together.

Many of the flower holders and vases, some of which are being utilized for lamps, are painted in one colour, and here again experimentation has wandered in far fields until it found a satisfactory solution. Mr. Lenox has carefully selected a large range of "hard-fire" colours that have a perfect affinity with the glaze to which they are applied, and these not only produce a pure and translucent ground colour, but retain all the brilliancy and richness that the artist wishes to achieve when painting figures, flowers and fruits, or making essays in conventional designs. Both methods of decoration are employed upon Lenox china—painting under and over glaze, and are applied when the piece is nearly or quite bone dry. So charming and fragile a thing as a tea cup cannot be too exquisitely finished, so in the





THE NEW WHITE HOUSE
STATE DINING SERVICE
OF LENOX CHINA

American-made China

making of thin, light pieces every detail shows the premeditation of the careful craftsman, who realizes that good results can emanate only from the harmony of high artistic standards combined with painstaking workmanship, and there is everywhere in evidence a sense of fitness as well as a splendid utility. For in so utilitarian an art as pottery-making, not only the æsthetic but the practical side must be considered. The wearing capacity of a cup and plate plays an important rôle in the selection of one's dinner service, for no matter how lovely a piece of china may be, when its edges become chipped and ragged much of its charm and beauty is lost. Lenox china has proved to be very durable; it does not chip easily and it can bear hard usage and handling. Its price is about equal to that of fine imported china of the same quality.

The supreme achievement, or, better perhaps, the crowning recognition of the achievements of Mr. Lenox and his organization, came during the past year when Lenox ware was selected by the President and Mrs. Wilson for the new state dinner service of the White House. It is a noteworthy fact that this is the first time china of American manufacture has ever been used for this purpose, though unsuccessful efforts had previously been made, particularly by President Roosevelt, to find a home product that would measure up to requirements. Sixteen years have elapsed since last a new state dinner service was installed in the Executive Mansion, and in that interim the Lenox potteries alone in America have been found to have made sufficient strides in the manufacture of china which in body and utilitarian features is at least the equal of the best products of the English potteries and in its decorative possibilities may be said distinctly to surpass them, to warrant at last the selection of an American-made service for this distinguished purpose.

It was the desire of the President and Mrs. Wilson that the decoration of the new service should combine the simplicity of true art with a motif appropriate to the locale for which it was destined, and to this end the approved design was evolved by Frank G. Holmes, chief artist of the Lenox works.

The ware chosen was the Belleek with its delicate creamy tone and the decoration consists of an outer and an inner border of encrusted gold in a dull finish, separated by a

band of an ivory tint slightly deeper than that of the body of the china. The outer border contains a conventionalized and unobtrusive motif of stars and stripes in the gold while the tinted band contains, also in raised gold, the seal of the President of the United States, this having been selected in preference to the national coat-of-arms, hitherto used, on the ground of its more personal application.

The service consists of some seventeen hundred pieces, and of these the only item that varies materially in its decoration from the design already described is the service, or place, plates. These are unusually large, eleven inches in diameter, and bear a broad outer border of etched gold in a delicate Adam design, a still broader band of a deep rich lustrous blue, and for an inner border the same motif of stars and stripes that edges the rest of the service. The Presidential seal here appears in the exact centre of the plate.

It is interesting to note further that since the selection of Lenox china for the White House service, another full service in a Louis XVI design has been completed by the Lenox potteries for the Presidential Palace in Cuba on a commission from the Tiffany Studios in New York.

VETERANS AT NEW ROCHELLE

NEW ROCHELLE LIBRARY has devoted its committee room to patriotic and artistic uses in exhibiting a beautifully hung assemblage of pastel portraiture by a well-known artist, Walter de S. Beck, who has pictures in the National Gallery at Washington and in many leading museums. The work shown is a unique document of the Civil War, every portrait having been executed from sittings. The rich colouring, free brushwork, strong sense of decoration, the variety of grouping and the interest attaching to such men as General Mosby and Admiral Sigsbee, here represented, render a visit to the Library a matter of sterling interest. Such a collection has museum value, and is destined to become a national asset, as the artist would on no account permit the collection to be broken up by disposing of single examples. As a thoroughly American memorial it would be hard to conceive of a more appropriate message than the men of '61 convey to their country to-day.



Exhibited at the Reinhardt Galleries

THE MILLS OF MARS

BY RAYMOND HOLLAND

IN THE GALLERIES

THE Centennial Courbet Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum is a noteworthy contribution to the series of important special exhibitions arranged by the Museum. The position of Courbet as the arch "realist" of the nineteenth century, and the comparative variety of his work in the displays of dealers well justified the effort made by the Museum to gather this memorial exhibition of his work.

The pictures themselves reveal him as a man of exceptionally wide range of sympathy, decidedly not a one-note man. In an age which was

beginning to produce the art specialist, the painter of the grey day, the painter of oaks, the painter-illustrator of romantic poems, Courbet stands out as a painter in the tradition of Rembrandt, painting landscapes, figure subjects, nudes, animals, flowers, marines, bringing to each subject an ample knowledge of his means.

The exhibition is beautifully hung in a well-designed room, with well-spaced distribution of pictures. But the pictures themselves in the conventional dark browns and greens and greys, look as though they belonged to the age of dark oak panelled rooms, when shades were drawn and light was feared.

In the Galleries

An exhibition of old lace and embroideries will be opened in the Rotunda of the Brooklyn Museum on Tuesday, April 29, and will continue through the month of May. The lace exhibition will include about 1,000 specimens, among which will be a number of exhibits lent by members of the Needle and Bobbin Club, which comprises the best known connoisseurs and collectors of New York and Brooklyn, the object of the club being to encourage and maintain interest in hand-made fabrics; to promote these industries in the United States, and to afford opportunities to meet and discuss lace and allied subjects. In addition to these are the notable possessions of the Brooklyn Museum, including the famous Besselièvre collection. For the special occasion of this exhibition various choice specimens of ancient ecclesiastical vestments and embroideries, presented to the Museum some years ago by the Rembrandt Club of Brooklyn, will be reassembled and reinstalled in the Rotunda.

Important additions have recently been made to the scope of the Brooklyn Museum exhibition of lace, including a loan of 50 or 60 pieces of rare merit from a noted collector in Philadelphia, and various purchases by private parties, made at the recent Benguiat sale, some of which are a gift to the Museum from Miss Theodora Wilbour of New York City, others, purchases made by the Museum at this sale, and still others loans or gifts of pieces from this sale as may be determined later on. In the last mentioned class is a Venetian Gothic point lace and linen alb which was one of the most important pieces of the Benguiat sale. Miss Theodora Wilbour's gift includes a 17th-century English court mantle of velvet, decorated with gold embroidery, and the Museum purchase consists of a magnificent set of English 16th-century "petit-point" embroidered bed hangings, six in number. Recent Museum acquisitions of early American furniture, so far unexhibited, will also be shown.

A letter from the French Embassy to the United States, addressed to William Henry Fox, Director of the Brooklyn Museum, gives the advice that the French Ministry of Fine Arts has authorized a gift to the Museum of the two large Albi vases known as "Les Cygnes." These vases stand seven feet high from the floor with their pedestals. They were decorated by Bienville, and were executed at the historic government manufactory at Sèvres. This gift is mentioned

as being made in recognition of the hospitality of the Museum in caring for the French national loan collection of art which was exhibited at the Museum, and in its custody during the war, and which has recently been returned to France. These vases will be installed and shown in connection with the current exhibition.

A most important and interesting loan exhibition of tapestries was held during April, organized by George Leland Hunter for the Detroit Museum of Art. It contained eight Gobelins of the finest and rarest type, four Beauvais tapestries, of which two were Beauvais-Boucher, and no less than fifteen Gothics of the XV. century, of superlative quality, among them the only large XIV. century tapestry in the world, outside of the Apocalypse set at Angers.

At the Dudensing Galleries Crawford O'Gorman shows in rich and over-abundant variety the life and aspect of Mexico, where he has spent half a lifetime. The medium used is water colour, which he handles with ease and knowledge. Many of the pictures are painted with the too obvious thought in the artist's mind "that subject ought to sell." Half the collection should be in portfolios behind the curtain. Some twenty to thirty drawings would serve a better purpose as an artistic offering redounding to his reputation. Some street scenes, interiors, and church architecture are well seen and rendered.

An exhibition of paintings by Aston Knight at the Scott & Fowles Galleries exemplifies in marked degree what may be effected by a popular painter of pretty subjects. There can be no question about his ability to paint, and his possession of a facile and expert technique that lends itself to a comfortable rendering of guileless scenery, everything immaculately clean and cosey; the trees and cottages seemingly arranged and tidied up for the occasion; skies and rivers, in loving competition with flowers and shrubs to appear at their very best. Aston Knight sees only the decorous side of nature avoiding anything that might be rude or rough, in fact he is a painter of pulchritude and finical elegance.

The Howard Young Galleries, 620 Fifth Avenue, have had on view a collection of works by Ossip Linde, including a series of Bruges and Venice scenes, in the depicting of which Linde has few rivals. A jewel-like quality of paint, an eye for the picturesque, the ability to place figures in the foreground as though they were really alive



Courtesy Levy Galleries
ON THE JUANITA

BY GEORGE INNESS



Courtesy Arlington Galleries
SUNLIT VALLEY

BY KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN



THE BELL TELEPHONE MEMORIAL, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, CANADA

and part of the scene, the power to paint rich luminous shadows against sunlight, are his endowments. A Venetian painting representing a broad flight of steps in shadow with a group of peasants resting in a sheltered angle of the parapet with the sunlight striking the façades of nearby palaces is undoubtedly one of the best canvases on exhibition. Another good example is a simple rendering of autumnal tints in a Connecticut landscape where everything is mellow and glowing. Few people know good pictures when they see them or they would all find homes. A well-known artist, whom we will call Fitz-Arthur, remarked once with considerable feeling: "I have the finest collection of Fitz-Arthurs in the country." Many could echo his statement.

The National Association of Portrait Painters are holding their annual exhibition this year at the Reinhardt Galleries. At first it was a postponement and then a sudden determination to exhibit forthwith. They are to be congratulated on acquiring a stunning gallery and fine broad corridor, and on a good all-round show in spite of a few weak numbers and a few portraits that have

become somewhat stale by exposure. The outstanding pictures are the startling offerings of Henri and Bellows, the former with his alluring interpretation of Ruth St. Denis in the *Peacock Dance*, the latter with *Suzanne* in which the colour scheme is bold and successful; an excellent three-quarter length of Prof. Salisbury by the Chicagoan artist, Ralph Clarkson, full of life and energy; and the *Woman in Blue* of de Witt M. Lockman, which is fine in colour and design though already known to the gallery-visiting public, like the charming portrait of the *Girl in Pink* by Louis Betts.

H. R. Poore divides his interests between landscape and animals at the Babcock Galleries. The best of many good canvases is a forlorn white pony silhouetted against a grey-white sky, a problem of difficulty, but well mastered. A moonlight scene where poachers are carting away seaweed is another good picture instinct with reserve and nice colour, blues and greys are more lovingly and understandingly handled than the warmer pigments. His horse and hound scenes betray the sportsman who feels what he depicts with so much knowledge.



AN EPISODE OF THE TRENCHES
BY GILBERT GAUL



Exhibited at the Knoedler Galleries

DETAIL OF MEMORIAL PORTRAITURE
BY GEROME P. BRUSH



"SCENE FROM THE RUSSIAN
BALLET, THE GOOD-HUMOURED
LADIES." PASTEL BY CLAUDE
A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LXVII. No 268

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JUNE, 1919

R OCKWELL KENT IN ALASKA AND ELSEWHERE BY C. LEWIS HIND

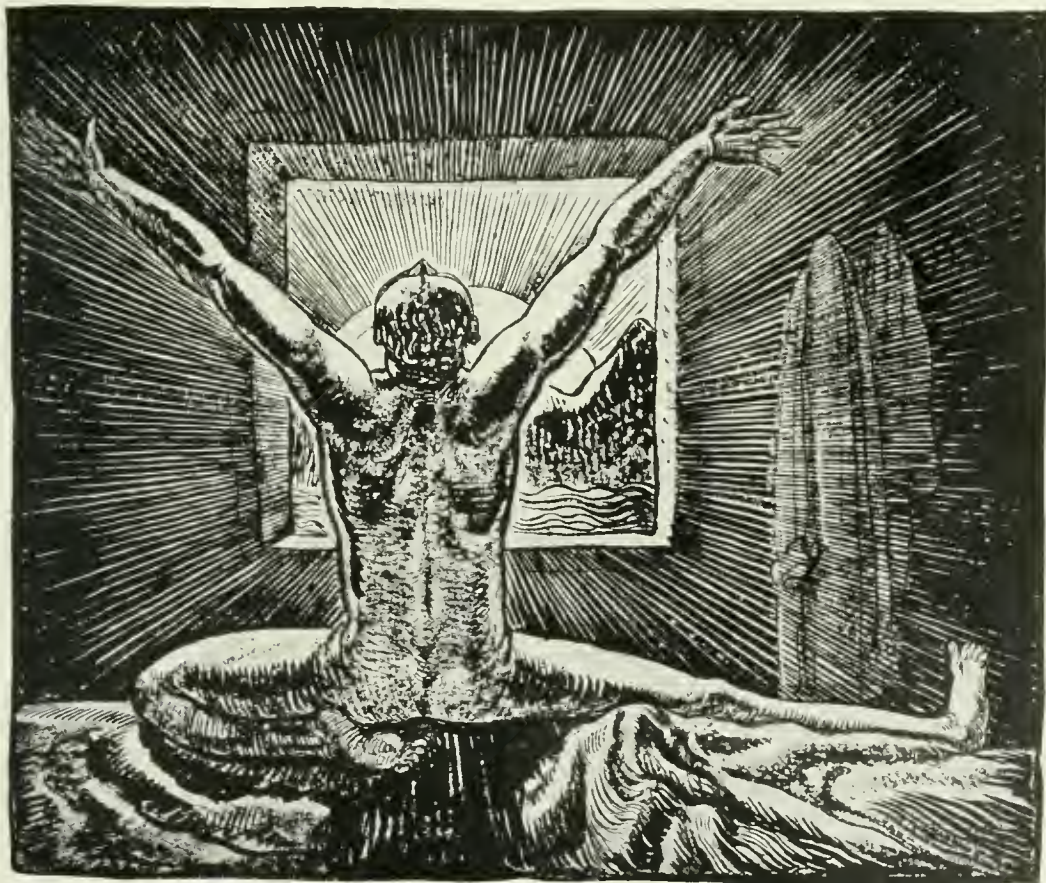
"I, John, who also am your brother, was in the isle that is called Patmos . . . I was in the Spirit . . ."

Many people before John, many since, have retired to a Patmos to find themselves, and to

seek realities. But who has left such a record of his visions as St. John the Divine?

"And immediately I was in the Spirit: and behold. . . ."

Some of the loveliest water colours in medieval missals show St. John in Patmos; many of the earliest French and Flemish panels picture him in that paradise of blue waters, spreading trees, and tolerant animals. So Patmos became the



GET UP

BY ROCKWELL KENT

CV

Rockwell Kent in Alaska and Elsewhere

first landscape painting ground. It shone out, a dream place, with a dream history, and, after nearly two thousand years, the late Marquis of Bute exiled himself for a while to Patmos, and traced in the scenery week by week, month by month, such natural features, such wonders of clouds and light, that he imagined and maintained were the inspiration of St. John's mystical visions.

It is a long way from Patmos to Alaska, and still farther to Fox Island. If the sea is rough, and the north wind blowing, it is no easy task to persuade a battered dory with a broken-down gas engine to convey you from the mainland of Alaska to Fox Island, three or four hours' sail. The postal address, by the by, is Fox Island, Resurrection Bay, Kenai Peninsula, Alaska. But I do not advise anybody to make the journey, even in summer, for the population of Fox Island consists of one man, an old trapper and hunter named Olsen who breeds foxes, and tells wonderful tales of Yukon adventures. On August 28, 1918, the population of Fox Island was increased to three. The newcomers were Rockwell Kent, and his young son, aged nine. There they stayed until March 18, 1919. There Rockwell Kent made over fifty-eight drawings, seven of which are reproduced in these pages: there he planned and began several oil pictures, and there, on the eve of returning to civilisation, to New York, he wrote the last page of his diary—"It was for us life as it should be, serene and wholesome, love—but not hate, faith without disillusionment, the absolute for the earth-striding footsteps of man and for his soaring spirit—Olsen of the deep experience, strong, brave, generous and gentle, like a child, and his island—like Paradise. Ah, God, and now the world again."

So now, reader, you know something about Fox Island, and the man who elected to live there for seven months. But why, you may ask, drag in St. John the Divine and Patmos? Merely because he is the great example, the out-soaring figure of those, no mean host, who for the sake of their work or their souls, have felt called to a solitude, far from man, far from the burr of the world and the complexities of civilisation. This flight to loneliness is not necessarily a virtue, but to many it is a compulsion. The call is common enough. But the majority get over the recurring nostalgia for being alone with God; or they find Ilim in a crowd, which is more diffi-

cult, more lasting, and usually brings Him closer than solitude.

The loneliness nostalgia is, with Rockwell Kent, no sudden and soon-spent emotion. He has felt it again and again, probably he always will. He has enjoyed voluntary exiles in Monhegan Island off the coast of Maine, in fog-bound Newfoundland, and to-day, after a brief spell of New York he is preparing to search for a desolate, dismantled New England farm which must have the attraction (to him) of being several miles from a railway station. There he will build his shelter, and remodel the leaky homestead, for he is carpenter, and architect, and several other handy-man things besides artist; and this modest but confirmed egoist, when he gets an idea into his head does not readily allow the conveniences or responsibilities of life to drive it out. The artist, determinedly following a dream, an ideal, or a conviction is often like this. It means the domestic upheaval of transport and a new house. Alphonse Daudet once wrote a charming but disturbing book called "*The Wives of Artists*."

These Alaska drawings seem to me very remarkable. "He's a Blake who can draw," remarked a candid friend. Well, it is not easy for a man who is producing drawings of this character to escape being called a Blake student. Of course he is a student of Blake, and an intense admirer. Every artist who seeks the elemental, who has views and visions, who pursues the substance not the shadow, reality not rhetoric, must tread the path that St. John opened and that Blake trod. But these drawings, I submit, are entirely Rockwell Kent.

The artist is the child of the ages. He cannot escape influences either from pictures or books. He inherits and disseminates; he, if he is really in earnest about his art, reflects his age, his decade, and the only question we have to ask ourselves is: has he conveyed his thought and emotion to us, has he added to the sum total of our experiences, does he release the spring of our imagination? I answer—yes. *The Star Lighter*, *Victory*, *Prayer*, move me because they express certain elemental ideas simply and profoundly. They need no explanation; they are as plain to a bolshevik as to a king. So are the patterns, eternal patterns, into which his *Man* and *Woman* have wrought themselves, so is *Get Up* a rendering, not without humour, of the stretch of the body into a new



MEAL TIME
BY ROCKWELL KENT



PRAYER

BY ROCKWELL KENT

day. And *Meal Time*, what of that? Here we have a design that in spirit and execution is entirely original, freshly seen and full of meaning. It is one of a series called "Autobiography" and may be taken as a symbolical rendering of the life on Fox Island of these two strenuous and happy socialist hermits. The "Autobiography" begins with *Sunrise* and closes with *Day's End*. One of the finest is *Adventure*, two figures striding out into the light of a new day.

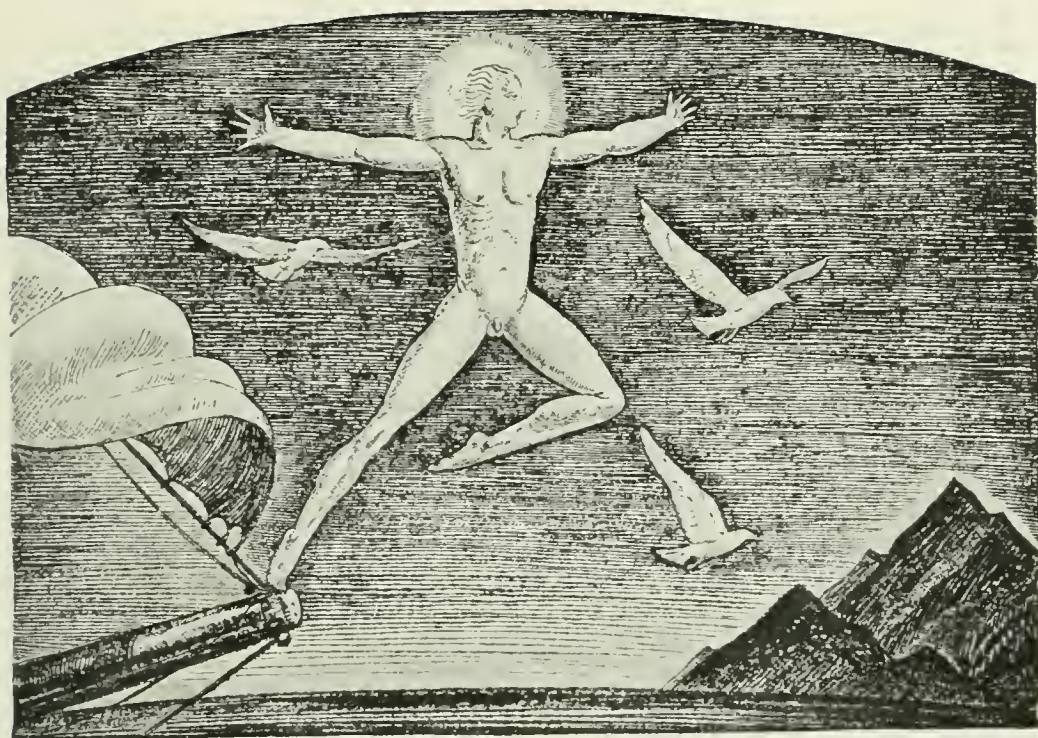
Most of the drawings belong to groups. Very direct and impressive they looked when shown at the Knoedler Galleries under the direction of Mrs. Albert Sterner. Some of the other groups were called *The Mad Hermit—Ecstasy, Imminence*; especially fine, *The Pioneer's Life*, and *The Voyager*.

They are drawn with pen and ink, or with brush and india ink; they are not studies for oil pictures, but no doubt pictures will be based upon some of them. *The North Wind*, for example. In the diary I find this passage: "I would not have devoted all of the time I have to this day's entry if I had not a good day's work to my credit, including a conception of a new picture, so vivid that the doing of it will be mere copying. Surely,

after the past four days, I may tell with authority of that Prince from the North."

This power to visualise a painting or a drawing before a stroke is laid seems to be a natural gift with Rockwell Kent. It saves an artist a deal of trouble and muddled effort. The Alaska drawings "came to him complete," as he expresses it, and all he had to do was to put down on paper what had already been born and shaped in his visual imagination. There are writers who work in this way. I know a man who complains that he cannot find a correction to make in his manuscript. Shakespeare, we are told, never blotted a line.

I can view the career of Rockwell Kent with some clearness because for a year and a half I knew him as a one-picture man only. I knew nothing about his other pictures, his life, aims or ideals. That one picture was his *Winter* which hangs on the line in the Metropolitan Museum. It startled me, it fascinated me; it seemed that at last I had found a direct racial American picture worthy to be classed with the work of the two pioneers and "old masters" in American art—Walt Whitman in poetry and Winslow Homer in painting. It was fine to think



THE VOYAGER

BY ROCKWELL KENT



THE NORTH WIND

BY ROCKWELL KENT



WOMAN
BY ROCKWELL KENT



MAN
BY ROCKWELL KENT

Rockwell Kent in Alaska and Elsewhere

that the Metropolitan Museum had acquired and hung well this powerful, forceful representation of a hunk of direct vision by an unacademic living man. I sought for other pictures by him, but found none, that is, none came my way; but I heard that Mr. Henry Frick has, in his country house, at Pride's Crossing, another coast of Maine picture by Kent called *Seiners* which in force, and direct fervour of simplicity, is equal in achievement to *Winter*.

My next adventure was the return of the artist from Alaska, and an afternoon, a very stimulating afternoon, with him and the drawings. How tricky is memory, how fallacious! I learnt from the artist, with surprise, that as far back as 1912 I had expressed my high appreciation of the work of Rockwell Kent. This had quite slipped my memory, but it was a satisfaction to know that my opinion had not changed. As I think now I thought then. My 1912 reference to the work of Rockwell Kent was contained in the introduction I wrote to the catalogue of American pictures exhibited by the late Hugo Reisinger in London and Berlin. The passage ran "I find something elementally American in Rockwell Kent's *Evening on the Coast of Maine* the blue-white snow rightly seen, the whole picture a big, simple statement."

Once on the track, other pictures by him came into view. There was another *Winter* (he likes Nature stark and unclothed) in the excellent exhibition held in the Parish House of the Church of the Ascension—a silhouette of fir trees against snow-deep hills, wrought into a decorative pattern, apparently black and white, yet full of colour. And at the Daniel Gallery I found records, and a set of photographs of the Newfoundland paintings and drawings shown there in 1917. These are the works of a man who was thinking and feeling deeply, who was reading modern philosophy, who was obsessed by the unrightness and the mystery of things, and who in his art was turning from nature to man. I do not think that he has "brought off" all the ideas he tried to express in these Newfoundland pictures. His harness for Pegasus is not quite workaday; but into *The House of Dread* he certainly gets a sinister and oppressive feeling of dread, and in *The Voyager Beyond Life* an awesomeness that lingers and does not permit itself to be readily forgotten. And there is another—*A Newfoundland Dirge*. Had he

painted nothing but this tense solemnity, so hugely comfortless and pathetic, I should have said, "Here is a man of vision and feeling who has struggled out of the country of art for art's sake into the continent of art for life's sake."

Have I succeeded in conveying to you something of my interest in this artist. Let me add a few words written by Robert Henri, who is regarded as a sort of Papa by the younger artists who are working towards freedom: "Our artists must be philosophers; they must be creators; they must be experimenters. . . . The artists who produce the most satisfactory art are, in my mind, those who are absorbed in the civilisation in which they are living. Take, for instance, Rockwell Kent. He is interested in everything: in political economy, in farming, in every phase of industrial prosperity. He cannot do without this interest in his art. The very things that he portrays on his canvas are the things that he sees written in the great organisation of life, and his painting is a proclamation of the rights of man, of the dignity of man, of the dignity of creation. It is his belief in God. It is what art should mean."

And here are a few remarks that Rockwell Kent rushed out in the course of a talk we had the other day about art, life, and himself. Have I said, by the by, that he is a disciple of Nietzsche, that he longs to make a series of Zarathustra drawings, and that his exhibition contained a design of superman, ecstatic in his strength and power, striding amid the stars.

"I am a colossal egoist," he cried, in his eager, intense way. His look was so earnest and fatalistic that the reproach of sad and civil age was frozen on my lips. "I am not going to do any fool, little thing. . . . I am the actor. . . . Even an actor reaching to the stars, I am he Essentials only ought to go into painting. . . . I can't trust my judgment; it's only what remains in memory that I paint. . . . I don't want petty self-expression; I want the elemental, infinite thing; I want to paint the rhythm of eternity."

Well, by the time these lines appear in print he will be located in his leaky, barren, New England farm, ten miles from a station and there he will paint, and paint and paint, those Paradise paintings which he has promised us.

With immense interest I look forward to seeing them.



Courtesy R. C. & N. M. Vose, Boston

FONTAINEBLEAU OAKS
BY JULES DUPRÉ

From a Layman's Standpoint

FROM A LAYMAN'S STANDPOINT
BY JOHN L. PORTER

EDITOR'S NOTE—It must not be supposed that the views here expressed are those of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. The article is valuable as an outside opinion by a writer deeply interested in everything pertaining to art.

THE question uppermost in the minds of all lovers of art at this time, is—"Have we made the most of our opportunity?" When we say—"Our opportunity," we refer to the period of the late struggle between might and right—between the iconoclast and the dreamer; between the brute and his master; between the primeval and the zenith of education; we might almost say, between the savage and civilization. That an opportunity *was* given during this period to those whom we have come to look upon as masters of beautiful expression, through the channels of art, there can be no doubt, for the chance has been theirs of portraying human emotions, ranging from sorrow, in its deepest moments, to pleasure, in its highest ecstasy. Did they rise to the occasion, or were the sordid thoughts inculcated by this great strife so heavy that they prevented concrete thinking, planning and imagery?

At a time when the iconoclast was raging forth, the minds of all of us were shocked to even think of the devastation he was spreading. Many of us were fully conscious of the degree to which this devastation was being carried, when we heard of the demolition of such masterpieces as the Cathedral at Rheims, the City Hall in Bruges, the great public buildings of Liège, the beautiful convents at Dixmude, Mons, Montdidier, Sedan, Ypres and other places too numerous to mention.

We have been wont to make the claim in recent years that our architects were not only fast approaching, but in many cases surpassing the abilities demonstrated by those who constructed these edifices, and they now have a chance to prove these claims, by rebuilding, if possible, these same monuments of architecture, in exact reproduction of the originals, even under the aid of the numerous photographs which are extant. Should such rebuilding eventuate, we shall be able to gauge our abilities with those of the past, and possibly to substantiate our claims that we are advancing beyond all former criterions.

No country on earth is more full of æstheticism, in its delicate forms, than is France, and nowhere

on earth will more latitude be granted to architects and builders for beautification, than will be given by France in its reconstruction programme. With this knowledge, we have a perfect right to expect great things from our great architects of this day and generation, and in the rebuilding of these many villages and cities, have we not the right to expect that "Municipal Art" shall play a very great part?

Municipal art cannot possibly exist if there does not primarily exist civic conscience, capable at least, of recognizing a lack of civic pride. Civic pride is not a matter of city administration, as some think, but rather something which must be awakened by a general sense in the community, which causes all of the people to reach out for something different from that to which they have been accustomed, and to and for something of a distinctly elevating, purposeful and inspiring nature; and, a sense which abhors the vulgar in all its forms is the greatest element which can possibly be spread in a community for its advancement and uplift. It goes without saying that this sense does not exist to any great extent in many of our American cities, or our people would rise up in their might and dispose of the unsightly and useless billboard question summarily.

Getting another step nearer to refinement, may we not ask our self-selected and self-elected masters of art, to tell us what they have been doing for the advancement of the Fine Arts in the past few years, other than distributing prizes left in their hands, as incentives for not only good, but extraordinary examples of improvement in art? We have heard so much twaddle about art for art's sake, that we are beginning to believe that our exhibitors have come to feel that technique is the epitome of art; and what are the results? We have seen exhibitions containing hundreds of paintings come and go, almost monthly, for a long term of years, and have become so thoroughly tired and disgusted with the everlasting sameness of subject, treatment, technique, colour and lack of tone, that we are almost ready to cry out and say: "What is to become of art, if this continues?" Why anyone who even pretends to be an artist, will spend his time, paint and canvas, in producing some of the wretched things seen in the above-mentioned exhibitions, is to us unfathomable, and why any jury will so stultify itself as to permit these wretched things a hanging, is beyond comprehension.

From a Layman's Standpoint

Very naturally, we know that really good pictures appear to be even better by the exhibition of this second-rate decoration, and the only reason we can assign for its showing, is that the better painters, if forced to vie with each other entirely, would refuse to send examples to the show, but knowing that their productions will be surrounded by many of a decidedly inferior quality, it is an incentive for many to display their wares.

Can anyone explain why men who are members of the National Academy of Design, or even associates in that body, can excuse some of the atrocious things they offer for exhibition purposes? Why should anyone, whether academician, associate or merely a student, send to exhibitions paintings depicting nothing but the sordid, disgusting, dilapidated side of life and its surroundings? Can anyone tell us, what justification any painter has for delineating tumble-down buildings, broken-down vehicles, back-yard fences and their accompanying, shiftlessness, chicken-yards, pig stys, shanties, clotheslines, tenements, whose decorative features consist of bedclothes, fire-escapes, broken windows and slovenly inhabitants? Do we not all see entirely too much of this side of life, in our every-day peregrinations, and do we not all abhor each and every one of them, to the utmost?

Why should the sordid, filthy, poverty-stricken, disease-burdened, lame, halt, blind, besotted, ragged and dilapidated, represent the height of our social status to the generations to come?

"*Success in Art*" is spelled and written: \$ U ☉ - ☉ E \$ \$—and if we look over the list of artists whom we know to be successful, we will readily see that it is because they have painted the things farthest from subjects covered by the items enumerated above. The successful artist of to-day is the man who paints pictures and sells them—not he who paints them for his own delectation and the adornment of his own studio.

Where in the world do some of the people we call "artists" get the idea that the things they paint are really art? Did they ever see anything of the kind in any great art collection, anywhere in the world? Can they tell us where any such pictures are in existence in the homes of real connoisseurs? Can they tell us where any such are to be found, after a lapse of fifty years from the day of their production? Can they tell us of any legitimate dealer who, to-day recommends

their purchase? Can they consistently claim that these paintings have anything in them which entitle them to be considered contemporaneous art?

Some of the present day painters are painting for the delectation of posterity, but fully 80 per cent of them are painting for the ash-barrel and oblivion.

From the layman's standpoint, success in art is the same as success in any other line of life, and success in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, means the ability to dispose of wares in a ready market at a living wage. Why is it that eight or ten artists in our whole country are able to sell pictures at prices ranging from \$1,200 to \$6,000 each, while the great majority are only able to secure an average of \$250 for their efforts?

Possibly the reason is this: The former paint pictures, always beautiful, in perfect tone, wonderful in technique, broad in scope and pleasing from any angle, and possibly they would resent the accusation of painting pictures to sell, and yet, that is exactly what they are all doing—painting pictures because of their commercial value, and they have learned the lesson that commercial value depends upon the qualities just enumerated; and, as a proof of what we stated before, let us ask the question here—has anyone ever seen a back-yard, with a tumble-down fence and clothesline filled with brilliant red and yellow garments, a pig in one corner, and a lot of chickens in the other, painted by such men as George de Forest Brush, J. Francis Murphy, Childe Hassam, Abbott Thayer or *any of that class* of painters?

We venture the assertion that if ever they were guilty of any such misuse of the palette, that it was for the purpose of getting technique, drawing, or some other necessary accomplishment, and they no sooner demonstrated to themselves their faults, than they used the canvas for other purposes.

What has become of the attribute of imagination in our artistic element? One would think in going through our various exhibitions, that no such thing ever existed in the human mind, and that the claim held now and then, that no artist ever paints anything he has not actually seen, has some foundation. Have people abandoned the habit of serious constructive thought, because it is so easy to replace it by reproduction?

How many great pictures of an imaginative origin can you recall from the thousands of framed efforts you have viewed in the past decade, and

From a Layman's Standpoint

even then, how strongly was the imaginative element worked out? Are we not prone to believe ourselves great artists, simply because we can sell most things we produce, at a reasonably good figure? But, did you ever stop to think how much greater these self-same successful artists might have become, and how they might have added their names to the calendar of immortal fame, had they but used their remarkable abilities in trying to do things on the order of those which have come down to us for centuries, and which are still the wonder and pride of all people?

It has been said frequently that not more than two per cent of our artists ever become great, and were it not for the fact that the works of many find their way to the big galleries and collections through bequests, donations and loans, how many of them do you think would actually gain entrance for perpetuation? We can all go through the most important collections hanging in our best known galleries, and weed out painting after painting which is only mediocre, and which has gained its place on the wall because the donor had at some time or other paid a big price for it in the belief that it was real art.

Should these remarks come to the attention of our painters—let us say again: Paint pictures to sell; paint only pictures which you know will sell; paint emotional pictures; paint only the emotional; use your imagination to the utmost; don't try to argue yourself into the belief that you will become a great artist by going directly against all precedent in art, and don't think that you have to be a perfect Bohemian in order to become inspired. How many Bohemian painters do you know who have actually "made good" and whose success to-day is measured in dollars and cents, as well as in the number of pictures in prominent galleries, and, whose pictures you know to be there because of actual worth, and not because of the influence exerted on the various purchasing committees?

We laugh at the Futurist and Cubist, but are some of the people whom we credit with greater ability not almost as far away from real fame? Oh! Art, what crimes have been committed in thy name. Have we lost all ideals, or, did we not have any, or, is it that we have backslided into such a state of innocuous desuetude that we no longer care?

How many pictures have been sold from our current exhibitions, and where do they go? Do

they go into collectors' hands, into homes of the élite, into art-dealers' hands, or are they purchased by the art school, public school, and like institutions, to illustrate how, or rather, *how not* to paint?

If it were not for the "preferred dealer" and the "exclusive agent" who buys the entire output of a studio, and creates a market by limiting the supply of a popular painter's productions, few artists would be able to sell half their works. But, does such a plan create art? It may temporarily popularize a certain characteristic line of production, but for how long? Only until the collector finds something better, and trades the former work in part payment for the latter. Nearly every painter has a friend interested in the commercial side of art, and if only the artist might realize half the proceeds of a sale, we feel sure it would not be necessary for many of them to resort to "pot-boiling" productions.

Just here we would suggest a radical innovation in art matters. No one has a right to criticise if he has nothing to offer in betterment of the conditions complained of. The easiest thing in the world is fault-finding.

Let us protect the legitimate artist and dealer, and let us make it so difficult for the faker as to put art commercially on a plane with all other transactions where values stand because of merit. Let us have a federal law protecting all paintings from the copyist, unless written permission is granted by the artist himself, or by the institution or possessor in whom the ownership rests. Then let us supplement this law by another, requiring every artist to file with the Librarian of Congress a complete list of all paintings sold or given away during each year, giving sizes of canvases, names ascribed to paintings, if any, and in cases where no title is given, to state briefly the subject treated. Apply heavy penalties for infractions of both laws, and thus protect both artist and the picture-buying public.

Why should not a fine painting have an abstract of title and a warranty deed accompany it, and be furnished as it passes from owner to owner? Is it not more valuable than a horse or a dog? No fancier to-day would think of buying either of the latter without being thoroughly convinced as to its inherent qualities, as evidenced by a pedigree. How much more, then, should an authenticity certificate follow a picture? No one would think of buying a piece of real estate with-

A Country Studio

out having the title examined, no matter how small the plot or how cheap the price.

A certificate of authenticity for a picture should pass the same as any abstract of title for realty, and any one selling a painting for more than \$200 should be required to furnish such a certificate. A picture which is not worth taking this trouble for is not worth owning, and belongs to the class of pretty household ornamentations.

We believe that it would be possible, were such legislation enacted, to have many of the good paintings now owned in our country registered with the Librarian of Congress, in such a way that after he had been thoroughly satisfied, with the proofs presented, as to authenticity, he might be able to issue such a certificate on many of the paintings now held by many of our institutions, collectors and picture buyers. This would give an added value and interest to the painting, and we feel certain that there are many hundreds of our prominent citizens who would avail themselves of this particular feature at the earliest possible moment. The fees paid the Librarian of Congress for transfer certificates, would easily cover all expenses which might be incurred by his department in taking care of these records, as there are dozens of good paintings sold every day in the United States. It would not be necessary to state the prices at which the various pictures had been sold, unless the owner or the artist felt so disposed. The fact, however, that such information accompanied the balance of the data, would of course, prove interesting history later on.

In case the registration feature does not altogether appeal to you, let us suggest a seal which could be attached, through the canvas, by Government officers, located in cities of 100,000 or more people; this seal to be of such a nature that it could not be removed, and any picture found without the seal would instantly be recognized as of mediocre value and of no particular merit. Such a plan would, of course, require that the person attaching the seal should be a well versed art critic, and one whose judgment was sufficiently unbiassed to permit of wide latitude in bestowing the seal. The idea of this seal you recognize as following closely the hall-mark used on silver in foreign countries, and if ordinary table silverware is protected to that extent, why should we not protect paintings, which are worth an entire silver service?

No *honest* picture dealer can afford to oppose

such legislation, and no *good* painter should disapprove of it. Think it over—select a committee to give it consideration, and ask them to report next year to the American Federation of Arts, whether or not such a thing is possible, and if possible, is it feasible? It is not the intention of this paper to tear down ideals, but more for the purpose of stimulating our artists into better and more persevering work; and, if these words of criticism shall in any manner raise the standard of any artist to even a reasonable degree, we shall feel that our word has not been in vain.

COUNTRY STUDIO

A THE following plan and illustrations especially prepared by Mr. Frank J. Forster for THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will be of interest to many a reader who is contemplating upon an inexpensive country studio, flexibly designed to permit of later enlargement. The sketches are offered by way of suggestion rather than as the presentation of a fully-matured plan. It will be observed how the lines are kept in a free, low, rambling manner offering possibilities of regulating the features according to the natural demand.

The walls of the studio are covered with stucco blending and tying in with the stone walls of the gardens and terrace, while the roof is covered with mottled hand-made tiles in deep shades of red.

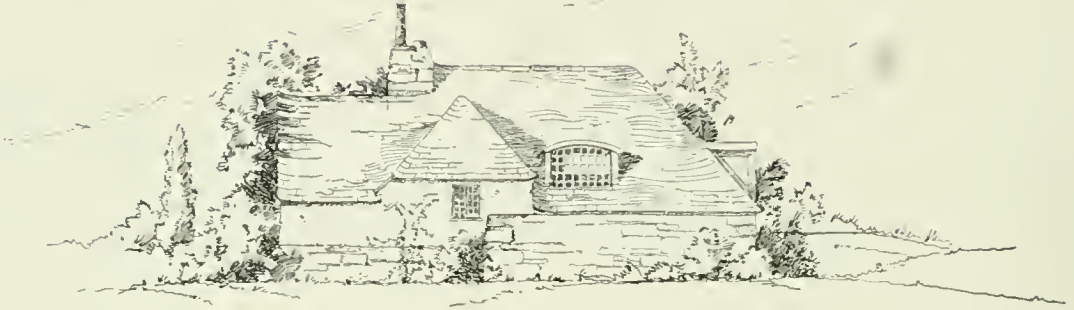
A heavy oak batten door leads to a small entry, the floor of which is paved in irregular slabs of slate or stone. A groined arch ceiling with a hammered iron lantern hanging from it lends a soft yellow welcome light, blending in shades of dark and light on the rough wavy sand-finished walls.

From the entry and through an archway, you enter the studio, the side walls of which support the roof rafters which are exposed. These rafters are tied with cross beams lending strength and character to this large open room. From the cross beams hang two hammered iron chandeliers.

At one end of the studio a fireplace inglenook is formed by a balcony overhead. The floor of which is laid in flat stone slabs and the fireplace built up of irregular field stones.

A flight of steps leads to the balcony, and to

A Country Studio



COUNTRY STUDIO

ARCHITECT, FRANK J. FORSTER

the small bedroom above the kitchenette, which is entered through a door under the balcony and is designed to adequately meet the requirements of a small household. A small hall leads from the studio to the bedroom and bath on the ground floor.

Much thought has been given to the garden which is quite architectural in treatment. Through a doorway from the studio, you enter

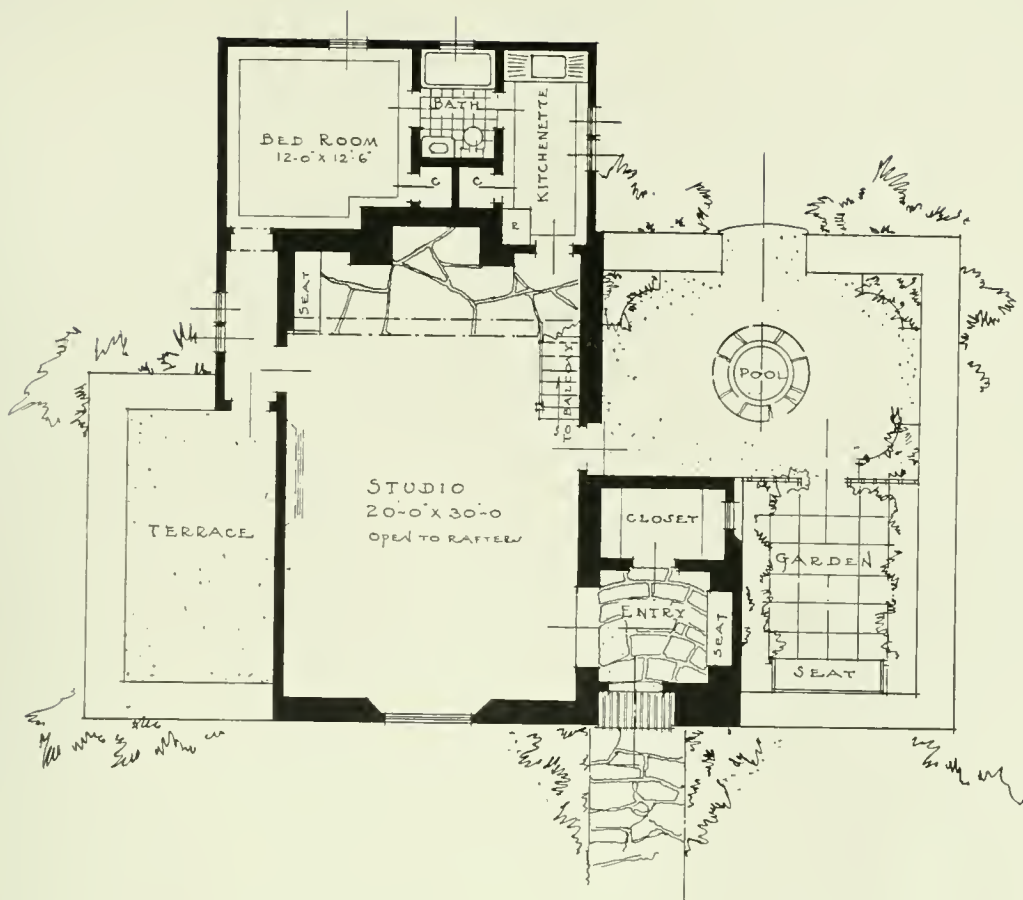
a stone-paved court, enclosed with walls of stone, thus becoming part of the building itself. Screened off from this court with lattice work is a smaller tile-paved garden with seat, making an ideal spot to serve tea in the summer.

The rooms are grouped about the garden that they may obtain the best views and the greatest amount of sunshine—the general note throughout being one of studied simplicity.



COUNTRY STUDIO

ARCHITECT, FRANK J. FORSTER



PLAN FOR A COUNTRY STUDIO
DESIGNED BY FRANK J. FORSTER, ARCHITECT



SEPARATION OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE
BY JAMES MAXWELL MILLER

A Western Exhibition



STILL-LIFE

BY MYRTLE M. YOUNG

A WESTERN EXHIBITION BY JOHN NORTON

A NEW standard in Western art as well as in Western exhibitions has been set by the Forty-third Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association at the San Francisco Palace of Fine Arts. Barring the collection of paintings at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, this exhibition is the largest, most comprehensive and representative ever held on the Pacific Coast. Over two hundred canvases are on view, and ninety-one artists of California and the five adjoining states have participated.

The outstanding feature of the exhibition, however, is not the unprecedented size and completeness of the display, but the unusual quality of the exhibits. Comparing this exhibition with the previous Western "annuals," one is very forcibly struck with the extensive æsthetic progress made over other years. In most of the work one can sense a sincere and free-minded reaching out for

new and vital means which will prove relative to the present day. There is, in the majority of the pictures, an undercurrent of healthy experimentation—a spirit of dissatisfaction with hackneyed forms and traditional formulas.

The Western painters are divorced to a great extent from the cramping influence of the conventional teachings of academic schools; and as yet, they have only a very small commercial public to whose conservative tastes they feel they must appeal for support. The result of this freedom and isolation is that they are unhampered in the spontaneous expression of their own personal instincts. There is, consequently, a moving life, a robust vigour and a sense of freedom in the work of the present exhibition. There is little that is moribund or complacent, and two pictures by the same painter often mark two different modifications in æsthetic procedure, as well as two dissociated conceptional viewpoints. The pictures on the whole, are diversified and give forth the quality of personal inspiration. Also they reveal

A Western Exhibition

the painter's direct and genuinely emotional reaction in front of nature—the result of the fact that the Western artist is not beset by the fear of critical condemnation should he stray too far from the path of traditional precepts, or show too brilliant and pure a sense of colour.

In this last element lies what is perhaps the most promising and striking feature of the exhibition. There is bold, courageous colour on all sides—a liberal use of pure pigment, and a decided tendency toward bright tonality. In all the pictures on view there is almost no vestige of the "brown sauce" school of yesterday, and one can detect but little which is reminiscent of Keith, Whistler and the Barbizon school—three influences which, but a very short time ago, dominated the California annual exhibitions. Only in a few canvases, such as Bruce Nelson's *Mayfield Meadows* (an imitation of Corot), Ray Boynton's *Pierrot and the Dead Love* and *Portrait* (two ardent resuscitations of Whistler), and Matteo Sandona's *Portrait of Leo Lentelli* (a dull "society" portrait), does one find the antiquated methods in use. But even these examples are enlivened to some extent.

There are, to be sure, the inevitable canvases of the art-school-instructor type—pictures characterized by capable academic draughtsmanship and competency in the use of decorative colour—good conventional works with eminently adept surfaces, but with no profound knowledge of the important æsthetic problems. But all exhibitions have contained, and probably will contain until the end of the world, pictures of this nature. The proportionately small number of them in this particular exhibition, however, is an unmistakable sign that the spirit which animates these painters is a virile and original one.

In all large annual exhibitions there is a considerable amount of imitation. In the average academy show the exhibitors, as a rule, revert to the famous academicians of the past, to the popular superficial painters whose works have a high market value. But the surprising and promising fact about the San Francisco exhibition—the fact which goes far toward making it so vital and moving a performance—is that the artists have chosen for their models the profounder modern men—those who have struggled against commercialism and the set forms of the past, and endeavoured to create a new and more intense means of pictorial expression.

One of the first pictures to attract the spectator as he enters is Lydia Gibson Mestre's *Portrait of Miss Corella*, a work of attractive modern qualities which strives earnestly to abide by the permanent principles of compositional design. It is forceful in drawing, with strong, yet sensitive, accents; and it does not sacrifice the primary requirements of harmonious lines to representation. Mrs. Geneve Rixford Sargeant's *American Boy* also reveals a painter who has adopted the free and emancipated means of the serious and anti-scholastic moderns.

Another modern talent of entirely dissociated aspect is revealed in the canvases of Clark Hobart. *The Dancer* is a weakened Manet with Sargent brushing; and the portrait of Gottardo Piazzoni is indebted to Zuloaga. But *The Mountain* and *A Windy Day* are Cézannesque in vision and manner, and possess fine structural qualities and harmonious linear design. Another painter who has absorbed knowledge from Cézanne is Gertrude Partington Albright. Her *Glen Ellen* is an accomplishment of genuinely high merit, and in it there are evidences of a really profound art to come. Unlike the majority of painters who seek inspiration from the old Aixois, this artist gets beneath Cézanne's surface; and her arrangement of masses, as well as her use of volume, shows genuine thought.

The uncontaminated individuality which characterizes so much of the Western art is well represented in the somewhat unique but effective work of Piazzoni. His canvases are the simple and direct expressions of an ardent and loyal lover of single moods of nature. Anne Bremer is also a nature painter, but of a quite different type. She has a rare and instinctive capacity for harmonic arrangements in two dimensions, and *The Blue Bay* and *Sentinel* possess a charming and poetic feeling for sensitive decoration.

Henrietta Shore achieves a still different type of decorative art. Her pictures are as flat as posters, but her effects are striking because of the clear-cut fashion in which she builds her decoration, and because of the rich glowing colour masses which at times harmonize tellingly. She is in direct line with the modern colour harmonists of the Delacroix-Gauguin-Matisse evolution. Myrtle Young's *Still Life* also belongs to this evolution, although other influences, especially of the modern Hungarians, have entered into her work.

Even in many of the canvases in this exhibition



BOY WITH KITE
BY E. SPENCER MACKY

A Western Exhibition



CHINATOWN

BY J. VENNARSTROM CANNON

which reveal affinities with the methods of the schools there are unmistakable signs of an awakening modern vision. For instance, in William Gaw's *Sleepy Creek* there is a striving for live colour, and the gradation of tones is a direct, if unconscious, result of the modern experimentations in the extensional values of colour. Also, in Constance Macky's *The Peri* the academic qualities are relieved by a genuine feeling for harmoniously balanced lines. And in Lee Randolph's *Rocks and Sea* the painter has shaken off much of his former academism and attained a more compact modern expression. There is good structure in his rocks, and his composition is thought out in a free, personal manner.

Katherine Kavanaugh has sought to find an expression in the means of pointillism; and the brilliancy of her colour in *Yonda Dish* would blind the academic eye used to the dull brown tones of

the school palette. William Clapp's *The New Church* is even a more successful statement of pointillism. This painter has evidently studied Signac, Luce and Cross at first hand. Still another pointillist is Joseph Raphael, whose *Red Roofs* is highly colourful and scintillant. Raphael, however, has added personal modifications to the neo-impressionistic procedure.

Godfrey Fletcher's *Fishermen's Houses* is less advanced, but it is very lovely in its design: its tonal values are good, and its simple and straightforward manner of execution gives it a living quality. There is also a straightforward manner in Matthew Barne's *Butchertown*, though Barne is more advanced in conception than Fletcher.

Unfortunately Henry Poor, one of the most promising of the Western moderns, has no oils on view in the present exhibition, but there are a number of his lithographs made recently in Europe.



BUST OF LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

BY RALPH STACKPOLE



BY HENRIETTA M. SHORE
KATHLEEN

A Western Exhibition

These pictures do not compare with his paintings, but nevertheless they reveal, even as illustrations, Poor's sense of composition and his vigour in the handling of structural masses.

It is possible in this space to review only a very few of the pictures at the Palace of Fine Arts which are deserving of consideration, and I have touched only on certain of the more important

and individual canvases. However, the importance of the exhibition lies not so much in its individual achievements as in the general tendency which it indicates.

This Forty-third Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association is a really amazing revelation of the vital forces which are at work on Western art as a whole.



THE HILL AND THE VALLEY, CARMEL

BY PHILLIPS F. LEWIS

LALIQUE GLASS

THE current exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum includes 28 pieces of glass designed and produced by the French jeweler, René Lalique. This glass was unknown in the United States until the San Francisco Exposition of 1915, and has rarely been seen in this country since that date. The exhibits include, in addition to the vases, necklaces, bonbonnières, powder-boxes, paper-weights, seals and small statuettes. Lalique has produced glass of wholly original character, and the most beautiful so far

known to modern times. Its beauty depends upon form and design more than upon colour, which is frequently that of clear glass, but occasionally of a light copper-coloured stain said to be a form of enamel. The pieces are generally cast on the mould by *cire-perdue* process, and subsequently carved and cut on the wheel, although modelling by the hand of the artist is also found. The composition of the glass has been achieved after many years of experiment and is, so far, a secret of Lalique, who personally designs all the drawings and patterns. The exhibits are lent by the artist.



THE PERI
BY CONSTANCE L. MACKY

The City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis

THE CITY OF THE HOLY FAITH OF SAINT FRANCIS BY MURIEL PIERS

THE evening is listening still. From the white bed of the river rises the gentle confidential music of running waters gliding through the clear dusk beneath the cottonwoods, between whose trunks two pin-points of yellow light glimmer from the narrow windows of a little adobe house, three centuries old.

White dust under foot, but imperial purple in the velvet touch of the night air against the cheek, the sound of a lute behind the walls of an old apple orchard and the scent of bruised geranium leaves and wood-embers drifting slowly together across the arroya, to dissolve ungrieving into a minor chord of poignant sweetness. . . .

Loveliness beyond measure, beyond reason and without stint,—this is the heritage bequeathed by Diego de Vargas, Conqueror and Catholic, to his Spanish city of Santa Fé, here where she sits in the heart of her hills and broods by night and by day under the shadowy snows whose serrated lines blot out a thousand stars.

Santa Fé broods, loiters into untroubled pictures, dreams, is at rest; and, sighing in her sleep, entraps her lovers into elusive memories:

“ O that I were listening under the olives!

So should I hear, remote in the woodland,
The peasants talking. Either a woman,
A wrinkled grandame, stands in the sunshine,
Stirs the brown sod in an acre of violets
. . . . Large odorous violets, . . . and
answers slowly

A child's swift babble; or else at noon
The labourers come. They rest in the shadows,
Eating their dinner of herbs, and are merry
Soft grave speech Hispanic under the olives!
Like a queen's raiment from days long perished,
Breathing aromas of old unremembered
Perfumes and shining in dust-covered palaces
With sudden hints of forgotten splendours.” . . .

Are the splendours of Santa Fé forgotten? At least, her Palace is no longer dust-covered, and if her raiment of old is perished, the investiture now being provided for her restores her gloriously to her throne of Queen City of the sixteenth century in America.

Let it be admitted at the outset that her appeal is largely esoteric and psychical;—not to all will

it be given to feel it. Because she has no such tangible evidences to offer as Winchester or Rothenburg or Rheims, the tourist-handlers who so skillfully divert from native borders the trend of American travel have remained unaware of her rare quality, and the motorist hurrying on his way to the Grand Canyon, thinks of her only as one more milestone on the Coronado trail. . . . But to a protestant fresh from the artistic indiscretions of less discriminating purlieu, with the dogmas of Democracy still ringing in heretical ears, it is balm to tread the ways of this haughty old city, whose traditions are all of the Grand Manner, whose Museum is housed in a royal palace; where the very walls proclaim dominion and power, and where, to cross the thresholds is to feel the influence, after more than three hundred years, of the stateliest and most arbitrary formalists ever born of Aristocracy Entrenched.

Serene, silent, cinctured by the brown arm of her river, her head diademmed by the translucent blue of her exquisite skies, Santa Fé has afforded to sit aloof and wait.

But her hour has returned, slow though our recognition is of unaccustomed forms in art. Strange that the more appropriate and indigenous the form produced, the less we seem able promptly to acknowledge its inherent beauty. The puzzle of America is why a people so creative and so daring in mechanical inventions should have shown themselves so timid and so slavish in their repetitions of infertile art forms, in themselves ludicrously inexpressive of the national boldness of thought, of the national exultation in the sheer adventure of life.

To-day, however, it is impossible to stand before Santa Fé's new Museum of Saint Francis and the Martyrs, and fear for architecture in America. Delight in it seizes you without warning; takes you by the shoulders, pushes you to the verge of emotional incoherence. You fall in love with it suddenly and are lost; you turn to the distinguished librarian who has brought you to the new auditorium and ask:—“ but . . . but . . . how was it done? how did they get this vibrating, breathing limpidity,—this effect of an animate labour of love?—” and you are told:—“ . . . because it was precisely that: a labour of love. Artists and artizans took adzes and planes, trowels and brushes, and worked together hand to hand and side by side; it was the spirit of the

The City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis

sixteenth century miraculously reincarnated in craftsmen who became architects, and architects who became craftsmen. There never has been such joy in the making nor such freedom of individual expression since the days of the great master-builders of Italy or of England in the Middle Ages, when art was the natural heritage and the personal concern of every good citizen." . . .

The art world at large has been made familiar with the beautiful exterior; its effect of racial personality, its joyousness, its unexpected and profound delights. But no words can give the enchantment of the interior impressions; the cool shadows, the blue and green glimpses like birds on the wing, the tenderness, the laughter understood, the source of tears accepted, the permanence of love implied. The sole ruth for the visitor, departing, is his unhappy inclination ever after to encompass the highways of less fortunate cities, his hand before his eyes, that he may guard his vision from the opulent exteriors of the average portly residential section. . . .

Time stands still in the City of the Holy Faith; distances are small; such public utilities—and annoyances—as street-cars are neither missed nor required. You saunter on across the sleepy Plaz to the naïve little original chapel of Coronado's army of invasion of 1540—that remarkable army made up of 800 Indians, five priests, and fifty Spanish soldiers, who founded the Royal City of Santa Fé, conquered New Mexico, and inaugurated the succession of small wars that scattered over the next hundred and fifty years. Here behind the bedizened altar was buried in 1704 the great Viceroy, De Vargas, that fiery Spanish administrator of tireless energy, who died whilst—characteristically—"pursuing hostile Indians in the mountains," . . . (occupation not unknown to the modern sheriff and by him badly summed-up as "goin' after them thar ornery hoss-thieves up in the foot-hills") and whose signature, strong, legible and uncompromising, affixed to a statement of desired arrangements for his own burial, looks down to-day from its frame on the walls of the ancient Royal Palace of the Governors, now the priceless Hispanic Museum.

The tale is whispered among the artists of the Taos colony that not long since a distinguished art-critic—the most distinguished art-critic in America—came to Santa Fé and was conducted to the Coronado Chapel, where, being unwarned, he traversed, immediately and out loud, the

benignant padre's broadly simple statement that "those two pictures on the side walls were painted by Cimabue, a very celebrated Latin." With admirable presence of mind the Taos artist rose without hesitation to the occasion. First directing the great critic's attention to the rear of the chapel where stands 'the oldest bell in America'—that pride of the mild Fathers' hearts—he next took the venerable guide aside and explained that the gentleman was travelling in New Mexico for his health, seeking recovery from a severe mental breakdown known to medical science as the Delusion of Denial. In other words, he was "not quite all there." The gentle padre's pained surprise changed at once to deep sympathy; he understood; these sad visitations were the will of God and could not be accounted for; without doubt the gentleman was very sick and the Fathers should pray for his recovery; and, radiating good-will, he followed them to the door, patting the great critic's shoulder in kindest solicitude. "—but just think," said the Taos artist, "how near we came to breaking up the dear old men's pet tradition!"

It is inevitable that Santa Fé and Taos should be beloved of the artists—poets and painters alike—who have given an international fame to the first distinctive school in America.

In that land, where two ancient and unhurried civilizations meet against a desert background at once drab and clamantly colourful, primitive and deeply subtle, daily new yet older than Time—there is no joy save the creative. It leaps to the eye at every turn.

Out from the Museum of Saint Francis and the Martyrs marches a wide, wide street, broad in white dust, straight as a spear till it sees fit to become a hill-road ascending the mountains. On either side of this wide and dusty road, keeping step with it, receding up the ascent with it, grow gnarled and gigantic cottonwood trees, hoary of trunk, drooping and dusty of foliage, vanishing illimitably outwards to the horizon. . . .

And straight and deliberate down the plane of this wide, wide street come ambling three tiny brown burros from the distant mountains, their packs a scarlet load of flaming chillies, at their head a long-staffed peasant in a ragged felt sombrero and a blue shirt, blue as indigo. . . .

So Castille passes by, and the sons of Goya, rejoicing in their day and vision, stride forth once more exultant to their palettes in the desert.

Art Objects and Plant Motives



DESIGN IN NATURE AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

ART OBJECTS AND PLANT MOTIVES BY MARRION WILCOX

SHEER Bolshevism in art it certainly is to undertake the creation of wholly new designs without any regard for what has been done in the remote past—and so well done—by the masters of ornament. On the other hand, it is sheer plagiarism to make copies from the masters' designs while claiming originality for one's own weak and dependent product. But between the extremes of lawless independence and base imitation lies the golden mean: it is the study of those forms in nature which inspired the early masters of ornamental design—the study of sources—followed by lawful modifications and, as the useful outcome of such study, adaptations to our modern requirements.

A novel exhibition, a delightful anthology of design in nature, was arranged at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, in March

and April. This should, I think, be regarded as a first step of an advance in the direction of facilitating such modifications and innovations as I have mentioned. It is certainly an educational effort of real, and rather high, importance. Its influence, if the effort is continued and extended, as I hope it may be, will prove to be evolutionary, not revolutionary; it will do no violence to canons of taste, but on the contrary, will serve to revitalize the approved traditional forms and point out the way to new, yet conservative, expressions in ornamentation.

The main idea of the Metropolitan Museum exhibition was simply to place side by side, or at least near together in a single room, art objects that have clearly defined plant motives (these taken from the Museum's collections) and the growing plants themselves (examples supplied from the New York Botanical Garden). Thus, the acanthus plant was offered for comparison with the derivative forms which, in architecture, for example, gave the Corinthian column its

Art Objects and Plant Motives

distinctive embellishment. Then, as though by way of contrast with the Corinthian capital, Italian tapestry of the sixteenth or seventeenth century showed the deep green colour of the acanthus and its flowing lines; and a similarly free treatment of the acanthus motive could be studied on a breastplate, the work of Paulus de Negroli, of Milan, in the year 1540. The adjoining exhibit case, devoted to the Egyptian lotus, had been thoughtfully arranged to suggest and illustrate some of the results that have been won for art through studies of every part of the emblem of the Buddhist faith. Another emblematic plant, most intimately associated with the Christian faith, the grape-vine, was there to be seen as the imperishable decoration of a crozier from the pastoral staff of a bishop; grape leaves were shown filling in the points of a star on a Coptic textile with tapestry ornamentation; the leaves and fruit of the vine were represented very beautifully on an Italian helmet, dating from the year 1350. Near the centre of the room

slender shafts of the papyrus brought to mind a beautiful sandstone column that can be studied in the Museum's Egyptian collection. I refer to the column described as of the first half of the fourth century, B. C., temple of Hibis, Kharga Oasis. The design of its capital "is made up of two species of papyrus alternating, the common *Cyperus papyrus* and *Cyperus alopecuroides*," the official description continues; and in this connection we should, I think, recall the circumstance that two varieties of acanthus, the *mollis* and the *spinosus*, both growing in Greece, were similarly used together, or perhaps, indiscriminately, as sources of the conventionalized foliage of the capital of Corinthian columns. But now, was not papyrus far and away the happier choice for this particular use? To me, at least, this composite papyrus capital seems a very marvel of nature-interpretation.

I can mention only a few more of the subjects taken up in this exhibition, since my purpose now is but to give an anthology of its anthology.



DESIGN IN NATURE AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

In the Galleries

The rose-motive and the pomegranate-motive were shown especially in their relation to the art-life and genius of Asia Minor and Persia—where fondness for the rose has been (miraculously, it might seem) constant and faithful, though passionate, while fondness for the pomegranate, as an art-motive, has been expressed with cooler appreciation. The Asia Minor treatment of the rose was exemplified on bowls of the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries; Coptic treatment of the same motive, from the third to the seventh century, in textiles with tapestry ornamentation. The fruit of the pomegranate was seen as the motive of the decoration of an Egyptian glass vase, dating back to 1500 B. C., and also of a seventeenth-century Russian plate. The cypress-and-almond motive appeared to be associated quite regularly with the rose-motive in the decorated works from Asia Minor. The oak and thistle appear in carvings on a French Gothic oaken panel dating from the late fifteenth century. In these carvings we do not see the conventionally stylized forms characteristic of Gothic designs at an earlier period; on the contrary the treatment in this example is rather strikingly realistic. Finally, over the entrance (and exit) door was a strip of seventeenth-century embroidery; and thereon a vista of pleasant walks in an Italian garden.

IN THE GALLERIES

THE handwriting on the wall may be detected in the following note to an interesting pastel exhibition just concluded at the Anderson Galleries:

"When I was asked to write a note for Mr. James N. Rosenberg's Pastel Expressions, I said to myself—If you do it you must erase from your mind all predilections about the work of the giants. This artist does not enter into competition with mighty professionals, living or gone. He is an amateur, a lawyer, who paints in his spare hours because he loves the adventure of self-expression. You must delete from your memory such folk as Claude Lorrain and Winslow Homer, Cézanne and Claude Monet. You must ask yourself this question: Has Rosenberg conveyed to you the emotion he felt on that glorious March 25th, when the 27th came home; when through our tears we saw the avenue aflame with colour, while the sun shone, and we

watched the fluttering flags, heard the shouts, and gazed at the tin helmets, stern sign-manuals of the lines of keen, khaki figures, so silent, so soldierly, marching away into the distance and into our hearts. Has this lawyer-artist, I asked myself, conveyed to us his emotion of that day?

The answer is—yes! What he felt of colour and movement, of light brilliant and light corpuscular, he has communicated. In his own quick way, in his own quick method, he has recorded that day of joy and sunshine, of eye elation and heart gratitude. Don't bother about Claude Lorrain, don't bother about Sargent, or about Cézanne and Monet; don't bother about the giants of painting. Accept this bright amateur's lyrical gift. Gift? But, of course, he doesn't give away these pastels, except one to me (the best! I chose it) for writing this note. An amateur is not necessarily a philanthropist. Although doing well in the law, Rosenberg is not a Carnegie. But when I found him puzzling over the prices, making this pastel a few dollars more, and that a few dollars less, I said to him: "Oh, for heaven's sake, simplify, simplify! Save your friends the trouble of asking the prices, and of choosing a thing because, being larger, it seems cheaper than the others. You gave the same joy and intelligence to each, cut the mounts so the pictures are all one size, and make them all one price."

"How much?"

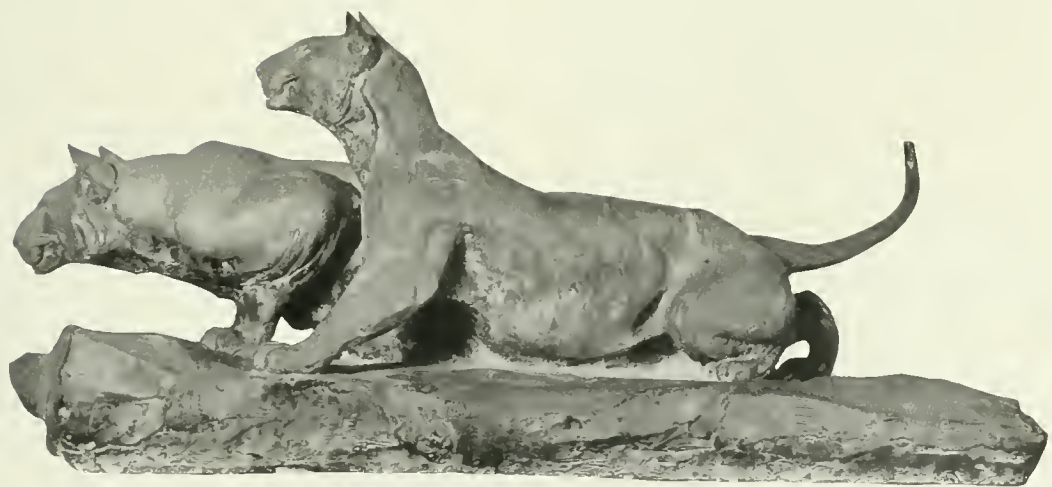
"Twenty-five dollars."

"Oh!"

"Yes, for once in the history of art give the people a chance, and give yourself the pleasure of knowing that each of these whifs of gladness may brighten a home, and be a record of that stunning day in spring when the 27th came home. Charge twenty-five dollars. Ignore the studio bosh about keeping up your price. Be the Woolworth of art, and build a tower of gaiety and gratitude in thirty homes. Don't think of the cost of the mounts and frames. Remember that you are an amateur. You entertained beauty. Give her back and be glad. Build your tower.

C. LEWIS HIND."

Soon it will be matter of common knowledge that a new and very radical movement has passed from council into action. A gallery is to be started, with good paintings only, at a uniform price of \$100.00, so that thousands of pictureless homes may be benefited by prices that are within



Courtesy Tiffany & Co.

TIGERS
BY ALBERT T. STEWART

In the Galleries

reasonable reach; and if successful, this gallery will have branches throughout the country. Far from hurting the dealers, such a move should stimulate the art trade exceedingly, for it will create the desire amongst buyers of hundred-dollar pictures to become collectors, and by degrees acquire more expensive examples. At present there are hundreds of thousands of people who would like to have nice paintings or statuary but who do not understand the market and feel a reluctance about entering a gallery.

Ehrich Galleries, through May, have put up an exceedingly interesting and rare collection of Gilbert Stuart portraits including the *Baker* Washington, Lansdowne type; the *Key* Washington, Vaughan type; the *Ballou* Washington, study for head for full length; *Mrs. Rachel Stevens*; two Gansevoorts, and a few others, including *Mr. Webb, Jr.*, whoever he might be, a glowing example of Stuart at his best in painting the eyes. The *Baker* Washington may be the most important, but we consider *Mr. Webb, Jr.*, the finest portrait in this choice collection.

Three of the splendid rooms in the new Kevorkian Galleries have been given over to a show of sculpture by John Mowbray-Clarke, who for some years in his Rockland County studio has been modelling works replete with thought and imagination, and revealing as many sides to his plastic technique as he has springs of thought to draw from. Mowbray-Clarke has given us a huge procession of uncharted ideas embracing many a vital thought of the past and present, and as such his exhibition is of real significance, the output of a dreamer, philosopher and expressionist of far-reaching ability. Where sculpture at so many hands has assumed a commercial character owing to choice of subject and manner of producing it, Clarke may be congratulated upon completing works that are absolutely free from any possible taint of "popularity." No common purse would open its strings for the acquirement of *The Sacrifice*, *Broadway*, *The Weaker Vessel*, *The Tree*, and such like pieces.

The Fifth Annual Exhibition of Paintings by American Artists, comprising one hundred and thirty pictures by one hundred and eight painters, opened at the Detroit Museum of Art on Wednesday evening, April 16th. A small gallery was devoted to the recent work of Jonas Lie. Among the more important works may be mentioned the following: Gari Melchers' *MacPherson and*

MacDonald, *Fishermen's Quarters* by Hayley Lever, *The Conspiracy* by Wayman Adams, Colin Campbell Cooper's prize picture, *Summer*, recently shown at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, *The Blue Gown* by Frederic Carl Frieske, Daniel Garber's *Orchard Window* which was awarded the Temple Gold Medal at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, *Young Woman with a Rose*, by Childe Hassam, *The Beach Hat* by Robert Henri, *Nude* by Leon Kroll, *Ruth in Costume* by F. Luis Mora, *The Children's Masque* by Jerome Meyers. The catholicity of choice is particularly noteworthy. Samuel Halpert, Albert Sterner, Eugene Higgins, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Leon Kroll, George Bellows, Maurice Prendergast, Charles Reiffel, John Sloan, and Eugene Speicher, all had interesting notes that gave a sparkle to the exhibition. The collection was chosen by Director Burroughs, from exhibitions in the east and from studios of the artists.

Possible solution of the problem of the selection of works for important exhibitions is the aim of the Art Club of Philadelphia in holding two displays of oil paintings this season, one of these composed of pictures passed upon by a jury of selection was terminated March 30th, the other was current until April 27th of invited pictures exclusively. It was decided by the Exhibition Committee of the Club to make the experiment in view of the growing agitation upon the subject in the art world of to-day. While the latter exhibition comprised many more distinguished canvases than the previous one, it did not represent in any great measure what the painters are doing at the present day, in fact, one work, *Boating*, by Miss Mary Cassatt, is dated 1893, another by Emil Carlsen, *Surf*, has been hanging in a New York Gallery for the past five years, and yet another, a portrait of Mrs. J. William White, was painted by John S. Sargent probably a decade ago. They are, however, capital examples of the work of our leading artists. There was an admirable head of a boy by Geo. B. Luks, *New Year's Shooter No. 3*, reminding one very much of a Frans Hals portrait; another by Geo. De. F. Brush, a characteristic work in *A Portrait of a Child*, and by Irving R. Wiles, *The Journalist*. Cecelia Beaux had a portrait of Mrs. Chas. H. Ludington, painted in her early manner; Robert Henri showed a head of a *Gypsy* that is not all in his usual form, nor did Leopold Teuffert's *Portrait* show him at his best. Charmingly in time was Eugene Paul Ullman's glimpse of the

In the Galleries



LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY KATES

woman in *Her Peignoir*. Interest in the portrait is somewhat diverted to the accessories in the background of Edmund C. Tarbell's *Mary and the Venus*. The unities are well preserved, however, in Joseph De Camp's colourfull work, *The Red Kimono*, and also in Gari Melchers' interior and quaintly costumed figure with the title of *The Fire Place*. Childe Hassam showed an important work artistically lighted and well drawn, *The Strawberry Tea Set*. There was a good, sunsplashed *Reclining Nude*, by F. C. Frieseke; good landscapes by Ernest Lawson, John Conner; Charles Morris Young, who rendered the tender colour and soft sky of early spring in his *Kitchen Garden*; Robert Spencer, lovely tonal greys in *Waterloo Road* and the *Closing Hour*, and by Walter Griffin in his impression of *Wood Choppers*.

Perhaps the most famous Barbizon painting in America is the great landscape *Fontainebleau Oaks*, by Jules Dupré. As the pride of an art dealer's private collection, which he refused to sell, but which he lent many times to museums for special exhibitions, it has become in the last thirty-five years well known to American art lov-



YAPHANK DEPOT

BY KATES

In the Galleries

ers. It has now passed permanently into the possession of the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts, which obtained it from R. C. and N. M. Vose of Boston, sons of the late Seth M. Vose, who bought it of the artist in the early eighties.

Seth M. Vose was the first American dealer to import works of the Barbizon painters. He saw the great future of the Barbizon school at a time when the public much preferred the pictures of the French academic school, canvases for which they paid then as much as \$10,000 and which now sell at auction for from \$100 to \$300.

Mr. Vose and the New England artist, William M. Hunt, were indefatigable in their efforts to bring about an appreciation in America of the then entirely unappreciated Barbizon masters.

Dupre's landscapes are brilliant and powerful, and the great clouds which roll over them are inspiring in their fleecy grandeur. See page cxiii.

Eve, the magnificent Bengal tiger at the Bronx Zoo, lay stretched on the wooden floor of her cage with her back toward the desultory groups of visitors who would stop to admire but would never receive even a responsive glance. Suddenly and quietly a young man entered: Eve was on her feet instantly, purring vibrantly and switching her long tail as she recognized her best friend. Rubbing against the bars of her cage she coaxed and threatened until he scratched her wiry and luxuriant coat. Then bounding to the platform of her cage she began her cunning game of hide and seek—hiding behind a stump which is set up in her cage, bounding forward as he moved forward and retreating when he turned to his modelling clay. See page cxxiii.

Albert T. Stewart, who was a cadet in the Royal British Flying Corps and honorably discharged in December, is the son of the late Melville Stewart, the well-known actor; he has been studying, drawing and modelling animals from his early childhood. Their individuality and their intricate psychology absorb his interest as much as their grace and "fearful symmetry." For years he has spent a portion of every working day at the Bronx Zoo and he is well known there, not only to Eve, but to all the large animals. And he has modelled all of them with spirit and appreciation, so that even the keepers realize that he knows the animals as few men do.

A curious misconception of fact crept into the various reports upon the Rockwell Kent Alaskan exhibition, which has been such a pronounced

success this season at the Knoedler Galleries. The critics refer to the picturesque and appropriate letter in the catalogue as though it had been written by the artist himself, in which case why would it be styled "an *imaginary* letter?" It would seem that little intuition would be required to penetrate the very open secret that this letter was conceived and executed by Dr. Christian Brinton, who by a *volle face* became Rockwell Kent in spirit and mental attitude, and by his work gave an intimate touch to the catalogue's compilation, thus turning from the cut and dried methods to which we are all accustomed, if not reconciled.

The following message has just been sent to the President at Paris, as the outcome of a fervent little discussion at the National Art Club, the compiler of the message being Mr. A. E. Gallatin:

"A group of Americans who realize the importance of art as a national asset and who are deeply stirred by the example of Great Britain, France, Canada, Italy and Australia in sending their best artists to the front to create permanent national records of the war, its heroism, sacrifice and suffering, have deputed men to send you this letter. We deplore the fact that thus far very little has been done to bring before present and future generations of Americans the great and inspiring part our country played in the war. We urge that a number of our leading artists be sent abroad immediately, to paint from actual observation our historic battlefields, portraits of our army and navy leaders, of our soldiers, the life of our Army of Occupation on the Rhine, the scenes of war, and the stupendous results of our efforts in engineering, railway building, hospital equipment, shipping and other branches of our war activity.

"We also regret deeply that we have missed the opportunity of gaining the services of our greatest painter, Sargent, who has just painted for the British Government a monumental war canvas. It may be too late to paint incidents of the warfare, but modern war consists not merely of fighting. There are still immense fields to be covered if immediate action be taken. We ask your approval of such a project. The inspiring Canadian example proves that a national memorial of this kind can be created without the financial, although not without the moral and practical support of the Government. The success of such a project would mean the presentation to our Government of the finest kind of a war memorial."

THE STUDIO

THE WOODCUTS AND COLOUR-PRINTS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT GIBBINGS. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

WITH the pleasanter and happier conditions of living which must result from the social and industrial reconstruction, promised with the hard-won Peace, art will surely have a wider and more pervasively intimate part to play in the homes of the people. Even the most optimistic economic dreams of Socialism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, and the rest, do not fail to take count of the artist as a necessary producer for the community, and to provide for him accordingly. But it is with the coming inevitable changes in material environment, and the accompanying more refined ideals of home amenities, that the artist will find his extended opportunities. While the legislators are to make it possible for all the workers to live not only decently but pleasantly, it will rest with the artists to make the ideals of bright and pleasant living comprise an intimate surrounding of decorative charm. With whatever thoroughness the housing problems may be solved by the State, however satisfyingly the architects may plan and design for comfort and harmony of aspect, it may still be assumed

that the more adequate means provided by improved economic conditions, together with growing appreciation of tasteful environment, will induce a desire for more artistic craft-work and pictorial art of genuine quality at moderate cost. As the need for small houses is enormous, so is the demand for small and inexpensive works of art for the walls likely in time to become proportionately great. And here is the opportunity for the original graphic artist. The widening appeal and practice of the arts of etching, engraving on wood and metal, and lithography, which have been so remarkable in recent years, should now find in the promise of brighter life for the people the impetus for further extension. The portfolios of the collectors need no longer limit the ambition of the etcher and engraver. Among those countless new homes of happy workers he may hope to see men and women, pretending to no connoisseurship, but moved by new impulses to love the products of sincere and charming art as part of their expression of joy in life. But for one of these who can enjoy beauty of design in black and white, he will find twenty craving for the decorative allure of colour. The good painting will, however, be probably beyond the means of the average small householder; and this is where the decorative value of the artistic colour-print may urge its popular appeal. The walls of a



"DUBLIN UNDER SNOW"

FROM A WOOD-BLOCK PRINT BY ROBERT GIBBINGS

The Woodcuts and Colour-prints of Captain Robert Gibbings

dwelling-room may be adorned at comparatively small cost by original schemes of colour and design devised for printing with deliberate decorative intention from wood-blocks, metal plates, or lithographic stones.

We may, of course, expect to see a very considerable extension of lithographic colour-printing, especially when Mr. Ernest Jackson's experiments have developed its further artistic possibilities. I would urge that the time is opportune likewise for the wider reach of the decorative woodcut designed for printing with facility in two or three colours, and so capable of being sold at a popular price. Its artistic quality and significance need be no less because it may defy the collector's desideratum of the limited edition, so dear and profitable to the dealers, and offer itself to an unrestricted popular demand. If its pictorial content be of pleasing appeal, its intrinsic decorative value may insidiously raise the standard of artistic taste in the home. I commend this democratic suggestion to our leading exponents of the wood-block colour-print. Not that I would wish to deny the connoisseur the enjoyment of the charming and artistic prints of Mr. William Giles, Captain Verpillieux, Mr. Morley Fletcher, Mr. Charles Mackie, and Mr. Allen Seaby, but it would be good to see their accomplished art and craftsmanship widening its sphere of appeal, and decorating the homes of the workers, as it well might do, with the charm of significant design and simple colour-harmonies.

This desideratum one may find fulfilled in the colour-prints of Captain Robert Gibbings, a young Irish artist whose expression through the woodcut promises so much in the direction I have just indicated that *THE STUDIO* hastens to introduce it to its readers. Barely out of his period of studentship when the war called him from art to military service, as an officer in the Munster Fusiliers he fought in Gallipoli,

where he was severely wounded, and later he served for a time in Salonica. But his artistic impulses were not dulled by campaigning, and some of the prints reproduced here show how alertly responsive was his eye to pictorial suggestion for the decorative woodcut. That the wood-block is apparently the medium most sympathetic to his artistic expression, he discovered with the help of Mr. Noel Rooke, himself a wood-engraver of distinguished accomplishment. But Captain Gibbings had commenced his art studies in his native Cork under the direction of Mr. Harry Scully, R.H.A., a landscape painter, from whom he got a valuable training in colour and tone, and living and working much out-of-doors, he learnt to see with that breadth and simplicity of conception which



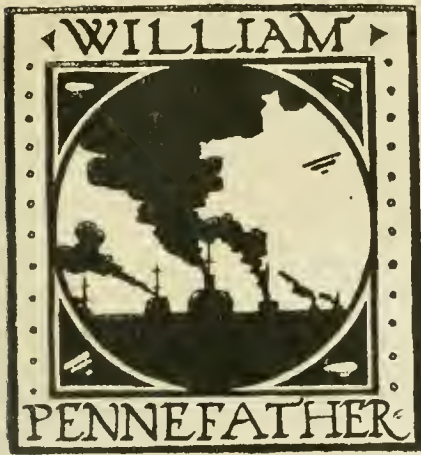
"THE HANOVER CASTLE" (SUNK JUNE 1918). FROM A WOOD-BLOCK PRINT IN THREE COLOURS BY ROBERT GIBBINGS



"THE RETREAT FROM SERBIA.
FROM A COLOUR PRINT
BY ROBERT GIBBINGS.



The Woodcuts and Colour-prints of Captain Robert Gibbings



BOOK-PLATE. FROM A WOOD-BLOCK PRINT
BY ROBERT GIBBINGS

one recognizes in his prints. After two years of study in the drawing classes at the Slade School, he went to the Central School of Arts and Crafts and began etching. One or two well-designed book-plates—one of which was reproduced in the December number of *THE STUDIO*—and a pleasant plate of cattle and landscape, drawn and etched with a happy pictorial sense of Nature, lead one to think that he may have in time the making of a good etcher; but at the suggestion, and under the direction, of Mr. Rooke he addressed himself to wood-engraving, and this has become his habitual medium of expression. His work is artistically interesting, his simple and straightforward craftsmanship being admirably at the service of his design, which he invariably conceives with a sense of decoration. A remarkable instinct for spacing with an unfailingly effective balance of black-and-white masses, and a command of form in silhouette, characterizes all the woodcuts Captain Gibbings has so far wrought, whether his pictorial motive be simply a cow grazing in a meadow, the city walls of Salonica seen austere under sharp contrast of

light and shade, or a cluster of house-roofs in a snow-storm; or has he a circle to fill with figure, landscape, or marine, for book-plate or tail-piece. *Dublin under Snow*, an impression from the mess-room window of the Royal Barracks, is an engaging print, remarkable for the ingenuity with which the white roof-shapes are disposed so as to carry the eye away into an illusion of distance and variety of plane, in a true wintry atmosphere cleverly suggested by these flat contrasting tones of black and white.

It is, however, in his use of colour-printing in connexion with wood-blocks that Captain Gibbings may specially interest us at the moment, for he is aiming at just that decorative charm of effect by simple means with which, as I hope, the artistic colour-print may win its way into the homes of the people in the coming time of social reconstruction. He limits himself usually to two blocks, the key-block for the design and another for the colour, and, manipulating his tone-gradations with his rollers, he takes the impressions with an Albion printing press. Discarding the water-colour and rice-paste of the Japanese, he mixes his colour-powders with varnish; and boxwood is generally his material, though he sometimes uses chestnut. *Evening at Gaza*, with its romantic beauty of blue night in a grove of palm-trees, is a reminiscence of "somewhere" in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, where he spent a month on service. It is a print of charming appeal, with elegance



"A CORNER IN MALTA." FROM A WOOD-BLOCK PRINT IN THREE COLOURS
BY ROBERT GIBBINGS



"THE CITY WALLS, SALONICA"

FROM A WOOD-BLOCK PRINT BY ROBERT GIBBINGS

of design and an emotional beauty of luminous tone, which has been emphasized by printing, over the gradated shades of blue, a tone of green in the lower arborial portion of the picture, and a dark red in the upper.

A print of real distinction, its pictorial motive suggested by a subject of tragic significance, and expressed with a beautiful dignity of design, is *The Retreat from Serbia*. Here the tone of the dark sky has been achieved by printing the blue over the black, and the effect is valuable in the tonal scheme of the picture; and here the artist, in the engraving of the bridge, shows a rich and judicious use of the white line. This is a

print that would lend dignity to any wall it might decorate, and its simplicity of means should render the printing of it possible in the large numbers warranted by the appeal of its historic subject and distinguished artistic quality. And though there might be no more than a collector's demand for such a print as *A Corner*

in *Malta*, with its colour-scheme, suggestive of hot sunlight, revealed in a pattern of three tints printed from two blocks, yet *The Llan-doverly Castle* might again be a very popular

print. In the drawing of the deck and rigging of this ill-fated hospital ship Captain Gibbings shows suggestively the intimate knowledge of her aspect under a blazing sun gained during his two voyages on her from Salonica to Malta, and thence homeward. In this print, done from four blocks, the three tints with the black of the key-block adequately meet the requirements of pictorial suggestion and decoration. But, now that the war is over, Cap-



TAIL-PIECE. FROM A WOOD-BLOCK PRINT
BY ROBERT GIBBINGS

tain Gibbings, wisely recognizing the universal call for brightness and charm, is engaged upon some delightful schemes for colour-prints, with the pictorial graces of childhood and girlhood decoratively appealing. Let us hope that when these are completed the editions will not be limited.



"EVENING AT GAZA." FROM
A COLOUR PRINT BY
ROBERT GIBBINGS.



Canadian War Memorials Exhibition

THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIALS EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BY the courtesy of the Canadian War Records Committee we are enabled to reproduce a few of the more important pictures forming part of the unique exhibition which during the past few weeks has day by day drawn a multitude of spectators to the Royal Academy galleries. The display, comprising nearly four hundred paintings, prints, and drawings, with a few pieces of sculpture, is remarkable not only for its intrinsic interest as a pictorial record of the glorious part played by the Dominion in the titanic struggle of Britain and her Allies with the greatest military organization of all time, but also on account of the unity of purpose which has marked the inception and carrying out of the scheme by which future generations

of Canadians will be reminded of the heroic sacrifices of their forbears. The project when completed is to take the shape of an imposing building at Ottawa in which all the larger paintings exhibited at Burlington House will serve the purpose of mural decorations, and drawings of the proposed structure indicating how these large panels are to be placed show that the functions of architect and painter have on the whole been admirably co-ordinated. A large number of artists have co-operated in the pictorial part of the scheme, and while most of the big pictures and many of the smaller ones have been painted by artists of the Mother Country, Canada's own vigorous school is represented in pictures painted by artists from the Dominion who have crossed to Europe as soldiers and seen active service. We think, however, that Canadian art might with advantage have had a considerably larger share in this monumental undertaking.



"AT THE EDGE OF A WOOD"

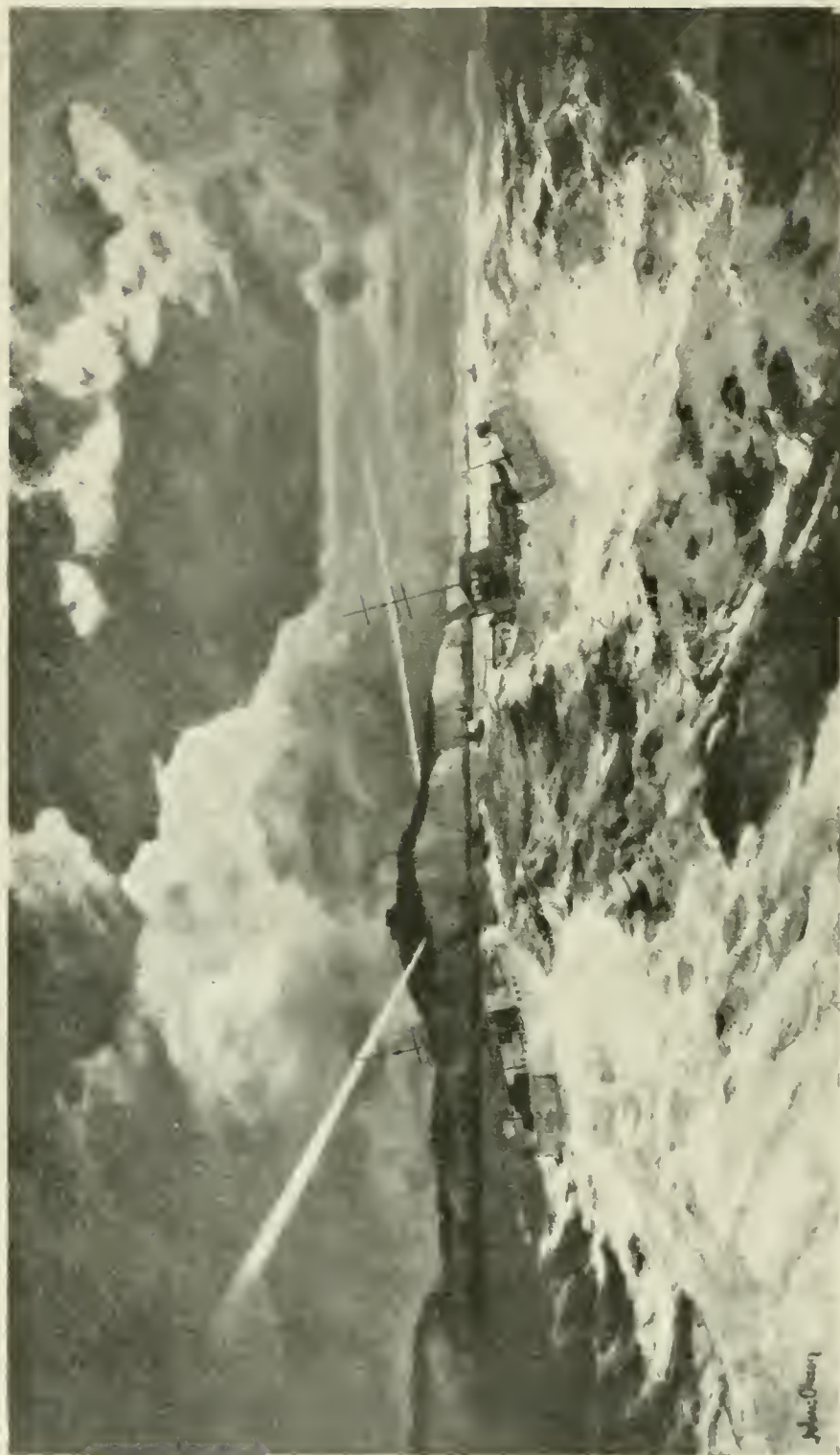
BY A. J. MUNNINGS



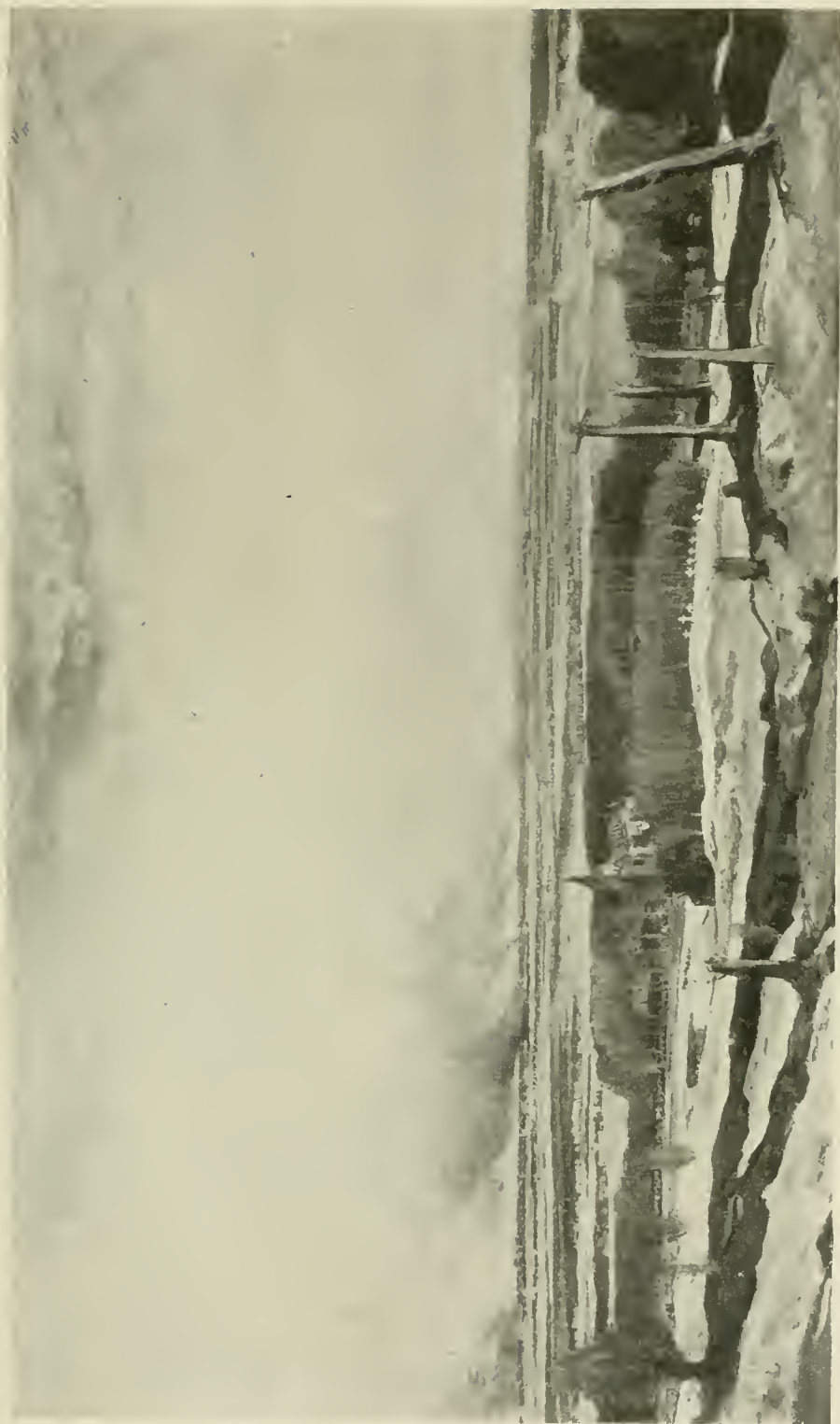
"CANADIANS OPPOSITE LENS—WINTER, 1917-18." CARTOON
FOR LARGE DECORATION BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN



"NO. 3 CANADIAN STATIONARY HOSPITAL,
FRANCE." BY PROF. GERALD MOIRA



"THE NIGHT PATROL—CANADIAN MOTOR-LAUNCHES
ENTERING DOVER." BY JULIUS OLSSON, A.R.A.



"FLANDERS FROM KENNEL"
BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.



"H.R.H. PRINCESS PATRICIA
OF CONNAUGHT." OIL
PAINTING BY CHARLES
SHANNON, A.R.A.

Peasant Life in Central Russia

PEASANT LIFE IN CENTRAL RUSSIA. BY WINIFRED COOPER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.*

IN view of the enormous significance of the part played by the peasants in Russia's history of to-day, a short description of life in the villages among which the writer spent two years may be of interest as giving a picture of peasant conditions in the heart of Russia, Turgenev's country, the Government of Orel.

It is a land of immense horizons, with sweeping lines of low hill and winding valley, broken by ravines which are slowly eating up the arable soil. The villages themselves are

* An exhibition of Miss Cooper's sketches, including the few here reproduced, is now being held at the Goupil Gallery, 5 Regent Street, London.

screened from the wind by shock-headed willow-trees. The low thatched *izbas* are mostly built of brick nowadays, have two or three fair-sized windows, and are whitewashed within; but there still remain many of the old wooden huts, dimly lit by one small window, often with no chimney to carry away the wood smoke that has stained walls and ceiling-beams to a rich brown. In brick cottage and wooden hut the floor is of earth, and there is but one habitable room, and in this the whole family live and sleep. Beds are very rare; in most dwellings the occupants lie pell-mell on the flat tops of the large brick stoves, with only two or three feet of air between them and the roof. Very few have mattresses, and sheets are unknown; they sleep in their clothes and cover themselves with their sheep-kin coats in cold weather. The farmyard and stables are close behind the cottage, but a government regulation has decreed that the barns shall



"GIRLS MINDING SHEEP"

WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY WINIFRED COOPER

Peasant Life in Central Russia

be at a safe distance from the houses, to minimize the risk of fire. Even so, fires are frequent in the summer, when the careless lighting of a cigarette may involve the destruction of a whole village.

The villagers themselves are extraordinarily attractive, and their natural beauty is enhanced by the brilliance of their clothing. When they are at work, the fields are a riot of vivid colour. It is harvest-time perhaps, and the sun blazes on the yellow rye. The man reaping with a scythe wears a Russian shirt of red or blue cotton or of pale homespun linen, and loose cotton trousers tucked into high boots. He is shaggy and bearded, good-tempered and uncommunicative. Behind him, chattering and laughing as they gather the grain into sheaves, come the women, gay in scarlet *sarafans*, which, pulled up through girdles tightly bound round the hips, have a line of classical beauty. Their linen shirts are richly embroidered; coloured aprons, fastened above the bosom, wave

rhythmically to their repeated movements. Some of the women wear the older, more beautiful dress distinctive of this district—full dark blue skirts of home-woven wool checkered with red stripes, heavily banded with gold at the hem, worn low on the hips over the thick linen embroidered shirts. Brilliant kerchiefs protect their heads from the sun.

In summer the peasant's working day is a long one, lasting from dawn till sunset. But they love the harvest and threshing seasons. The land they work on is their own, and that makes the work light. In the long winter it is hard to remember the laughing harvest-fields. The earth disappears for about five months under an immeasurable expanse of snow, and the frosts are intense. But Vania wears his sheepskin coat, pulls a shaggy fur cap well over his ears, thrusts his hands into thick fingerless gloves, and his feet into high felt boots, and thus equipped can defy all the rigours of the climate. The coat, gloves, and



"WOMEN WEAVING STRAW ROPES"

WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY WINIFRED COOPER



"CORNER OF A VILLAGE
IN CENTRAL RUSSIA."
FROM A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH
BY WINIFRED COOPER.



"PELAGIA WEAVING"
FROM A SKETCH BY
WINIFRED COOPER

boots are all from his own sheep—his wife has spun the wool for the gloves and his little daughter has knitted them. His sheepskins have been fashioned in the town into the full-skirted coat, the felt boots have been made up in the next village. His wife and children have winter clothing similar to his own, except that the women cover their heads with thick woollen kerchiefs instead of caps. When Vania drives four or five hours to the market town in his low sleigh, through a fierce blizzard perhaps, he puts on a rough frieze coat over his sheepskin, and often a *bashlik*, or woollen hood, over his fur cap. He has little to do in winter besides feeding the cattle and driving to market, but his womenfolk are very busy all the cold weather, spinning and weaving. And the heavy linen shirts must be washed, though a hole has to be chopped in the ice of the ponds for rinsing them.

The children go to school from late in September till about the end of April. They are too useful to their parents as herds to be spared from the pastures all the summer, so the schools close for nearly five months.

The peasants show remarkable capacity for learning; they can learn, will learn. But their home life is devoid of any comfort whatsoever, more because they don't know how to live better than because of poverty. In our district they were not in the least necessitous, had plenty to eat and good clothes to wear, and yet this Orel Government is considered a very poor one.

Their one-roomed cottages are inhabited by several generations of the family at once. There may be two or three daughters-in-law living with all their children in their husbands' parental home. All through the winter the calves, young pigs, chickens, and the

like live indoors in this same room. Every cottage boasts a *samovar*, cups and saucers, a few glasses, and some metal teaspoons; but no plates—the meals are served in a tin basin, into which each dips with his wooden spoon. All the patient efforts of the district doctor for years past to induce them to eat off separate plates have been in vain. They spit freely on the earth floor, empty on it the dregs of their teacups and soup-spoons, and of course it can never be washed. They have no washing-basins. A favourite way to wash the face is to take some water into the mouth, eject it into one's hands, and smear these over the countenance. Children are born in the cottages there is no privacy for the mother.



"A VILLAGE BOLSHEVIK"

CHARCOAL SKETCH BY WINIFRED COOPER



"GRISHA AND EGOR"
FROM A SKETCH BY
WINIFRED COOPER



"VANIA THE SOLDIER"

CHARCOAL SKETCH BY WINIFRED COOPER

This promiscuity seems very painful, but they are used to it.

The villagers are most regular in their attendance at Church, and they will not for any reason whatever work on certain of the great religious festivals. But their religion seems to have but little influence over their conduct towards their neighbour, and the eighth commandment is one they have no respect for.

At the early Christmas Mass, always held some hours before the dawn, the church is packed with the dwellers from surrounding villages, and it is so cold that the breath of the congregation rises like smoke into the air, mingling with the fumes of incense. The priest, in robes of vivid gold, the black velvet *skufia* upon his head, celebrates the Mass to the monotonous chanting of the village choir; at its close he holds up the jewelled crucifix for the people to kiss. And then horses are untied from the church wall, and amid shouts of farewell the sleighs drive off home over the white fields.

The villagers marry very young—the boys at seventeen or eighteen, the girls even earlier—and the marriages are rarely love-matches, everything being arranged over the heads of the young people, who often do not know each other at all. A wedding arouses great interest among the neighbours here as elsewhere. The young couple start for church from the bride's home, and are solemnly blessed by their parents and godparents before setting out. The bride's mother must be the first to cross the threshold, sweeping the way with a little broom of twigs; after her comes a small boy carrying an icon, and the bridal party follows. As they climb into the gaily decked carts or sleighs, hops are thrown over the bride, who is covered with a white veil, and there is much laughter and excitement as the packed vehicles start for church. The parents remain at home. Immediately after the ceremony the bride is taken

into the sexton's house, where her maiden plait of hair is braided into two and fastened across the top of her head, to be concealed under all the finery that makes up the bridal head-dress. Now her head is "covered," a term synonymous with marriage in a Russian village. And the whole party drives to the bridegroom's house to eat three long dinners one after the other, and dance till late into the night. Within a day or two the bride is working hard in her new home, and the aim of her mother-in-law—to have another worker for the farm—is realized.

It is difficult, in the space of a short article, to give an idea of the good qualities of these ignorant and simple people. But in view of all that is said in their disfavour by other classes in Russia and elsewhere to-day, it is only fair to call to mind all the disabilities they have suffered under in the past. Their power of endurance is unlimited; they are hard-working, charitable, and hospitable. No beggar is ever turned away empty from their doors. Towards me, a



"RUSSIAN WOMEN HAYMAKING."
FROM A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH
BY WINIFRED COOPER.

stranger, they showed great kindness, making me welcome in their homes and inviting me to all their feasts and rejoicings. When one gets to know them as they really are, one feels that this material, placed in the direction of good development, is capable of becoming a fine and solid basis of Russian national life.

That they were suffering under the Bolshevik rule, in spite of having received the "land and peace" so ardently craved, when I left the village last May, cannot be denied. There was bitter discontent on all sides, for the disorganization of the social structure affected them very seriously; and the growing insecurity of life drove many of the elder peasants to cry out, "We are sheep without a shepherd! Who will come to save us?"

WINIFRED COOPER.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—As our frontispiece to the present number we give a reproduction in colour of an admirable example of still-life painting by Mr. Pilade Bertieri, an Italian artist, who for some years

has been settled in London. Mr. Bertieri is principally known by his portraits and figure paintings, of which various examples have been reproduced in our pages, but in this portrayal of inanimate objects his mastery of technique, and especially his refined sense of colour, are convincingly demonstrated.

We also include here reproductions of Mr. Glyn Philpot's four portraits of admirals, and three of the series of marine paintings by Major Charles Pears, R.M., which figured in the recent Sea-Power Exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries to which we referred in our notes last month. It is interesting to note that the device known as "dazzling," which has played such an important part in maritime operations during the war, is the invention of Lieutenant-Commander Norman Wilkinson, the well-known marine painter, and several artists have taken advantage of the picturesque effects resulting from its employment.

Simultaneously with the exhibition of their War Memorial pictures at the Royal Academy, elsewhere referred to in this number, the Canadian War Records Committee have been



'CAMOUFLAGE: H.M.S. 'FEARLESS,' MOTHER-SHIP TO 'K' SUBMARINES.' FROM THE PAINTING BY MAJOR CHARLES PEARS, R.M.

(The property of the Imperial War Museum)

showing at the Grafton Galleries a collection of enlarged and coloured photographs in which the operations of the Dominion contingents during the later stages of the campaign on the Western Front are vividly shown. Among them are some which are in a high degree impressive, notably those relating to the occupation of Cambrai after the city has been committed to the flames by the retreating enemy. The exhibition will remain open until February 26, and those who have not seen this show would do well to visit it while there is an opportunity.

After a connexion lasting fully forty years Mr. Marcus B. Huish has relinquished his position as managing director of the Fine Art Society, and in his well-earned retirement he carries with him the good wishes of innumerable members of the artistic profession for the advancement of which he has worked strenuously and incessantly all through this long period. Few men now living can claim such an extensive acquaintance with celebrities of the later Victorian era as Mr. Huish: Tennyson, Browning and Ruskin; Leighton and Millais, Watts and Whistler, Burne-Jones, Morris and Rossetti, are a few of the departed great ones with whom he came into personal contact at one time or another; and the list of eminent foreign artists

with whom he was acquainted include such names as Meissonier, Cazin, Fantin, Detaille, and Jules Breton. Mr. Huish, who has written a great deal about art, and was for a time editor of the "Art Journal," was originally intended for the legal profession.

The Pastel Society's twentieth exhibition was held as usual in the spacious galleries of the Royal Institute last month, and presented much the same aspect as previous exhibitions, notwithstanding the absence of two or three artists whose work has always of late given additional interest to these displays. Among other works which on this occasion gave tone to the exhibition we mention Mr. Claude Shepperson's Russian ballet scenes; Mr. J. Littlejohn's *Mill on the Downs*; Mr. Bernard Partridge's two figure studies; Mr. Terrick Williams's *Brixham Trawlers, Nightfall*; the portrait and figure studies in monochrome by the President (Mr. Melton Fisher, A.R.A.), Mr. R. G. Eves, and Miss Anna Airy; Mr. Lawrenson's *Cave of Maz-d'Azil*; Mr. Wardle's *Lioness*; Mr. Reginald Wilkinson's *Peace and Nightfall*; Mr. Harland Fisher's dog study *Buster*; Mr. Davis Richter's *Somersetshire Tithe Barn*, and impressions of Porlock; Mr. Lewis Baumer's *Black Dress*; and Mr. Duff's *Curiosity*.



"DAZZLED: CAMOUFLAGED BATTLESHIP IN A GALE OF WIND"

BY MAJOR CHARLES PEARS, R.N.

(The property of the Imperial War Museum)



*(The property of the Imperial
War Museum)*

“BOARDING A PRIZE UNDER
SEARCHLIGHT.” BY MAJOR
CHARLES PEARS, R.M.



"ADMIRAL VISCOUNT JELlicoe
OF SCAPA, G.C.B., O.M., ETC."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
GLYN PHILPOT, A.R.A.

*(Sea-Power Exhibition,
Grosvenor Galleries)*



*(Sea-Power Exhibition,
Grosvenor Galleries)*

"ADMIRAL SIR F. C. DOVETON
STURDEE, BART., K.C.B., ETC."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
GLYN PHILPOT, A.R.A.



"REAR-ADMIRAL SIR"REGINALD
TYRWHITT, K.C.B., D.S.O."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
GLYN PHILPOT, A.R.A

*(Sea-Power Exhibition,
Grosvenor Galleries)*



*(Sea-Power Exhibition,
Grosvenor Galleries)*

“VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROGER
KEYES, K.C.B., D.S.O., ETC.”
FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY GLYN PHILPOT, A.R.A.

REVIEWS.

Modern War Paintings. Paintings by C. R. W. NEVINSON, with an Introductory Essay by P. G. KONODY. (London: Grant Richards.) 10s. 6d. net. *The Great War (Fourth Year).* Paintings by C. R. W. NEVINSON, with an Introductory Essay by J. E. CRAWFORD FLITCH. (London: Grant Richards.) 15s. net.—Amongst the many artists who have set themselves to depict the Great War in its varied aspects none has given us more peculiarly personal impressions than Mr. Nevinson. He has viewed it through the eyes of the soldier and yet with the discrimination of the artist. Consequently his pictures arrest attention, for they possess the spirit of truth which is convincing. The series of works shown in these two volumes are well reproduced, and by the originality of their conception and frank and forceful technique deserve careful study.

An Introduction to the History of Chinese Pictorial Art. By HERBERT A. GILES, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge. Second edition, revised and enlarged. (London: Bernard Quaritch.) 20s. net.—Students of Chinese pictorial art owe much to Professor Giles, whose valuable summary of its historical development from remote antiquity down to the Ming Dynasty, based in the main on China's own voluminous records, has given a great impetus to further investigation and study in a field which had been only very meagrely explored by Europeans. We feel sure, therefore, that the new and enlarged edition of this Introduction, containing many additional notices as well as some further illustrations, will be warmly welcomed by all who are interested in the history of Chinese Art. Though our knowledge of this art at first hand is very scanty, owing to the relatively small number of authentic originals which have found their way to the West—especially such as belong to the earlier and middle periods, when Chinese painting reached its highest attainment—the examples which are accessible are sufficient to confirm the impression left by the reading of the records translated by Prof. Giles that we in Europe have much to learn from the pictorial art of China.

Chats on Royal Copenhagen Porcelain. By ARTHUR HAYDEN. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net. The author of this latest addition to the interesting "Chats" series has already

proved his title to write with authority on the subject of Royal Copenhagen Porcelain, the history of which he reviewed in his large volume published some seven or eight years ago. In this smaller work he again reviews the history of the factory from its foundation to the present day, and we are glad to see that he gives an adequate share of his space to its modern developments which, after a period of decadence, have brought the factory's products into very high repute among connoisseurs and collectors. He also deals with a topic which was not treated in his larger work—the manufacture of faience at the Royal Factory. As in all the volumes of the series, the text is accompanied by a liberal supply of illustrations.

Drawing and Design: A School Course in Composition. By SAMUEL CLEGG. With a foreword by Prof. William Rothenstein. (London: Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.) 10s. 6d. net.—The course of study elaborated by Mr. Clegg in this book is one which has been successfully followed in a school in an industrial district, but its aim is not so much the making of the future artist or craftsman as "the enlargement of the sense of beauty, the development of sensitiveness, as well as the cultivation of the strictly utilitarian power of representation." The course, which is designed for children from the age of ten onwards, is divided into three years, with three terms in each year, for each of which a graduated series of exercises is given. It begins with very simple lines in the drawing of which manual facility is encouraged, and in the last term embraces pictorial and decorative compositions in line and colour, as well as an introduction to wood-block printing, of which several examples are included among the numerous illustrations. Mr. Clegg's methods fully merit the approbation bestowed by Prof. Rothenstein, and resting as they do on a sure foundation deserve the attention of educational authorities.

Photograms of the Year 1918, edited by Mr. F. J. MORTIMER and published by Messrs. Hiffe and Sons at 5s. net, contains an interesting selection of subjects representing pictorial photography as practised by leading exponents in Europe, America, and Australia, and articles pertinent thereto by various writers—among them one by Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon on "Pictorial Photography in the Air," in illustration of which the frontispiece, *The Realm of the R.A.F.*, is a striking example.

The Society of Twenty-five Painters

THE SOCIETY OF TWENTY-FIVE PAINTERS.

IT can fairly be claimed on behalf of the smaller art societies that they provide the artist with very valuable opportunities for putting his work attractively before the public. In a large exhibition the artist is only one of a crowd, and if he does not happen to be showing something that calls vehemently for attention there is always the danger that in the crowd his contributions may be lost and therefore overlooked. Consciousness of this danger leads many men into producing work which is not quite what they want to do; they feel that to hold their own in trying surroundings they must choose startling subjects and must exaggerate and accentuate qualities of treatment so as to force themselves to be noticed. It is as a consequence of this feeling that the conventional type of exhibition picture has come into existence—a type that, however effective it may be in an exhibition, does not represent the best side of the painter's art and does not necessarily appeal to the collector who wants work that is pleasant to live with. The exhibition picture is

really a sort of poster, intended to advertise the artist on an overcrowded hoarding, and its very success as an advertisement makes it a little too overpowering for the ordinary room.

In the small exhibition, however, the artist has not the same temptation to assert himself; he is not exposed to such severe competition, and he is one of only a limited number of contributors. Therefore he can work with more restraint and with more thought for the subtleties and refinements of his practice, he can substitute persuasiveness for aggression, and he can approach the collector in a spirit of sweet reasonableness instead of attacking him with a bludgeon. Moreover, the man of taste, who is apt to find art in the mass somewhat overpowering, comes much more closely into contact with the artist in the small show; he can grasp it all without an effort, he can make comparisons easily, and he can appreciate better the artist's intention. Best of all, he can feel that the work before him is what the artist has produced for his own satisfaction and not merely to make himself conspicuous at all costs.

That is why such an exhibition as that of the Society of Twenty-five Painters, at the Leicester



"A BACKWATER"

LXVII. No. 266.—APRIL 1919

OIL PAINTING BY A. D. PEPPERCORN



"YOUNG MAN IN A LEATHER JACKET"
OIL PAINTING BY GLYN PHILPOT, A.R.A.



"STILL LIFE." OIL PAINT-
ING BY CLARE ATWOOD

The Society of Twenty-five Painters

Galleries, deserves so sincere a welcome. It presents a collection in which there is a serious and consistent artistic purpose, and in which a judiciously limited number of painters of distinction do themselves full justice. It is large enough to be agreeably varied and to show many phases of accomplishment, but it is not so large that all the things in it cannot be appreciatively studied and properly considered, and certainly it will not weary the man who likes to have his æsthetic emotions stimulated with moderation and propriety. It is worth studying, too, because the quality of the work in it is excellently maintained and its atmosphere is wholesomely satisfying; and if it provides some notable contrasts of styles it does not strike any perversely sensational note.

For another reason this exhibition is to be welcomed—it marks the resumption of the activities of a society which has been in suspension during the war after a previous record of

seven years' valuable work. Founded in 1905, it held its first show in the Dowdeswell Galleries in the autumn of that year, commencing then a series which included exhibitions in Berlin and other German cities in the early months of 1906; at the Dowdeswell Galleries in October 1906; at the Barcelona Exhibition and the Goupil Galleries in 1907; in Germany, at Brighton, and in the Goupil Galleries in 1908; at the International Exhibition at Santiago de Chile in 1910; at the Coronation Exhibition at the White City in 1911, and in New Zealand in 1912. One other exhibition was in preparation when war broke out, but this was abandoned. Now, however, it is to be hoped that the society will be able to continue its career without interruption, for it has done good service to British art at home and abroad and has followed successfully a sound policy; and there seems to be no reason why its future should not be as distinguished as its past.

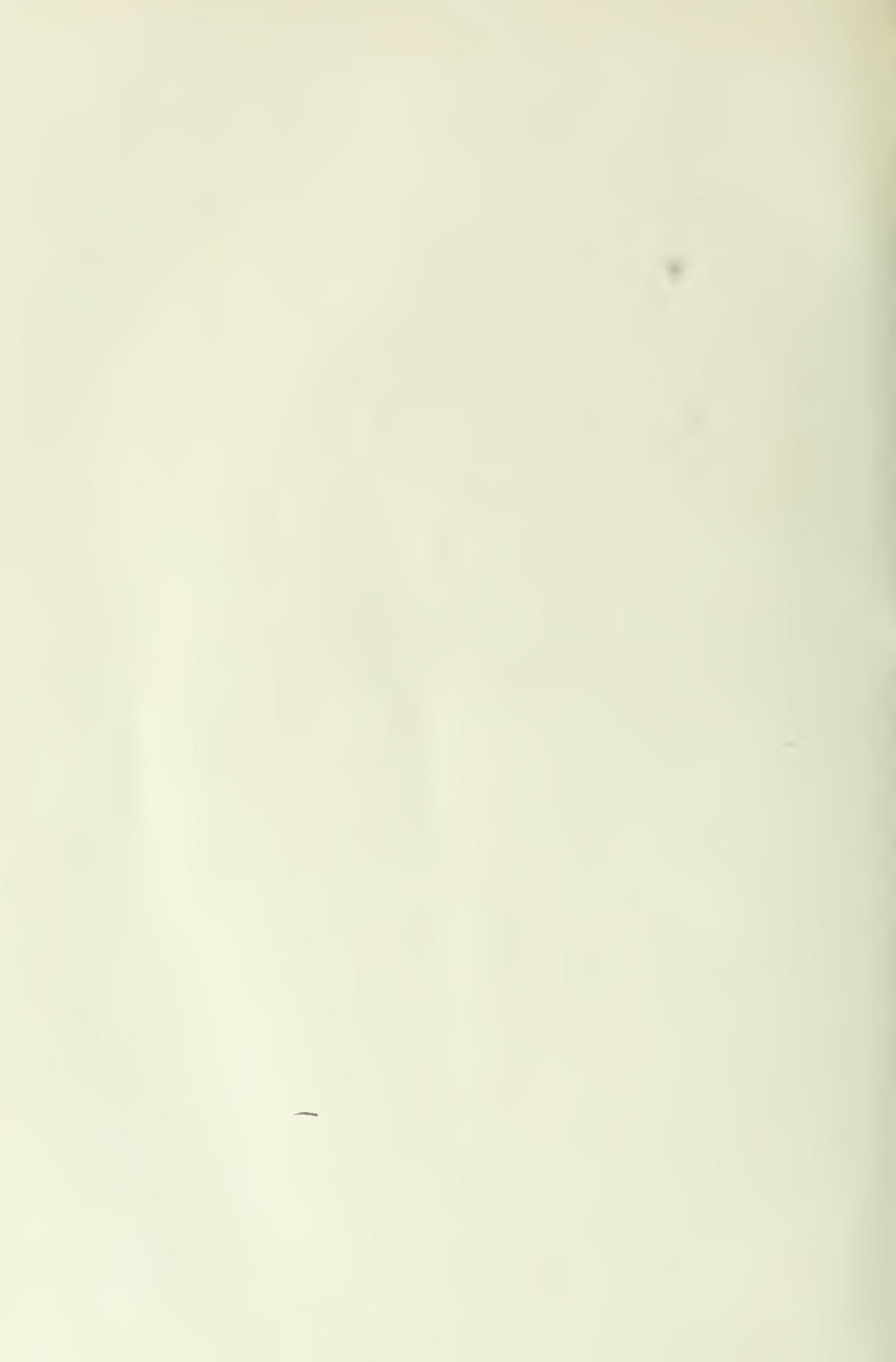


"TIDAL MILL, BEMBRIDGE"

OIL PAINTING BY BERTRAM PRIESTMAN, A.R.A.



"THE CONVEX MIRROR.
OIL PAINTING BY
GEORGE LAMBERT.





"WINTER AT KILLIN, PERTH-SHIRE." OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A.

BYAM SHAW: AN APPRECIATION

THE untimely death of Byam Shaw invests with added pathos his last painted allegory, *The Flag*, which occupied a distinguished place in the Canadian War Memorials Exhibition at Burlington House; for he, too, made ungrudgingly his sacrifice to patriotic duty. It was while serving as an officer of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary that he caught the chill which led to his most regrettable death, by which his friends and comrades have lost the fellowship of a singularly charming and lovable man, his many pupils a sympathetic and helpful master, and the art world an artist of admirable accomplishment and unswerving sincerity in his striving toward the beautiful in the pictorial interpretation of poetic conceptions. In his pursuit of that ideal was the strength of his art's appeal, and also its limitation; for if as a painter he did not attain such an eminence as his many admirers expected from the brilliant promise and extraordinary success of his early achievements, it was because, with all his fecundity of pictorial fancy and invention, his charm and richness of design, his technical equipment and romantic sense of beauty as an imaginative stimulus, the artistic emotion with him was always secondary to the poetic. This is not to suggest that his work lacked artistic inspiration, for true decorative quality was inherent in every design he made, whether for a painting or a black-and-white illustration; but a picture of Byam Shaw's impels one always to look for the message of its subject before the beauty of its art. The truth is, he was always first and foremost an illustrator, a pictorial story-teller, ex-

ceptionally equipped with dramatic and psychological intuitions, a graphic allegorist of alert imagination, with a happy sensibility for the lovely aspects of life, and a gentle humour for the ironies of human nature and circumstance. He was an interpretative illustrator, as were Rossetti and Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, and Millais in his Pre-Raphaelite days, and from the romantic spirit and poetic expressiveness of their art he drew inspiration and stimulus for his own. His innate idealism responded to the influence of their pictorial ideals, but he found his way early to individual expression through the sunny brightness and simple frankness of his temperament, and his personal instinct for the beauty of joy and comeliness. One feels a sad interest now in



ILLUSTRATION TO "KING COLE'S BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES"
BY BYAM SHAW, A.R.W.S.

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)



*(By permission of Messrs.
George Allen & Unwin,
Ltd.)*

ILLUSTRATION TO BOCCACCIO'S
"DECAMERON." BY BYAM
SHAW, A.R.W.S.

Byam Shaw: an Appreciation

recalling the remarkable series of pictures which, with their poetic significance, graphic fertility, and vivid colouring, set everybody talking of the brilliant young artist. Poems of Rossetti inspired several of these: *Rose-Marie*, *Circle-wise sit they*, *Silent Noon*, and *Love's Baubles*—a picture instinct with gaiety and rhythmic grace, in which the peculiar loveliness of a Rossetti sonnet found joyous interpretation. Of this period, too, one remembers *Truth*, *The Queen of Hearts*, *The Queen of Spades*, the ambitious *Love the Conqueror*, and *Whither?*—an original allegory of love.

One can but rejoice that early in his career Byam Shaw addressed himself to pen-and-ink work, and realized that the special qualities of his mind and art pointed to book-illustration as pre-eminently his *métier*. It is as a book-illustrator, the writer ventures to think, that he will be most gratefully remembered. His decorative instinct has already been alluded to; in his book-illustration design had always reference to the printed page and its place in the book, an artistic condition which from the first stamped his work with distinction. Although he illustrated certain books in colours, "*The Garden of Kama*" being perhaps the most appealing, his colour was generally too insistently vivid for harmonious charm, but with the contrasting values of black and white he could command his design to impressive and beautiful effect. His range of subject was extraordinarily wide, his imaginative insight being so far-reaching, his fancy and humour so flexibly responsive, his sympathies so comprehending, while his accomplished draughtsmanship, frankly academic,

was always animated by the spirit of his theme. The books he illustrated are too numerous for mention here, but it is sufficient to say that his right to an enduring place among eminent English book-illustrators may be founded upon his illustrations to Shakespeare (400 drawings for the "*Chiswick Shakespeare*"), Browning's *Poems*, Boccaccio's "*Decameron*," Reade's "*Cloister and the Hearth*," "*The Pilgrim's Progress*," and "*King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes*." Some of his allegorical cartoons were of a masterly distinction, especially those inspired by strong emotions of pity or indignation aroused by incidents of tragic human significance, as, for instance, the sinking of the "*Lusitania*," when his graphic expression reached its climax of beauty in design. S. COLMAN.

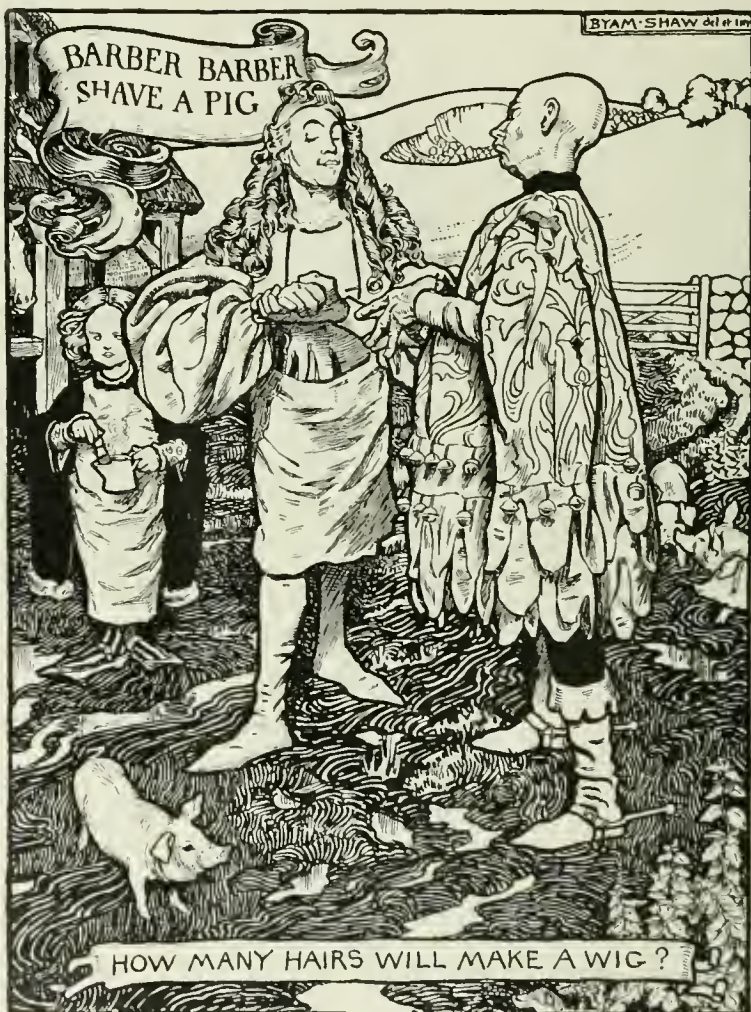


ILLUSTRATION TO "*KING COLE'S BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES*"
BY BYAM SHAW, A.R.W.S.

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)



(By permission of Messrs.
Chatto & Windus)

ILLUSTRATION TO "THE CLOISTER
AND THE HEARTH." BY BYAM
SHAW, A.R.W.S.



ILLUSTRATION TO "THE CLOISTER
AND THE HEARTH." BY BYAM
SHAW, A.R.W.S.

*(By permission of Messrs.
Chatto & Windus)*

THE ART OF MISS SIBYL MEUGENS.
BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

TO look at a number of pictures by Miss Sibyl Meugens is to come face to face with an artistic personality that is singularly arresting in its pictorial expression. Here, you see at once, is something unusual, something to wonder about, for here is a strange compelling quality that you feel is beauty. Undoubtedly Miss Meugens has found inspiration in the art of the Far East, and she would seem to base her practice on the old Chinese dictum that "a picture is a painted poem." If you ask her to what she attributes her Oriental sympathies and her leaning to the occult, she will possibly tell you that she was born in India, and that, spending her childhood there, she imbibed tendencies from her native nurse which have influenced her temperamental attraction toward the mysterious. She will tell you too, after some persuasion, that her personal ideal of picture-making is to use for decorative harmony the Eastern conventions of suggestive line and space and flat tone, and inform these with the ideality and psychological significance of the Western tradition, so fusing intellectual with artistic emotion. But she has reached this conception of her art through an unusual

process of development. She is no product of the schools, for of training in the ordinary sense she has had little or none. Mr. Stephen Haweis taught her how to draw, and then, in Paris at Colarossi's, for three years she drew

daily from the living model in the *croquis* classes, with no master to teach her, but learning all she could from the criticisms of her fellow-students. For the next four years she was unable to practise art, but the while she trained herself to think pictorially, drawing always mentally, and conceiving colour-harmonies and decorative designs. When at length she took up her brush and her oil-paints, it was to produce a number of beautiful still-life pictures, many of which were described and reproduced in an appreciative article in *THE STUDIO* exactly four years ago. These were exhibited at the Ryder Galleries, and it was recognized how, through her rare sensibility to the harmonies of form and colour, and the exquisite quality of her painting, Miss Meugens could quicken a group of inanimate objects with beauty. She delighted in drawing the

shapes and painting the textures of lovely things, china, glass, fabrics, flowers, and her pictures found their way into several notable collections.

Now a change has come over the spirit of her art; she has shifted her pictorial point of view. She conceives her pictures still in terms of



"LÀO-TSZE AND CONFUCIUS HOLDING ARGUMENT"
WATER-COLOUR BY SIBYL MEUGENS

The Art of Miss Sibyl Meugens

decoration, but the terms are those of the Orient ; the shadows have departed, the shapes are flat, their pictorial expressiveness being suggested entirely by line and the adjustment of spaces. Water-colour has become the medium in place of oils. No longer does the painter's brush revel in the representation of textures for their own sakes, no longer does it strive to match its magic with light itself. It takes anew the old, old simple way of laying the colour in flat tones, these arranged with such decorative harmony as to suggest the artistic motive of the picture. Yet the peculiar quality of beauty in some of Miss Meugens's latest pictures, though primarily decorative, is not only decorative ; there is also something in them beyond the vitalizing principle of artistic emotion proclaiming the indisputable work of art, and this is the suggestive evocation of wonder, resulting from the painter's spiritual adventures among the mysteries of life. This adventurous love of the occult represents no pose, though it is influencing this new phase of her pictorial expression. In the miraculous legend, the mystical belief, the metaphysical problem, the ecstasies of faith, she will discover suggestions for her pictures, but she will never let these dominate her individual sense of the pictorial. The legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, for instance, appeals to her sense of poetic beauty, but she uses it pictorially because the miraculous transformation of the loaves of bread into red roses, when her royal husband forbids the prodigality of the saintly queen's bounty to the poor, offers suggestion for the lovely decorative harmony of red and gold in which the legend is embodied. In *Martyr in Ecstasy*, the leaping tongues of red flame playing their part

valuably in the rhythmic scheme of the picture, give no ugly hint of agony, but, on the contrary, seem to be quite a pleasing accompaniment to the beatific vision of the comely-clad young woman clasping her crucifix ecstatically in their midst, so emphasizing the triumph of spiritual peace significant of the subject.

Miss Meugens's interest in the art of China has naturally drawn her to the study of the Chinese religions, and to this we may attribute a picture, reproduced on page 49, which she calls *Lão-tsze and Confucius holding Argument*. The colour-scheme in this is a rich harmony of yellow, red, and black, and the design is appropriately decorative ; but the psychological significance is unobtrusively suggested by the differentiation in the attitudes and personalities of the two figures, the act of argument by the expression of the hands of each. The standing figure is intended to represent Láo-tsze—or Láo-tszû, the philosopher who taught the ideal of liberty, personal and spiritual, the founder of Taoism ;



"FUCHSIAS"

BY SIBYL MEUGENS



"THE BURMESE GIRL."
WATER-COLOUR BY
SIBYL MEUGENS.

The Art of Miss Sibyl Meugens

the other, comfortably seated, being Confucius, the practical sage of social ideals. The sages of the East appeal to Miss Meugens's sense of pictorial synthesis, one of her most remarkable studies being named *The Sage*, while *The Hypocrite* is the title she gives to the subtly ironical portraiture of a priest hailing, one may suppose, from the Near East.

The winsome little *Burmese Girl* must suffice now to represent Miss Meugens as a colourist, but I wish it had been possible to reproduce in colours, instead of black-and-white, the *Kama Rupa*, which, not forgetting the lovely *Santa Maria*, reaches, perhaps, the high-water mark of the artist's achievement in the present phase of her art. With its harmonious opulence of colour and its suave charm of line, it is a picture of strange beauty that leaves you wondering, first as to its magic of drawing that commands the suggestion of modelling with perfectly flat tones, next as to its significance. Who is this beautiful woman with the veiled eyes heavy-lidded, the full golden lips, and the swelling throat? "*Kama Rupa*"? If you have a smattering of theology you may pluck out the heart of her mystery. She is Our Lady of Desire. She personifies the fourth of the seven "principles" in man's (and woman's) nature, as the artist interprets theosophist doctrine; this is the "principle" of Desire, the "principle" that cannot reason, but can bring one anything from the far ends of the world; she represents, in fact, the will to live and enjoy. But apart from occult meaning, the pictorial conception is charming. Of

singular beauty are the lines, the lines, especially, of the face and the fall of the veil. The colour too—the plum-coloured head-dress, the blue hair, the green and gold-spotted veil, with border of blue, terra-cotta, and black, the dress of blue and plum, the mouth of gold, and the background of black and silver. The colour-charm of *Elaine* must be imagined from our black-and-white reproduction; in the suggestive drawing of the lace may be traced the value of the artist's full-toned studies in still-life. So too in the grace of her decorative flower arrangements, two of which, *Fuchsias* and *The Fig-Tree*, are reproduced. That Miss Meugens makes decorative use of



"THE FIG-TREE"

BY SIBYL MEUGENS



"ELAINE"
BY SIBYL
MEUGENS



"KAMA RUPA." BY
SIBYL MEUGENS

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The election of Sir Aston Webb, R.A., to succeed Sir Edward Poynter as President of the Royal Academy came as a surprise to most people, as it seemed to be taken for granted that, following an almost uninterrupted tradition, the members would elect a painter to the office—the only exception being the election of James Wyatt, an architect, who occupied the presidential chair for one year in the early part of the nineteenth century, and bequeathed to posterity a decidedly unfavourable reputation as a restorer. However, the choice of Sir Aston Webb is one on which the Academy is to be heartily congratulated, and is especially opportune at the present time, when important schemes of architectural development are on foot. Pre-eminent in his own sphere of work, the new president is a man of broad sympathies and versatile tastes; and, while his election will help to maintain and further the prestige of the premier art of which he is a distinguished representative, there is no reason to anticipate that

"MISS LOCKWOOD" FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
(See p. 59)

Oriental symbol is not surprising. So, for example, in *The Messenger*, a design essentially decorative in conception, we find the symbolical lotus playing its customary part as a support for the figure. Here, presumably, it is a maiden messenger of the gods being borne through heaven, kneeling on a circle of lotus-flowers and bearing a chalice, doubtless of some significant content. Between the clouds we have glimpses of the deep celestial blue, and of the flowering earth below. Through the Oriental influences now so strong upon Miss Meugens's art, her personality will come, I fancy, to yet a more expressive flowering. There is one quality to which, if I am not mistaken, she is likely to give fuller expression, and that is the humour one may see already exemplified with some subtlety in a characteristic design, *The Poet dictating his Verse*. Examples of Miss Meugens's work have been seen at the International Society's recent exhibitions, and this month at the Goupil Gallery her art is further represented by a small, choice group of pictures, among which are some of those to which allusion has been made here.

"THE THIRD MARQUESS OF SALISBURY." FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND



"THE BLACK SKY."
WATER-COLOUR BY
W. RUSSELL FLINT,
R.W.S.



the arts of painting, sculpture, and engraving will be in any way prejudiced by his occupancy of the chair of Reynolds.

The pencil portraits of the Duchess of Rutland, of which two examples are reproduced on page 56, have been on view recently at the Fine Art Society's galleries. For thirty years past the Duchess has been a constant and ever-improving worker with her pencil, and has portrayed a very large number of celebrities, political and social. Naturally this work has been pursued mainly as a hobby, but latterly her talented pencil has been turned to account as a means of benefiting the Rutland Hospital for Wounded Soldiers, to help towards the maintenance of which the Duchess now accepts commissions for pencil portraits from the general public. It is interesting to note that the Musée du Luxembourg in Paris has acquired several of her portraits.

Mr. Russell Flint's service with the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, in which he holds a commission, has, fortunately, not debarred him from contributing to the exhibitions of the Old Water-Colour Society. Usually in his drawings the human figure forms a prominent feature, but in *The Black Sky*, which we reproduce as a supplement, we have an impressive essay in pure landscape. The drawing was exhibited in the recent winter show of the Society, in which were also shown the three drawings by Mr. J. Walter

West, forming part of a series of "Northwood Silhouettes," which take their name from the artist's Middlesex home.

Mr. Walter Greaves's *Portrait of Miss Alice Greaves (Tinnie)*, which we reproduce on page 61,

formed part of a group of works exhibited early last month at the Goupil Gallery, Regent Street, prior to being dispatched to the Johannesburg Municipal Gallery, the other

items consisting of a portrait of General Smuts by Mr. William Nicholson, pictures of *Capri* by Mr. Harold Squire, and *The Alhambra, Leicester Square*, by the late C. E. Holloway, two drawings by Mr. Eric Kennington, a *Portrait of the Swazi Queen-Regent* by Mr. A. J. S. Ockenden of Johannesburg, and an interesting

collection of English and Continental lace.

Two exhibitions of original lithographs have been held in London during the past few weeks—one at the

Mansard Gallery of Messrs. Heal and Son in Tottenham Court Road; and the other at the Leicester Galleries, comprising the work of members of the Senefelder Club, supplemented by a very interesting selection of prints by distinguished French masters of the medium. The Mansard Gallery display consisted of the various sets of prints commemorating our national "Efforts and Ideals in the Great War" which were the subject of an article in this magazine about the time of their first appearance, and it is therefore unnecessary to say



NORTHWOOD SILHOUETTES: "MARKET DAY." BY J. WALTER WEST, R.W.S.



NORTHWOOD SILHOUETTES: "COAL RATIONS." BY J. WALTER WEST, R.W.S.



NORTHWOOD SILHOUETTES: "THE LAND GIRL"

BY J. WALTER WEST, R.W.S.

(*The property of John E. Champney, Esq.*)

more about them on this occasion. Several of the artists who participated in this undertaking are members of the Senefelder Club, and their work figured in the club's exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Though reinforced by some engaging examples of Mr. Charles Shannon's sensitive use of the medium, and striking work by Mr. Muirhead Bone, Miss Ethel Gabain, Mr. John Copley, Mr. Ernest Jackson, Miss Elsie Henderson, Mr. G. W. Bellows, and one or two others, this display seemed as a whole scarcely to reach the high standard of previous shows. Any shortcoming in this section was, however, amply compensated by the prints representing the leaders of the French School of artistic lithography—Fantin-Latour, Edgar Degas, Eugène Carrière, Forain, Steinlen, Toulouse-Lautrec, Jean Weber, Hermann-Paul, Poulbot.

The Society of Women Artists, whose exhibitions are usually held in the Suffolk Street galleries, had to find other quarters for their sixty-fourth exhibition, these galleries having been commandeered by the Government and, fortunately, accommodation was available at

the Royal Institute in Piccadilly. The exhibition just closed undoubtedly showed to better advantage in these well-lighted galleries, and to that fact is due in some degree the more favourable impression it created as compared with those held at the Suffolk Street galleries in recent years. Some excellent painting by Miss Alice Fanner, Miss Madeline Wells, Miss E. J. Whyley, Miss Dorothea Sharp, Miss A. E. Browning, and Mrs. Hall-Neale, among others. Water-colours by the late Mrs. Horsfall Ertz, Mrs. Burleigh, Miss M. Kees, Mrs. Hall Thorpe, and Mrs. Quennell, pencil portraits by the Duchess of Rutland, cameo-like reliefs by Mme. de Lannoy Hill, enamels by Mrs. Ernestine Mills, and stained-wood boxes by Miss J. A. Labrousse were among the items of interest. The Society's exhibitions usually comprise a small section of craft-work, and we should like to see this department extended even if it involved a curtailment of the pictorial portion.

By the death of Mr. William Michael Rossetti, which took place early last month in his ninetyeth year, and that of Mr. Charles Fairfax



(Purchased with money given by the late Sir Sigismund Neumann, Bart., for the Johannesburg Art Gallery, and exhibited at the Goupil Gallery, 1919)

PORTRAIT OF MISS ALICE
GREAVES (TINNIE)
FROM THE PAINTING BY
WALTER GREAVES

Murray, who died at Chiswick a few days previously in his seventieth year, two of the few remaining links with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood have been broken. As the brother of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and son-in-law of Ford Madox Brown, Mr. W. M. Rossetti was in intimate touch with all the brethren, and he became the recognized historian of the movement, our knowledge of which is largely derived from the writings he has left behind. Mr. Murray, who in his later years became widely known as an art collector and connoisseur, was in his early days employed by members of the Brotherhood, and is said to have carried out the cartoons for stained glass which Burne-Jones did for the firm of Morris. Sent by Ruskin to Italy to copy old masters, he made a minute study of their technique, and so acquired that knowledge which gained for him his high reputation as a connoisseur. Reference is made elsewhere in this issue to the late Mr. Byam Shaw, the news of whose untimely death was received with much sorrow in art circles. We regret also to record the death of Mrs. Horsfall Ertz, one of the original founding members of the Women's International Society and a leading member of the Society of Women Artists, who died very suddenly in London on February 4. Mrs. Ertz took an active part in the management of the Art section of the Three Arts Club.

NEWLYN.—The question is an interesting one, and relevant to the subject of these notes, how far an extreme intimacy and familiarity may come to breed, if not contempt, at least an unconsciousness which tends to deaden observation. This familiarity creates an acquiescence, amiable no doubt, but fatal to that stimulating shock of contrast which makes our first impressions really

more valuable than any succeeding ones, in spite of the deeper knowledge these later experiences may bring. The arts are curiously significant examples of this. An artist, for instance, explores a certain region of his realm. It is interesting to him in proportion to its unexplored riches, but gradually as the extent of the new province and its lodes and veins are realized, they lose their stimulating power and fail to provoke the old response. At this period art comes either to a standstill or begins to perceive fresh possibilities. Old methods must be discarded, a new analysis must be made, and it is probably found that the fresh combination has produced a new product which may be more valuable than the original one.

As a rule, we are all so intent in looking for our philosopher's stone along the lines of our old recipes that we fail to see the possibilities of the by-product which we have been in the habit of discarding, so that new ideas and new methods have to wait for new men with new



"IN THE STUDIO"

OIL PAINTING BY HAROLD HARVEY



*(By courtesy of Mrs.
Ernest Brown & Phillips,
the Leicester Galleries)*

"THE RIBBON-SKIRT."
FROM THE PAINTING BY
HAROLD HARVEY.





"A COTTAGE WINDOW"
OIL PAINTING BY
HAROLD HARVEY



MODEL OF THE "GREAT MICHAEL"
(SCOTTISH WARSHIP, BUILT IN 1511)
CONSTRUCTED BY R. PATTERSON
OF LASSWADE FROM THE DESIGNS
OF R. MORTON NANCE

*(Royal Scottish Museum,
Edinburgh)*

outlooks. But occasionally some artists grow suspicious of the continued vitality of their old inspirations and old methods, and feel that they have become worn out, while they themselves have still the force and vitality to seek and practise fresh ones.

Mr. Harold Harvey is an artist who is making that gallant effort ; and when one has the courage and the capacity to adventure along a new road, the least that one's friends can say is *bon voyage*. Mr. Harvey's later vision of the world is an increasingly brilliant one, and he has set it down with decision and distinction ; what he has to say he says unfalteringly, and his colour has grown in its capacity to give pleasure. The line that he is moving along is a decorative one and makes it possible to say that perhaps he is too absorbed in that view.

It is not easy in a few words to explain a point that deserves very careful expression — a work of pictorial art is primarily decorative ; if it fails in that respect it has lost its *raison d'être*. But it surely has a deeper mission, it must say something to the heart as well as to the eye ; the relation of tones and colours, of lines and spaces, is not enough. A work of art must possess a human relation between the parts, or they cease to be comprehensible. The drama of life is inevitable whether it is high tragedy or low comedy. In other words, there is a human story running through all that appeals to the human race and this story cannot be set at naught. The story-telling picture of the mid-Victorian era did not err because it strove to tell a tale, it erred because it didn't succeed, it couldn't, because the stories they essayed to

tell were not capable of pictorial expression. French artists say *il faut être logique* and this is perhaps the gist of it all. NORMAN GARSTIN.

ABERYSTWYTH.—We give here a reproduction of a tablet recently erected at the University College of Wales in memory of the late Professor of Celtic, in which the designer has employed Celtic ornament with excellent effect.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN BRONZE AND ENAMELS. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED FOR THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERYSTWYTH, BY DAN R. JONES

EDINBURGH.—The ship model illustrated on the opposite page represents a reconstruction, so far as it has been possible to effect it, of the famous "Great Michael," the largest ship of the old Scottish Navy. She was built in 1511, and many particulars of her are given by the old writer Pitscottie, whose details have been one of the chief sources of information utilized by Mr. Morton Nance in designing the model. The actual construction of the model has been carried out by Mr. R. Patterson of Lasswade, who has devoted practically all his time to

this kind of work, and has lent each model as finished to the Royal Scottish Museum.

Mr. J. L. Lawton Wingate, landscape painter, was in January unanimously elected to succeed Sir James Guthrie as President of the Royal Scottish Academy, who retired in December. The new president was born in Glasgow in 1846, and began to exhibit when in his teens. He became an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy forty years ago. The Academy has followed the example of the Royal Academy in London by appointing a Committee to give guidance on the subject of war memorials to



"THE TAVERN"

(Biennale di Brera, Milan)

BY BECCHI

be erected in Scotland, and the first meeting of the advisory Committee with the new president in the chair was held in Edinburgh recently.

MILAN.—Two exhibitions of first importance have been recently opened at Milan. The Biennale di Brera was well forward this year in portrait works, among which those of Alciati (with his reserved tones and rich palette), of Amisani, Bresciani, and Cazzaniga are to be noted. Among the subject paintings a *Sunset in Lombardy* by Pasini and the *1914* of Brignoli—the latter treating with a veil of symbolism, which it is hard for the average human intelligence to penetrate, the tragedy of that eventful year—have been awarded the gold medal. Among the Lombard artists Professor Carozzi (*October*), Emilio Borsa (*Golden Leaves*), and Ferrari (*Madonna of S. Celso*) were well represented; and among the Venetians Miti-Zanetti (*Valley of Cadore*) and Zanetti Zilla (*Lagoons*). The Principe Umberto prize went to Becchi for his picture *The Tavern*, here reproduced.

At the Pesaro Gallery the Ministry of Marine organized an excellent exhibition of *War by Sea*, which achieved an immediate and pronounced success. Aldo Carpi contributed a fine series of drawings of Italian seamen, solidly put in and almost monumental in their character. The life of Venice in war-time was portrayed in the drawings of Italico Brass—a Venice that we scarcely know, with her monuments covered and

her "popolane" crowded into shelters against Austrian bombs; while Anselmo Bucci treated in his paintings the same theme, together with the work of the Italian Navy on the Piave, and the life in the trenches. Signor Blaas, an official artist of the Italian Navy, gave here its work and life in a series of small paintings; while Cipriano Oppo treated this subject with success in his drawings and studies. S. B.

"THE STUDIO" YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART, 1919

THIS annual volume is now in course of preparation, and will be ready for publication about the end of April. The Editor has decided to devote considerable space to the designing, decoration, furnishing, and general equipment of cottages, a subject which is prominently before the public at the present time. The most important feature of the volume will be a comprehensive article by Mr. Sydney R. Jones, who has made a special study of the subject, and who is well known to readers of THE STUDIO through his drawings and articles in the Extra Numbers devoted to "Old English Country Cottages" and "The Village Homes of England." For the present work he has prepared a number of drawings exemplifying the possibilities of simple and artistic treatment, based on traditional work. In the preparation of these designs Mr. Jones has given particular consideration to the housing scheme of the Local Government Board, and has enjoyed the valuable co-operation of that body.

Modern Flower Painting

MODERN FLOWER PAINTING

(*First Article.*)

IT would be interesting, if it were possible, to discover at what moment in the history of art the study of flowers as a subject for pictorial treatment was first attempted. The beginning must have been in the very earliest ages of art, for examples of flower painting are to be found in all the schools that are known to us to-day, even the most primitive and remote. Many of the ancient decorative patterns and details are inspired by flower forms; flowers play a very definite part in the symbolical design of all periods; from plants come the motives for much that is important in architecture.

In modern times artists have sought in flower painting opportunities for the display of their skill in craftsmanship, their sense of colour, and their capacity to represent subtleties of surface texture. The floral motive is still, as it has always been, a favourite one in design, but hardly less in favour to-day is the flower subject as a matter for serious and faithful treatment pictorially. This branch of practice has a host of exponents and a large and appreciative public; directed by clear traditions it follows recognized principles, and within its necessary limitations it offers scope for a remarkable variety of expression.

Certainly there is among modern artists a disposition to exploit its possibilities to the utmost. They realize, beyond doubt, how many directions there are in which it can be developed, and they see how well it enables them to record their own personal convictions and to apply individual methods of treatment. Some are frankly realists who aim at exact imitation, and strive for absolute actuality of representation; some are purely colourists who use flowers as motives for balanced and carefully harmonized colour-schemes, and subordinate detail to the main effect; some, again, are students of form and structure, and approach their subject with something of the botanist's precision; and others are decorators, who choose flowers as the component parts of a design because in this way they obtain material which, by its grace of line and pure freshness of colour, serves them well in the making of effective patterns.

The consequence of all this active interest

and varied effort is that modern flower painting is full of surprises. Its traditions, however definite they may be, are proved to be singularly elastic, and its limitations are seen to be wide enough to allow within them the fullest freedom of action to the artist. The illustrations given here show something of this breadth of range, and suggest well the extent of the opportunities for personal expression which are available for the flower painter. There is a very marked contrast of style in these reproductions, and a contrast of intentions, too, as well as of methods; each of the three artists has approached his subject from a different standpoint and kept in view a purpose of his own. Yet each has done what he believed ought to be done with the material at his disposal, and has studied sincerely the problems which seemed to him to demand solution. They have arrived at widely different results, but in each case the result has been what the painter felt convinced he should aim at because his instinct told him that it was the one by which his personality could be made to produce its best effect, and the one in which his sense of artistic fitness could be most evidently displayed.

For example, the flower group by Mr. Francis James has an arresting interest as the work of an artist who brings to this type of subject a rare mastery over technical processes, and a highly trained power of observation and selection. His principle of practice is to eliminate trivialities of detail and to strive for largeness and breadth of manner, to be extremely accurate and precise, but to keep the fresh, spontaneous quality of a rapid sketch. Success in such a method is possible only by profound and intimate study, because even the most apparently careless touch has to be directed by complete knowledge—there is no room for happy accidents of brushwork or for attractive but untrue happenings in the colour arrangement. Every touch has to have its right place in the pictorial scheme, and must add to the general effect something vital and full of meaning. None of them can be applied merely for the purpose of filling space, because there is, in building up the picture, no space left which has not to be filled with matter essential to the general design. The method Mr. James employs demands exacting concentration and continued labour, but there must be no tiresome evidence of this labour in the finished work.



"SOW-THISTLE"

WATER-COLOUR BY ARTHUR WARDLE

Mr. Arthur Wardle's outlook on Nature is not less earnest, and his desire for exactness is not less pronounced, but he seeks for completeness more by insistence upon, than by elimination of, detail. He has the microscopic vision of the scientific student, and he has a resourcefulness of handling which enables him to

realize pictorially even the smallest of the things he sees. His studies are fascinating in their accuracy, charming in their record of the subtleties of line and curve, in their expression of structure, and in delicate precision of form and colour. They achieve the distinction of being as satisfying to the botanist as they are



"A SPRIG OF
BLACKTHORN."
WATER-COLOUR BY
ARTHUR WARDLE



"HEMLOCK AND CONVULVULUS"

WATER-COLOUR BY ARTHUR WARDLE

persuasive to the artist, for they are the work of a man who can see and whose craftsmanship is beyond reproach. Both Mr. James and Mr. Wardle attain what they have set out to do, though the roads they take are widely apart.

Mr. Sheringham goes by yet another road, but it is one which suits him well, and which leads him to notable accomplishment. A decorator of exceptional originality, he treats

the flower motive as the basis for designs of exquisitely dainty complexity, for patterns woven with inexhaustible ingenuity and worked out with a most subtle appreciation of the balance of lines and the relations of colour. Among the flower painters of to-day he has a place of high importance, for he sets an example by which the men who look to Nature for their inspiration in design can greatly profit.



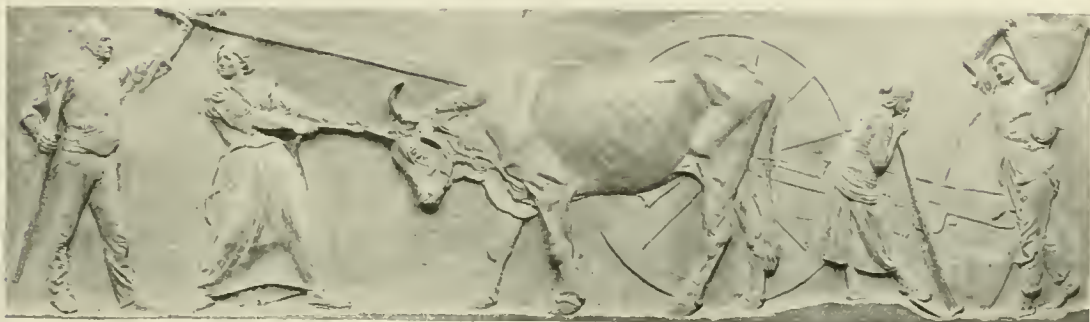
"FLOWERS AMONG THE NETTLES"
FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE
SHERINGHAM



PANEL FOR A CIRCULAR
SCREEN. WATER-COLOUR
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

THE SCULPTURE OF PROFESSOR JAMES HAVARD THOMAS

BY FRANK GIBSON



"AGRICULTURE"

BAS-RELIEF PANEL BY J. HAVARD THOMAS

UNTIL 1905 the work of Havard Thomas was comparatively unknown to the general public in England. It was in that year that it was prominently brought under the notice of people who take any interest in art at all by the refusal of the Royal Academy to admit into their annual exhibition the figure modelled by him in black wax called *Lycidas*. This rejection caused a great stir, both inside and outside of the Academy. But the authorities of the New Gallery, at the instance of Sir William Richmond, R.A., an enthusiastic and chivalrous admirer of the sculptor, came to the rescue, and gave the statue hospitality and the place of honour in their sculpture-hall. There, well and adequately shown, the statue, for the remainder of the season, was the centre of a discussion that ran high in art circles. Those who looked upon the work as a whole and with breadth of vision at once received the impression that here was a genuine statue.

The *Lycidas* was the result of years of labour and thought. In spite of its extreme literalness it is not at all obvious or trivial in character, but arrests the attention of the spectator at once by its spontaneity and truth to Nature, for in it every muscle of the model seems to be suggested. One of the most actual facts to Nature in this statue is the subtle rendering of its pose. This quality alone shows the highest creative power. For a very remarkable fact about the *Lycidas*,

a realistic work, is the wonderful way in which the action has been preserved and sustained while the complicated stages of the execution were carried on. What can be better proof that Professor Thomas, for all his realism, has great constructive powers? The *Lycidas* cast in bronze, and now in the Tate Gallery (thanks to the generosity of Professor Sadler), proves this. Here the present and future generations can study one of the most beautiful statues which a British sculptor has created. Its delicate outer and inner rhythms, its unity of subtle movement, and consistent physical development are all made up of details which can be studied with pleasure as parts of a perfect masterpiece.

The life of Professor Thomas has been wholly occupied by hard work, experiment, and ceaseless research in his profession. Born at Bristol, he is of Welsh descent on both sides. He studied at the local school of art, and in 1872 began to show at the Royal Academy. His first appearance there was with a bust of the Reverend Canon Knight, and the following year with the portrait of another clergyman, the Reverend H. J. Roper. In 1876 he was living in London, and again showed at the Academy, this time an imaginative work called *The Arcadian Shepherd Boy*. He also sent a portrait of Cardinal Manning, whose striking head and features had attracted not only the sculptor himself but also the leading artists of the day. Portraits and ideal work seemed to occupy the energies of



"LYCIDAS" (DARK BRONZE)
BY J. HAVARD THOMAS
(National Gallery of British Art)



"THYRSIS" (BRIGHT BRONZE)
BY J. HAVARD THOMAS

The Sculpture of Professor Havard Thomas



"MUSIC AND DANCING"

BAS-RELIEF PANEL BY J. HAVARD THOMAS

Professor Thomas until 1886. His work was not much noticed, except by artists, until his statue, *A Slave Girl*, appeared at Burlington House. This work attracted more general notice, and made those who took an interest in modern sculpture look with expectation for his future productions. But the artist at this time exiled himself from London. He preferred to study his art deeply, and for this purpose lived for a time in Southern Italy. Naples, Capri, and Sorrento were the places he most frequented, and where he seriously considered the problems of his art. It was during his sojourn in these places that he altered and developed his theories about sculpture.

From Italy he sent occasional work to the Academy, an idyll like the *Marianina*, a bas-relief; but for eight years nothing was seen publicly of his work until there appeared at the first exhibition of the International Society, held in London in 1898, two of his most important works which were begun and finished in Italy, the bas-reliefs called *Agriculture* and *The Loom*. A third was contemplated but was never

carried out. These reliefs were the result of commissions given by a well-known connoisseur, Mr. John Maddocks, of Bradford.

The sculptor at this time was alternating his imaginative subjects with some remarkable portrait-busts. The one of Mrs. C. K. Butler was executed in marble and shown at the New Gallery at the same time as that of Mrs. Asher Wertheimer, which latter, by the munificence of Mr. Wertheimer, is also in the Tate Gallery. Both portraits are sincere attempts at rendering character, and the former possesses a noble realism as well as a sense of style equal to that of the Florentine sculpture of the Quattrocento. The latter is remarkable for its fine chiselling and feeling, for the beauty of flesh, as far as it can be rendered in marble.

Next came the *Lycidas*. This was followed by the *Thyrsis*, a life-size statue first modelled in black wax and thus shown at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1912. Justly and well placed there, it drew a chorus of praise from the critics, and also commissions for replicas in bronze were given by the Felton Bequest Trustees for the



"THE LOOM"

BAS-RELIEF PANEL BY J. HAVARD THOMAS

The Sculpture of Professor Havard Thomas



"THE INTRUDER" (BRONZE)

BY J. HAVARD THOMAS



"COW AND CALF"

BAS-RELIEF PANEL BY J. HAVARD THOMAS

The Sculpture of Professor Havard Thomas



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HERFORD

BY J. HAVARD THOMAS

National Gallery, Melbourne, and for the Johannesburg and Manchester Art Galleries. One of the most impressive things about this piping boy is his unconsciousness to anything but the music of his own emotions, which his whole body and limbs, by their slow and rhythmic movement, show and emphasize.

A small but interesting exhibition of Professor Thomas's work was held at the Carfax Gallery in 1909. There the public were enabled to see not only some big former triumphs like the *Lycidas*, *Agriculture*, *Music and Dancing*, and the bust of Cardinal Manning, but also beautiful smaller works of the artist, consisting of statuettes, bas-reliefs, medallions in bronze and marble, and last but not least some most interesting drawings. Full of beauty and life, despite their severity, these elaborate drawings in pencil are the only preliminary studies which Professor Thomas makes use of, and they are more thorough than the rapid studies made as a rule for sculpture. The desire for the expression of movement was well exemplified by the artist at this exhibition in the bas-relief *Music and Dancing*, and especially in the statuette *Castagnettes*, of which the bronze version is in the collection of Sir Arthur Peterson.

A late work, *Boadicea*, a life-size group in marble, adorns the vestibule of the Cardiff City Hall, and is a work of much nobility in style.

The British Queen and her daughters are conceived with dignity yet animation. Here the strong resolute lines of her figure are strengthened and emphasized by the contrast of the two slender forms of the two children. The group is distinguished by the beautiful rhythm which runs through the whole of it, forming a most expressive harmony.

In 1914 Professor Thomas was elected to fill the then newly created Chair of Sculpture at University College (Slade School) and the appointment should lead to good results in the training of young sculptors, for the sincerity of his own art cannot lead the students astray if they will conform to its high standard. Such searching and careful work at first is surely the basis of all expressive sculpture.

Havard Thomas is a sculptor whose aims are single-minded. His work, thanks to its excellence and sincerity, is generally becoming known to all who care for good sculpture. Wherever admirers of this branch of art meet, there is always keen interest and inquiry as to what he is doing, and eager discussion about his last achievement. For each work he produces seems full of new ideas, the expression of which lifts it above the rut of the commonplace that is so apparent in the great mass of modern sculpture.



"BOADICEA." MARBLE GROUP
IN CITY HALL, CARDIFF
BY J. HAVARD THOMAS

SOME PAINTINGS BY EDWARD BOROUGH JOHNSON



"THE STADTHUIS, VEERE"

OIL PAINTING BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

IN these days, when there is so perceptible a tendency among the younger artists to combine into groups and to adopt more or less stereotyped methods of practice, the man who is strong enough to take his own way in art has a special claim to attention. The example he sets is encouraging, his independence gives him authority, and his refusal to wear a label entitles him to respect as an advocate of the right of an artist to think for himself,

and to choose the modes of expression which will give most scope to his personality. The work of such a man serves as an antidote to the poisonous growth of fads and fashions in artistic practice, because it points the direction in which healthy development is possible, and suggests the way in which this development can achieve the best results.

For this reason an artist like Mr. Borough Johnson is particularly to be welcomed. He



PORTRAIT STUDY. BY
E. BOROUGH JOHNSON



PORTRAIT OF MRS.
CORBETT SMITH. BY
E. BOROUGH JOHNSON



"THE OLD TITHE BARN"

OIL PAINTING BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

certainly is no follower of any of the eccentric conventions with which the would-be reformers of modern art are amusing themselves, and there can be no question about the sanity of his intentions. His convictions are those of the artist who looks at the material available for his work with wholesome detachment of mind, and decides for himself—without the assistance of a formula—how it ought to be treated. In forming these convictions he trusts to his own first-hand experience, and is guided by the knowledge of his subject, which he has acquired by direct personal observation. He does not want to be told how he should put his ideas into pictorial form; that is a matter he prefers

to settle according to the promptings of his own temperament, and in the manner that he believes to be best suited to his natural and personal characteristics.

So far, indeed, does he carry this independence of his that he has not settled down, as so many artists do, into any particular preference in art. In fact, he has an unusually catholic taste in selection of subjects, and he is just as broad-minded in his choice of the way in which each of these subjects should be interpreted—it would be true to say of him that he allows the subject to influence the technical method he employs, and that the mental impression made upon him by the motive de-



"GIPSIES"

OIL PAINTING BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

termines the executive manner of his picture. This can certainly be seen in the examples of his work which are reproduced here. The quality of handling in the *Gipsies* study is very unlike that which appears in the gracefully designed portrait of *Mrs. Corbett Smith*—one is rugged and vehement, the other is suave and restrained, and yet in both appears the decisiveness of the confident and accomplished craftsman. Again, there is an obvious contrast of manner between the precisely detailed *Old Tithe Barn* and the broader, more simplified, *Stadhuis, Veere*; and in the *Portrait Study* quite another view again of technical responsibility is taken. Each of these subjects has

been approached from a different standpoint, and each has received the kind of treatment that suited it best; there has been no attempt to bring them into agreement with a preconceived system of practice.

Naturally, it is only a strong man who is both shrewdly observant and keenly receptive that can maintain so much independence of artistic procedure, even against the temptation to compromise with himself or who can avoid so successfully the tendency to adopt a convenient personal mannerism. But Mr. Borough Johnson happens to have this strength of character in full measure, and to it he owes largely the position he occupies in modern art.

THE MICHAELIS GALLERY, CAPE TOWN



THE OLD TOWN HALL, CAPE TOWN, AS ADAPTED FOR THE MICHAELIS GALLERY FROM THE DESIGNS OF J. M. SOLOMON, ARCHITECT

THE foundation of a gallery in Cape Town of paintings by old masters is an event of fine significance.

Not only does it fulfil a desire of the Dominion of South Africa that the art of the race from which so many South Africans trace their descent should be represented in the country, but it admits South Africans to a share in the great treasures of Europe. Cape Town is proud of its association with the enterprise of the old world. It has never ceased to regard itself as an outpost of Europe. Great Dominions have arisen in other parts of the globe from the aspiration of men who sought new worlds. Cape Town represents an attempt that was made in the seventeenth century to extend the old one.

The story of the creation of the Michaelis collection, and of the generosity of Mr. Max Michaelis in making it a gift to South Africa, was related in *THE STUDIO* for May 1913. The present article deals only with the restoration of the old seventeenth-century building, the old *Stadhuis* (Town House), ceded by the Union Government to receive the collection.

The restoration is the work of the gifted South African architect, Mr. J. M. Solomon, and it has been carried out with much imagination. The exterior required comparatively little modification, but it was necessary to remodel the interior throughout. Purged of the accretions of what may be called, in South Africa as elsewhere, the philistine age, the later nineteenth century, little remained but an

The Michaelis Gallery, Cape Town

exquisite shell of old-world masonry. The interior had not had a chance of retaining its own character, for the old Town House was disregarded by the city councillors when it ceased to be their place of assembly.

The problem before the architect was how to create suitable accommodation for a collection of paintings while yet preserving the link with the past which the exterior architecture of the building gave. Throughout Mr. Solomon has tried to obliterate distinction between his own work and what was left of the interior of the old building. The original method of pinning with wooden pegs was adopted in the workmanship of doors and panels. Black and white marble, Dutch brick pavements, old Delft tiles, fireplaces with blue and white tile skirtings have been reintroduced. Ceilings of heavy Indian teak beams now replace the matchboard which had satisfied the vandals to whom the house was resigned when the city councillors

ceased to use it. The seventeenth-century fanlight over the main door, perhaps the work of Anreith, was retained. New fanlights by local artists, challenging comparison with it, have been put in where necessary. Brass escutcheons are originals, and Europe has been scoured for old brass fittings. The idea has been to make the building entirely reminiscent of the seventeenth-century Guildhalls of Amsterdam and Haarlem, yet to allow the imprint of early settlers to show in the craftwork, in carved fanlights and ebony and ivory decorations. Old tiles have been relaid in the lower rooms, and the necessary additional Dutch tiles were removed from an outdoor bathroom of a house at Kalk Bay. The brass lanthorn in the centre entrance hall is copied from one in a picture by Gerard Dow. At the top of the stairs, leading to the Hals Room, the dome is painted with the constellation of the southern hemisphere in spring, when the Southern Cross is at its zenith. The front



MICHAELIS GALLERY, CAPE TOWN: THE FRANS HALS ROOM AS DESIGNED BY J. M. SOLOMON, ARCHITECT

The Michaelis Gallery, Cape Town



MICHAELIS GALLERY, CAPE TOWN: MAIN STAIRCASE

J. M. SOLOMON, ARCHITECT

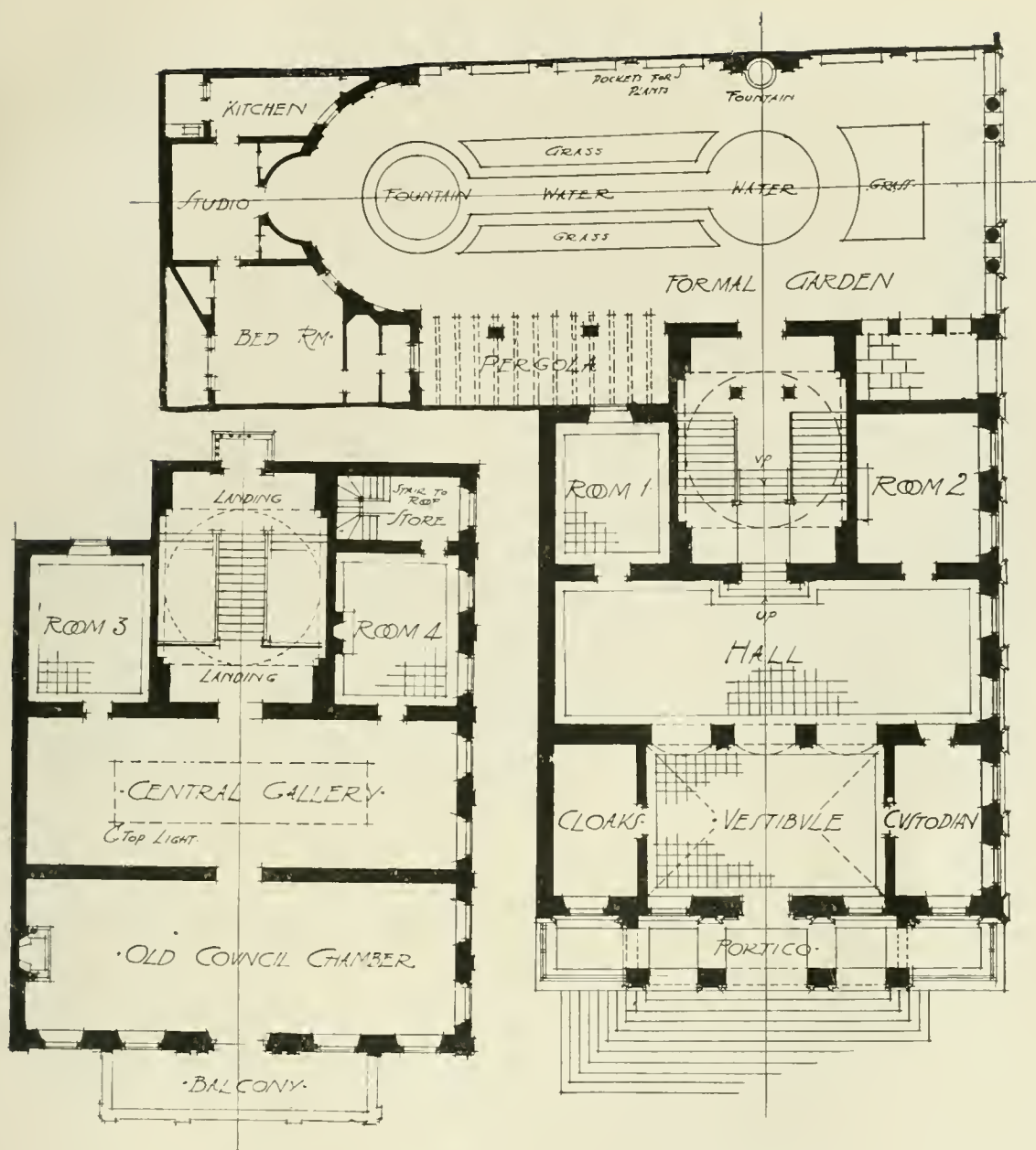
gallery, the Hals Room, contains the great portrait of a woman by Hals which is the gem of the collection. The walls of the room are covered with a specially woven tapestry, and the parquet floor is such as we see in a painting by Vermeer. The frames of the pictures are contemporary ones. They were chosen with great care by Sir Hugh Lane, who formed the collection.

The exterior façades of the Old Town House have been restored to their original design,

and a Dutch garden opened behind the building, cloistered from the street by a colonnade and paved in stone, with a pergola and fountain.

Our illustrations show clearly the character of the work and the ideals pursued by Mr. Solomon. A South African born and bred, he has travelled much in Europe. Starting with a deep appreciation of early South African architecture he has made himself the exponent of a purely South African style.

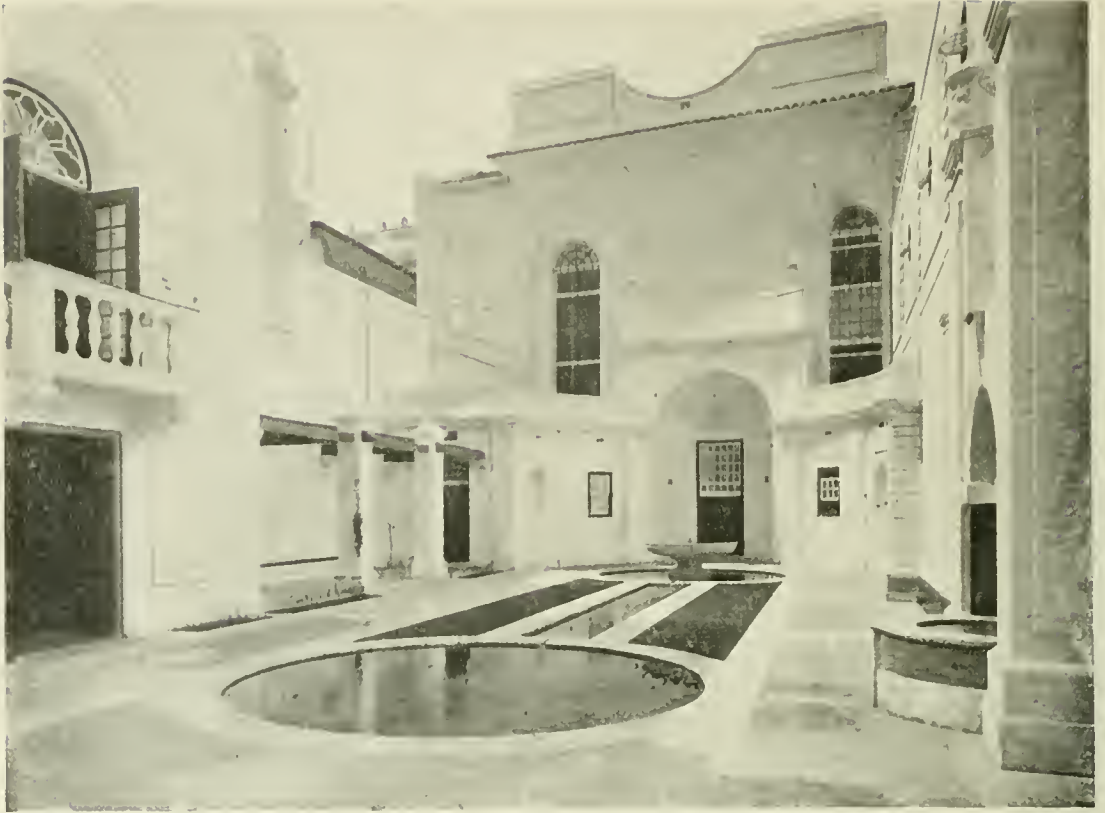
T. MARTIN WOOD.



First Floor Plan

Ground Floor Plan

PLANS OF MICHAELIS GALLERY,
CAPE TOWN. J. M. SOLOMON,
ARCHITECT



MICHAELIS GALLERY, CAPE TOWN: NEW GARDEN COURT, LOOKING EAST
DESIGNED BY J. M. SOLOMON, ARCHITECT

IN MEMORIAM: HENRY CHARLES VINE. BY ERNEST E. GOBERT

HENRY CHARLES LAND VINE, artist and Civil Servant, was born at Hampstead some thirty-two years ago, educated there, and joined the staff of the General Register and Record Office of Shipping and Seamen in 1902. Shortly after the outbreak of war he enlisted in the Royal Naval Air Service and eventually attained the rank of Flight Sergeant, R.A.F. On November 3 last, within a few days of the armistice being signed, he died at Wye in Kent, a victim to the prevailing epidemic of influenza. In this manner was terminated a career of singular promise. His genius, long known and appreciated by colleagues and intimates, had recently

obtained a wider recognition, and he was eagerly looking forward to the advent of peace for release from the military machine to the fuller service of the art he loved.

Life in a Government Department is perhaps the most arid of existences, particularly to a person of so restless, energetic, impulsive, and imaginative a temperament. It was in Vine's case, however, made more supportable by his association with two colleagues possessed of like tastes and sympathies. From adolescence and through the years of his early manhood he wrought with them, and the trio produced in their leisure hours certain volumes of drawings, prose, and verse which are probably unique; and practically all they did in collaboration was tempered and coloured by his fascinating personality.

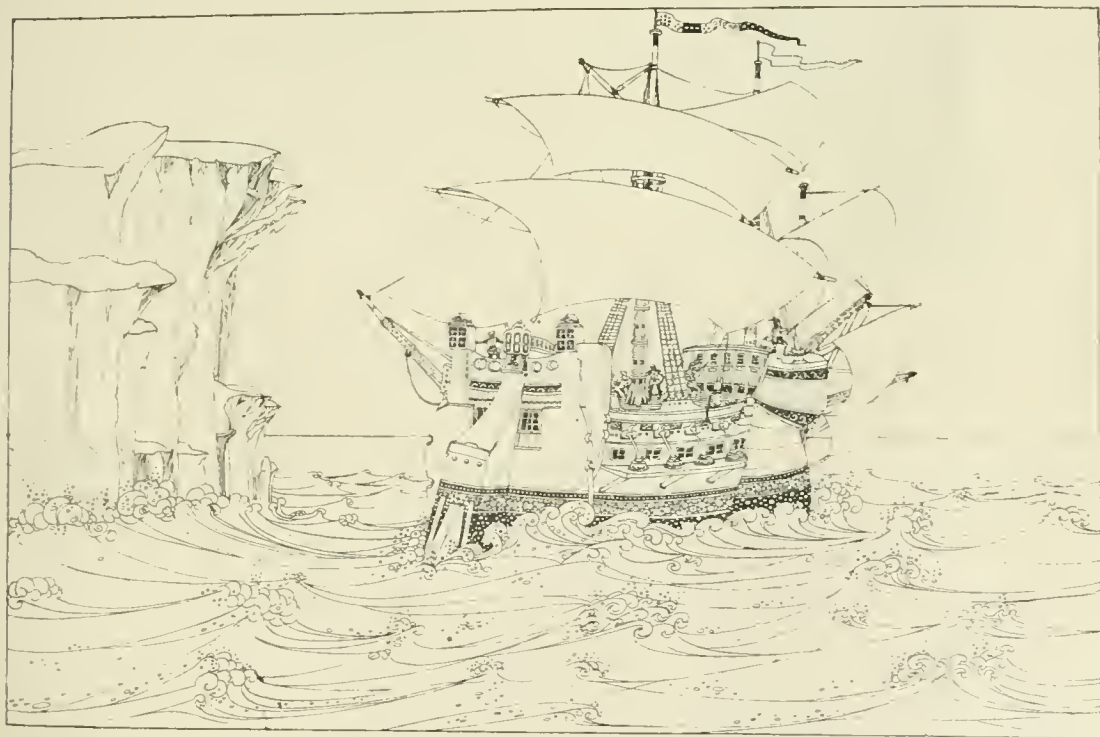
In Memoriam: Henry Charles Vine

There is recalled with mingled pleasure and sadness the many occasions when inclement weather proved a deterrent to escape from official thraldom at lunch- or tea-time, and they would adjourn to the gloomy vaults below the office. There, in company with a huge mug of tea, a stack of toast, and his two friends, he would descant upon new drawings and projected books, on art in general, on the thousand and one whimsical and ludicrous fancies that passed through his mind. To these and similar meetings in more congenial quarters most of their works owed their inception. The most ambitious of these, the "Big Book," was commenced some ten years ago and received its last contributions from Vine in July 1918. There were other books that owed much to his exuberant fancy, on Tramps, on Hags, Witches and Hobgoblins, and on Weirds. Apart from the illustrations to the volumes mentioned, he executed many important drawings in black and white, in water-colours, pastel, and oil.

One naturally hesitates at a comparison, but it would appear that he approximated very

closely to Leigh Hunt, with his tall, stalwart figure and ingenuous face, his versatility and engaging qualities that endeared him to all sorts and conditions of people, from contemporaries in art whose position and fame were secure, to itinerant musicians, seamen, in short to all with whom he came in contact. He was nicknamed, and latterly signed himself, "Chum," and no appellation had greater significance or was more deservedly bestowed. Yet, strangely enough, despite his popularity, he dwelt in a world of his own fashioning, inhabited by unconventional people, filled with quaint ideas. When he recognized in a picturesque tramp, an eccentric or an oddly shaped object, some materialized idea of his own, his enthusiasm was unbounded; but, generally speaking, he found modern life too prosaic, and turned from it with relief to the solace of creative work.

The accompanying illustrations are specimens of his pen work hitherto unpublished, and though some people express a preference for his delicate aquarelles, there is little doubt that he excelled in black and white and more com-



"THE GOOD SHIP 'UMQUHILE'"

PEN DRAWING BY H. C. L. VINE



"WEIRDLAND": ILLUSTRATION
TO AN UNPUBLISHED STORY
"AMONG THE WEIRDS." PEN
DRAWING BY H. C. L. VINE



"AN ANCIENT MARINER"
FROM A PEN DRAWING
BY H. C. L. VINE

In Memoriam: Henry Charles Vine



"THE MARQUIS DE ST. POL AND HIS GOOD DOG
'MUTTON CUTLETS.'" PEN DRAWING
BY H. C. L. VINE

pletely expressed his individuality through that medium. Vine owed nothing of his skill to tuition. It was self-created and self-developed. Whilst appreciating and studying largely the work of others, he was hardly susceptible to extraneous influence, either literary or artistic. His fertile imagination was continually concentrated on the evolution of fresh types of things animate and inanimate. A story entitled "Among the Weirds" afforded him a rich field for experiment. He designed the weird colony, here reproduced, and all its inhabitants, a strange and wonderful collection of creatures, displaying remarkable invention and detail. *Patient John and Impatient Henry* illustrates another *motif*, repeated with endless variations during the past few years. Camaraderie was a great and precious thing to him which he was never tired of symbolizing. Sometimes the friends were depicted as members of the road fraternity, at others as belonging to the leisured classes and ambling along on ridiculously proportioned ponies, their arms affectionately twined round each other's neck.

The Marquis de St. Pol, shown here with his good dog "Mutton Cutlets" and his blunderbuss,

was another happy creation. He comes from a little book entitled "The Goose and Garter" written in the early days of 1914 and replete with the whimsical fancies of its two illustrators. If there is a flavour of literary anecdotalism in some of the drawings it was supplied by their originator. Reversing the usual procedure, he would execute a number of drawings, and pass them on to the literary member of the trio with the request that a story should be written around them. This method was somewhat confusing at first, but with their long association became regarded as nothing unusual.

The majority of his more important drawings are too crowded with delicate and intricate ornament to admit of being adequately reproduced, but *The Good Ship "Umquhile"* is a fair example of work designedly decorative.

Those whom the Gods love, we are told, die young, and if "Chum" Vine was one of these, he was moreover beloved of men. The departure of his virile personality has brought regret to many a heart, for whilst genius may be fully appreciated only by the discerning minority, perfect comradeship is an attribute within the comprehension of all.



"PATIENT JOHN AND IMPATIENT HENRY"
PEN DRAWING BY H. C. L. VINE



"AN EASTER EGG.
 FROM A COLOUR
 PRINT BY W. LEE
 HANKEY, R.E., R.O.I.
 (BY COURTESY OF MESSRS.
 L. H. LEEFEYRE & SON.)



STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Our reproduction of Captain Lee Hankey's colour-print *An Easter Egg* was to have been included among the illustrations to an article on this artist's work which we published a few months back, but had to be replaced at the last moment by another example of his work in colour. We are glad to be able to include it now, as the little still-life study is one of the artist's most successful achievements in polychrome printing from metal plates.

We give below a reproduction of two figures modelled by Miss Nell Foy, an enterprising and talented lady who shortly after the commencement of the war started a workshop in Chelsea for the production of "character" dolls, some of which were shown at the Toy Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery three years ago. These models quickly gained for her undertaking an assured position and demonstrated clearly that in productions of this kind this country was quite capable of competing with the Germans. But while we believe that they continue to form a considerable part of the output of Miss Foy's workshops, her talent has also been largely devoted to the production of character studies to which the term "doll," not altogether appropriate even to those just named, is certainly inapplicable, consisting as they do of clever impersonations of leading notabilities, among them many associated with the stage. Carried out in colour as they usually are, these figures are eminently attractive from a decorative point of view.

We are asked to draw attention to a newly formed League of the Arts for National and Civic Ceremony, the object of which is to supply an organization, hitherto lacking, "whereby our national joys or aspirations can be adequately expressed

through the co-operation of all the arts." It is proposed that the League's first public effort should be directed to open-air ceremonial in connexion with the forthcoming peace celebrations. For the moment the League will concentrate on music, but it is intended to be eventually an alliance of all the arts, with local organizations throughout the country affiliated with the central body. The promoters of the League, among whom figures the name of Sir John Lavery, with those of Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Sir Henry Newbolt, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, and other eminent representatives of the arts, appeal for subscriptions and donations in aid of the movement, which may be sent to Mr. H. Cart de Lafontaine at the League's office, 58 Berners Street, London, W.1.

Briefly glancing at some of the principal exhibitions which have been held in various London galleries during the past few weeks, we note first of all the important collection of water-colours by artists of the Early English School at Messrs. Agnew's galleries, where in the years before the war similar exhibitions were always among the chief events of the art season. Choice examples of the art of such masters as J. S. Cotman, T. Girtin, De Wint, Constable, Copley Fielding, David Cox, Paul Sandby, Prout Varley, Bonington, J. R.



MODELLED FIGURES

BY NELL FOY



"THE BRIDGE, KELVIN BOTANIC GARDENS"

FROM A COLOURED WOOD-PRINT BY JOSEPH BUSKENS

Cozens (including some by this artist which have been reproduced in this magazine), and others figure in the collection brought together on this occasion, but the display is made memorably interesting by the brilliant array of Turners, numbering about fifty, all or most of them probably unknown to more than a few of the admirers of his superlative genius.

At the Painter-Etchers' Exhibition, held as usual in the galleries of the "Old" Water-Colour Society, there was not much of outstanding importance, apart from a solitary print representing the President, Sir Frank Short—an aquatint entitled *'Twi' Dawn and Day*, an impressive interpretation of the poetry of Nature. We noted also among the prints contributed by members or associates of some years' standing, some good work by Mr. Nelson Dawson, Mr. J. R. K. Duff's pastoral and open-air figure studies, notably his *Man with the Beet*, Mr. D. I. Smart's *Distant Town*, Mr. Albany Howarth's *Ponte Vecchio, Florence*, Capt. Lee Hankey's *Denise*, and Mr. Fred Richards's view of "*The High*," Oxford (*from the top of Magdalen Tower*). But the feature of the exhibition as a whole was the varied and interesting display of work by recent recruits, such as Miss Greta Delleany, Miss Winifred Austen, Mr. G. Marples, Mr. C. O. Murray, Mr. G. Soper, all of them shrewd observers of animal life; Mr. A. Hugh Fisher, Miss Doris

Boulton, Mr. C. Haigh-Wood, Mr. Leonard Squirrell, and in particular Mr. F. L. Griggs, the accomplished penman, who has found in the etched plate a congenial medium for the expression of his gifted individuality.

Of this year's exhibition of the National Portrait Society there is not much to be said, the works of first-rate importance being fewer than usual. There is an early work of Mr. J. S. Sargent's—a portrait of *Mrs. Allhusen*—which, appearing here for the first time in public, looks rather out of place among its neighbours. Mr. McEvoy's *The Polish Lady*, one of ten contributions by this artist; Vivian Forbes's *Self-Portrait*, Mr. Glyn Philpot's *The late John Leslie, Esq.*, Mr. William Strang's *Buenos Dias, Señor*, Mr. A. T. Munnings's *Point-to-Point Rider* and *New Year's Morning in David Jagger's Studio*, Mr. Augustus John's *W. H. Davis, Esq.*, Mr. Wolmark's *A. Ludovici, Esq.*, and Mr. Henry Lintott's *L. T. M. Gray, Esq.*, are among the most notable items in the show, the chief interest of which, however, centres in the sculpture of Mr. Jacob Epstein, and especially his study of *An American Soldier* and his original study in wax of *Mrs. Jacob Epstein*, both of them veritable *tours de force* in expressive vitality.

The exhibition of the Women's International Art Club at the Grafton Galleries last month

compared very favourably with previous shows of this society. The Club mourns the loss of one of its leading members, Mrs. Nicholson, to whose talent as a painter three pictures bore eloquent testimony. The display included a fairly large number of interesting flower and still-life pieces, among which we noted especially those of Miss Ethel Sands, Miss Josephine Mason's *Roses*, and Miss Elsie Rowe's *The Panelled Room*. Some charming studies in child portraiture by Miss Margaret Gere; mural paintings by Miss Ethel Walker; a group of sketches in wax by Mrs. Stabler; Miss G. M. Parnell's series of "Cheyne" figures; pen-and-ink drawings by Miss Honor Duffes, woodcuts in colour by Mrs. Austen Brown, and a fascinating drawing by Miss Jessie King called *The Haunted Wood* were among other items of interest.

GLASGOW.—
When war broke over Europe in August 1914, the first wave of invasion swept through Belgium like the raging waters of a burst dam, bringing death and destruction on its crest. It drove before it the flotsam and jetsam of a civil-ian population torn from its homes like trees from their roots, struggling and drifting as best they could towards the coast, and many of them to the refuge and hospitality of the British Isles. Among this band of refugees was the young artist, Joseph Buskens, who was lucky to escape with his wife and

child from his home just outside Malines on the Louvain road, a few hours before the arrival of the invading hordes. Leaving their home and all their worldly goods at the mercy of the foe, this little family found refuge at first near Pitlochry, but the rigours of a Highland winter proved too much for his health, and by the interest and help of friends he succeeded in finding an asylum in Glasgow. Here he has been able to enjoy social surroundings more akin to those of his earlier associations and to pursue his art, subject only to the necessary restrictions affecting the movements of aliens.



"THE CLYDE NEAR CARMYLE." FROM A COLOURED
WOOD-PRINT BY J. BUSKENS

While still living in his little cottage at Pitlochry, Buskens applied himself to his work and produced a series of decorative panels destined to serve as friezes for two nurseries of a house in Edinburgh, and they are interesting as illustrating the influence of new surroundings on the mind of the refugee. Each frieze is light and gay in tone and colour, and in each there is life and movement, both in the theme and its treatment. Of the numerous other paintings executed by him, either at Pitlochry or at Glasgow, little can be said here. Portraiture, interior painting, still-life subjects of considerable originality and beauty of colour, clever decorations depicting dancers on a stage, characteristic street scenes, quiet gardens in sunlight with restful figures giving a note of human interest to the composition — all these



"THE CANAL." FROM A COLOURED WOOD-PRINT
BY JOSEPH BUSKENS

have afforded themes for the exercise of the artist's eminently individual talent. And then in addition to his many paintings, he has executed a considerable number of wood-engravings, three of which are here reproduced. In all these prints one observes that feeling for decorative effect and that arrangement of tones and colours productive of a harmonious and rhythmic whole which are the hall-mark of Buskens's work at large.

The artist himself would be the last to claim perfection for his work; he is imbued with that divine discontent which is the parent of progress and fuller development. But there is in all his work—alike in his paintings, his woodcuts, and his drawings—the impress of sincerity, of conviction, and genuine inspiration. They convey the impression of a man with an ardent

and poetic spirit and insight, who has been intensely moved by the scenes he has witnessed, and with a remarkable selectiveness and delicacy, yet vigour of feeling and craftsmanship has given of his best to interpret them to his fellows. F.

GHENT.—Foremost among the artistic crafts of Belgium is that of lace-making. For centuries it has flourished amid all the vicissitudes through which the land has passed, and though the French Revolution seriously affected the production at certain centres of the industry adjacent to Flanders, the manufacture of lace in the principal localities in Belgium itself, which for generations have been associated with the craft, has continued to be a national asset of first-rate importance. It is hardly necessary, of course, to say that the greatest war of all time, which for four long, weary years has placed the whole country except a tiny portion under the heel of the invader, has greatly disturbed this industry, as it has every other phase of the national life. But the war has not destroyed it, and now that the tyrant enemy has been banished from the land, the craft will assuredly revive and flourish.

In Flanders especially lace-making has for ages been carried on with ardour; and it is here that an important undertaking has, even while the country has been subject to the



THE "ECCE HOMO" OF GUIDO RENI WORKED IN
LACE BY GIRLS TRAINED AT THE LACE TRADE
INSTITUTION AT ZELE, EAST FLANDERS

domination of the invaders, been inaugurated and pursued with energetic determination—an undertaking having for its object the extension of the industry and the bringing of it to the highest perfection both from an æsthetic and from a technical point of view. This undertaking was begun at Zele, a small town in East Flanders, where the lace-makers formed themselves into a professional association for the production of artistic lace. The institution trains young girls, who are carefully selected for the work, and the results so far have been very successful, surpassing all that has hitherto been achieved. Some of the lace produced by the deft fingers of these girls is shown in the accompanying illustrations, and besides motives such as these, they produce many designs of a modern character, in all of which they display remarkable skill.

The institution just mentioned has been in existence for three years. It is continually extending its work and has a great future in prospect. It is not, however, a money-making institution; its aim is simply to assure to the lace-makers, over and above their technical education, a salary in proportion to the work which they produce, and thus to improve the pre-war conditions of their work and to aid them in raising themselves morally. It is thus a work of national reconstruction. Flanders, devastated and ruined by these long and



"THE BELFRY AT BRUGES." WORKED IN LACE BY GIRLS TRAINED AT THE LACE TRADE INSTITUTION AT ZELE, EAST FLANDERS

terrible years of war, must rise again from the ruins in all her former splendour. M. V.



ARMORIAL DESIGN WORKED IN LACE BY GIRLS AT THE LACE TRADE INSTITUTION, ZELE, EAST FLANDERS

MILAN—At the Pesaro Gallery in Milan the recent exhibition of paintings by Emma Ciardi awakened considerable interest. There were some two hundred paintings by this brilliant Venetian artist. Of course her delightful evocations of the eighteenth century, of Italian gardens with murmuring fountains and statues outlined against the green of yew or cypress, which proved such an attraction in her exhibition at the Leicester Galleries in London some five years ago, still claim a leading place in her art; but there were also here scenes from London, France, Belgium, Rome, and Northern Italy handled with equal success.

In the same gallery an excellent collection of a hundred paintings contributed by another Venetian artist, Vincenzo de Stefani, made an effective contrast with the work of Emma Ciardi. Signor de Stefani had an individual show in Venice in 1912, and since then has developed

his style. Excelling in portraits, he touches other sides of pictorial art with facility and success: Veronese by birth, he belongs in his art entirely to Venice.

At the same time in the Galleria de Conciliis two other artists exhibited together: in this case a painter and sculptor. Umberto Prencipe is an artist who, living in the quiet atmosphere of Orvieto—which he told me he far preferred for his work to Rome—has evolved his own creative vision without let or hindrance, using as his medium etching as well as colour. I can recollect a delightful painting of Orvieto by his hand in the Rome Secession of 1914; and here, with other subjects, he treated a similar theme in his etching of *Peace at Orvieto*, where above a winding road the grand Cathedral is outlined against the sky. In the same Secession Nicola d'Antino came forward with his dainty and capricious little bronzes of dancing girls. He showed in the De Conciliis some twenty of these figures, graceful, admirable in anatomical

construction, instinct with life and coquetry, in the large room hung with Prencipe's landscapes. S. B.

VANCOUVER.—The annual exhibition of the British Columbia Society of Fine Arts held recently in Vancouver—the seaport of the Western Mainland—brought together a number of works of interest, and was intelligently patronized by the public. As mentioned in a previous article in *THE STUDIO*, many of the members of this Society, which is incorporated by the British Columbia Government, have studied in London, Paris, and other European centres. Mr. C. Marega, this year's President, began his art education at the celebrated School of Fine Arts, Mariano, Italy, where he obtained creditable distinctions, after which he studied in Florence, Venice, and Rome, and made many peregrinations to other European art-centres. Kate A. Smith, another member of the Society and an animal painter of great ability, studied under



"AN ANCIENT GARDEN"

(Pesaro Gallery, Milan)

BY EMMA CIARDI



"VENICE"

(Pesaro Gallery, Milan)

BY EMMA CIARDI

the best exponents of that branch of art in London. Mr. N. H. Hawkins began his art education in Australia, while among others who have studied in Europe are J. B. Fitzmaurice, well known as a talented cartoonist, Margaret Longden, S. P. Judge, J. Kyle, W. P. Weston, Mary Riter Hamilton, T. W. Fripp, J. W. Keagey, and Edith H. Killam.

Mr. T. W. Fripp's fine water-colour *Sunshine After Storm* was immediately bought by the Vancouver Art and Historical Association—the senior organization of this kind in British Columbia. Mr. J. W. Keagey's etching of a ship in course of construction marks the advent of a new industry to British Columbia. It may be incidentally mentioned that the ranks of the exhibitors were depleted through the absence of four members of the Society on military duties.

On one evening during the exhibition the President, Mr. C. Marega, gave an incisive address on "Art Criticism." He divided the

critics into four classes, the "cautious," the "outspoken," the "know-it-all," and the "malicious." His remarks were followed by an interesting discussion. B. M.

REVIEW.

The Greek Theatre and its Drama. By ROY C. FLICKINGER, PH.D., Professor of Greek and Latin, North-Western University. (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.) \$3 net.—The theatre of the ancient Greeks is always with us, and from the discoveries of the last thirty years or so of research emerge puzzling questions that offer perennial fascination to learned controversialists. How did the physical conditions of the Greek theatre, its structure and environment, its histrionic restrictions and scenic conventions, influence the dramatic writings of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes? Was there, or was there not, a stage for the individual actors raised above the level of the orchestra when the chorus



BUST OF GARIBALDI (*British Columbia Society of Artists—see p. 108*)

BY C. MAREGA

appeared? A burning question, this, in which is involved the solution of many problems of scenic plausibility. With what devices did the poets overcome the difficulties of presentation when, with a conventional limit of two actors (beyond the chorus, of course), as in *Æschylus's* day; or three, as when *Sophocles* and *Euripides* were writing, they had to cast twice or thrice as many characters, and the scene might require the simultaneous presence of more persons than there were actors at disposal? How, too, did they make acceptable the incongruities of changing emotions with the unchanging expressions of the masks that the actors wore? These and cognate questions are discussed, with wide and alert scholarship and illuminating illustration, by Professor Flickinger, in his instructive and eminently readable book. He has digested the views, often conflicting, of all the latest students, treating with particular respect, especially in his denial of the raised stage, the authoritative

conclusions of Dr. Dörpfeld, based as they were on personal excavations on the actual sites of the ancient theatres. In fact, Professor Flickinger's book presents in lucid fashion to the instructed student, as well as to the uninitiated, a thorough survey of the most recent researches into this ever alluring subject, enriched by very ample illustration drawn from his own close study of the dramas themselves from the point of view of theatrical representation. The convincing results of his scholarly study of the dramatic technique of the poets as dictated by the physical conditions of the Greek theatre give to the book its special value. Professor Flickinger's scholarship, alive, as it is, to modern instances, is essentially stimulating in its method. It is not often one finds a University professor, while discussing classic drama, ready to trace analogies in the technique of our contemporary playwrights. It is a live book, and its value is enhanced by numerous and appropriate illustrations.

The Art of Claude A. Shepperson

THE ART OF CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

LOOKING, the other day, through a number of Claude Shepperson's sketches and drawings, I was reminded of a remark of Whistler's, after a chance meeting with Charles Keene, to whom he had just introduced me: "In the Paris studios they treasure Keene's 'Punch' drawings as works of art, but here the people look upon him only as an illustrator of Cockney humour." Now I wonder how many of "Punch's" readers, who are wont to laugh week after week at the humorous legends appended to Mr. Shepperson's drawings, realize how entirely independent of the verbal interpretation is the artistic appeal of those drawings through the spontaneous grace of composition

and draughtsmanship with which their pictorial charm is achieved. This distinctive quality of artistic charm which permeates his expression was inherent in his work from the first, when nearly twenty years ago he began to make his mark among the book-illustrators who counted. With imaginative insight into the poetry, romance, or humour of character and incident, and a facile individual handling of pen and ink, as, later, of water-colour, his temperament has found pictorial appeal in books so varied as Borrow's "Lavengro" and Disraeli's "Coningsby," Leigh Hunt's "Old Court Suburb," Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," the poems of Burns and of Keats, E. V. Lucas's "The Open Road," Eden Phillpotts' "Up-along and Down-along," and Goodchild's "Caravan Days." And whether his pictorial adventures have been amid the scenes and manners of other days, or



"THE PRODIGAL SON"

ETCHING BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.



"THE ARCHÆOLOGISTS"

WATER-COLOUR BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.

of romantic fancy, or, as in his "Punch" drawings, in amusing phases and *milieus* of our present social life, Shepperson's graphic expression is always distinguished by artistic vivacity of draughtsmanship, elegance and originality of design, and a grace of style that is essentially personal.

His "Punch" drawings, for instance; how inevitably those tall, comely young women, those deliciously ingenuous children, and those just-so men belong to those lofty, roomy interiors, well-ordered gardens or terraces, and spacious stretches of country or sea-front in which they happen to present some momentarily engaging aspect of their lives! To analyse the charm of these drawings is not less difficult than analysing the charm of the French *estampes galantes* of the eighteenth century, with the artistic graces, refinement, and gaiety of which they have a certain affinity. It is not merely a question of technical accomplish-

ment or of pictorial tact. The delicate touch of Shepperson's pen and ink, with its almost magical suggestion of light and air and colour, the vitality of expression, the beauty of composition, with the pictorial eloquence of the empty space so unerringly understood, these would not account altogether for the charm. We must look for its spirit in the sincerity and alertness of the artist's attitude towards his material. Through these, the very essence of his personality finds fresh expression that is never mannered, but always adroit, always distinguished, always charming.

The fact is that Claude Shepperson is much more than a very clever illustrator; he is a complete and happily gifted artist, with an exquisite instinct for the pictorial, a temperament wittily sensitive to the more elegant and gracious aspects of life, and an artistic conscience that could not tolerate banality in any form, even if his grace of imagination and humour did



"I'M SICK TO DEATH OF WOMEN"
(FROM "THE BOY"). WATER-
COLOUR BY CLAUDE A.
SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.

The Art of Claude A. Shepperson



"'TIS AN ILL WIND, ETC."

BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.

DOCTOR'S WIFE. "So glad to see you out again. The doctor and I had no idea you'd been so ill till we came to make up the books."

(By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch")

not save him from it. How easily might some of his "Punch" subjects have tempted him to commonplace, yet one might as easily imagine Fragonard, or the elegant Augustin de Saint-Aubin, or the impeccable Moreau le jeune being tempted to artistic solecism. Look, among our half-tone illustrations, at that delightful drawing *The Archaeologists*, with its delicate washes of water-colour; see with what pictorial distinction Mr. Shepperson has placed, amid the solemn dignity of the Glastonbury ruins, those quizzically differentiated groups of fatuously curious sightseers hanging on to the pedantries of the pompous bishop, and how serenely the irony of the graphic expression is controlled by an infallible charm of design. You will find the same qualities exemplified, with characteristic freshness, in that delicious expression

of small-boy cynicism, "*I'm sick to death of women.*" But this may be said of so many of Mr. Shepperson's drawings, paintings, and prints. Whatever the subject-matter that offers him an artistic motive, while his vision is of a gracious veracity and his imagination on the side of the romantic, his pictorial invention will take the matter in hand and fuse the two with resultant beauty. This too, whichever particular medium he may employ, for he is as happy with oil, water-colour, or pastel as with pencil or pen and ink; with lithography and etching also, only he woos these less ardently than he might. Both mediums respond sympathetically to the elusive charm of his style, and some day, I feel, Shepperson may be an etcher whom collectors will pursue and treasure. In our coloured reproductions it will be seen



"IN KENSINGTON GARDENS."
WATER-COLOUR BY CLAUDE
A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.



"AN UNDERSTANDING CRITIC." BY
CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.
(By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch")

THE DAUGHTER [*before Whistler's portrait of Miss Alexander*]. "Oh, there are some butterflies in the corner! I wonder why he put them there?"

THE MOTHER. "I don't know, I'm sure. I suppose they were in the room at the time."



POSTER FOR "DEAR BRUTUS" (WYNDHAM'S THEATRE). BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.

how aptly to the pictorial matter he calls its most sympathetic medium, and with what personality of handling he brings this to the service of his rhythmic expression of life, light, and colour. What could be happier than pastel of such dainty dexterity for conveying the spontaneity of that joyous moment of dancing comedy in which the artist's reminiscence of *The Good-humoured Ladies* seems to sum up the artistic spirit and impulse of the Russian Ballet? Then, with what a romantic glamour has his true and tender touch of water-colour invested this sunny glimpse of the tea-enclosure among tall mysterious trees in that

loved haunt of his, Kensington Gardens! How exquisitely gay it is in conception; how harmonious in composition and atmosphere; while modern graces seem to be toying with the enchantment of an old-world dream. Water-colour is Shepperson's favourite medium for landscape and for portraiture, two delightful and important phases of his art, which deserve an article to themselves. But here, in *The Market*, with beautiful quality of oil-painting, he has given us a poet-artist's vision of busy Covent Garden, in which the very flowers seem to imbue with their graciousness the folk and the scene of their vending.



THE MARKET. FROM THE
OIL PAINTING BY CLAUDE
A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.



The Etchings of Georges Gobô

THE ETCHINGS OF GEORGES GOBÔ BY M. VALOTAIRE.

RESPECTING the art of etching, Seymour Haden wrote: "I give only a secondary place to technical superiority; we should use the needle like a painter, not like an engraver; like a poet, not an artisan. . . . The needle becomes a live interpreter, and the simple stroke an intelligent expression." This authoritative statement has not been sufficiently understood; even to-day, and even in original etching, too many artists think too much about *technique*, have too much regard for the process which shall enable them to obtain effect; the result being that in judging the value of their works, in which art gives place to *métier*, one cannot say that they are *beautiful*,

but only that they are *well done*. This applies to the majority; but one is glad to note the development of certain artists of original talent, for whom the *eau-forte* is no more than a means of expression, like any other, to be used according to circumstances, with a thorough understanding of its essential virtues.

This is the case with Georges Gobô who strives to express his thoughts in oils, in pastel, in *fusain*, as well as in the etched plate. If his full capacity is revealed chiefly in his work as painter-engraver, this is due, in the first place, to the fact that in the hard school of experience he has come to assimilate the *technique* of the etching so completely as to be able to use it with perfect ease; also, and above all, because he knows how to speak therein a language as living, as bold, as spontaneous as anything



"LES TANNEURS"

BY GEORGES GOBÔ

The Etchings of Georges Gobô



"LES THONNIERS À DOUARNENEZ"

BY GEORGES GOBÔ

that drawing can express—a language, moreover, of greater intensity and richer in colour. "My engravings," he says, "are just sketches bitten by the acid into zinc plates, which I regard as so much white paper, to be thrown away if the drawing fails to 'get going,' but not to be preserved at all costs simply for the reason that it adds one more to my list of etchings completed."

With him there is no fuss about processes or finicking methods; he has no thought save for the most absolute freedom in the expression of his ideal. This ideal is the life around him, which he sees and loves exclusively from the painter's point of view. He chooses his subjects there, where life is to be seen intense and spontaneous. He stops to watch the labourer at work; makes his way through the markets thronged with picturesque, mobile types; lounges along the quays at the big seaports; mingles with

the sailors, the simple, strong, energetic folk; watching the slow passing of processions in which the individual is absorbed in the crowd. And if at times he yields to the temptation to let the masonry of a building or the rigging of a ship have predominance over the human form, it is simply because, their essential decorative qualities apart, the play of light and shade appears to give them a life of their own.

Of this vision of men and things he finds a graphic translation which adapts itself exactly thereto. Neglecting insignificant detail in favour of the whole impression, his needle runs over the plate, confining itself at times to bare suggestions, or at others dwelling forcefully in order to accentuate the shadows, to throw up the relief, ever seeking not only to give form by its modelling, but also to catch the movement of the object. So his draughtsmanship knows nothing of the



"VÉRONE : LA PLACE
AUX HERBES." BY
GEORGES GOBÔ



"LA CAVE-PEINTE À CHINON"
BY GEORGES GOBÔ



"LE GRAND CARROI, CHINON"
BY GEORGES GOBÔ



"LA CHARRETTE DE GOËMON"

BY GEORGES GOBÔ

rigid lines that Nature ignores. Hence this impression, which is not the result of hasty, slovenly work, but rather the result of very true vision. Before a subject in movement the eye acts in reality like a photographic objective provided with an obturator of one-tenth of a second, and is consequently too slow to fix a clear impression; if we think we see it otherwise, it is through the unconscious working of the mind, due to an association of sensations. Needless to say, I do not mean that the artist has followed this process of reasoning, for his work is marked by the most patent spontaneity; but I think it well to put him right by a rational explanation, in view of the possibility of demur. The result of this linear impressionism is typical, moreover, and even those who still dally with traditional ideas must agree that this is the way the human figure takes life, becomes animated, seems to "come out of the paper."

And what like are the results obtained by the

artist who starts with this conception of the etching, aiming at this ideal, furnished with these means of expression? Readers of *THE STUDIO* must remember the three plates already reproduced, *Déchargement à Anvers* and *La Grande Brasserie à Bruges* in the Special Winter Number of 1912-13, and *Le Pardon de St. Guénolé* in July 1914. There are now presented a few further plates which give a good idea of Gobô's qualities, as I have attempted to analyse them.

Georges Gobô has to thank a generous temperament added to an independence of style for the fact that his productions all bear the stamp of a strong personality. His engraved work is already considerable, though he is still quite young. Always striving after a yet more intense expression of his ideal, he is full of promise for the future, and when he gets once more into the swing of his work which he has had to give up for a time, he will show himself stronger than ever, if that be possible.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FRONT FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK. SIR ASTON WEBB, P.R.A.,
ARCHITECT FOR THE RENOVATION

SIR ASTON WEBB, P.R.A.

THERE is a certain significance in the election of Sir Aston Webb as President of the Royal Academy at this particular moment. The new conditions of existence which have been created by the war, the new social developments which must arise out of it in the future, and the obligation which it has imposed upon us all to take stock of and, if necessary, revise all accepted traditions must inevitably affect in a very marked manner the position and progress of art in this country. None of our art institutions can afford to stand still or to leave the future to chance. It is very important that they should recognize the responsibility that lies upon them to make the art that is to come worthy of what has gone before, and to ensure that in the rearrangement of the national life the artistic activities of the people shall be encouraged and guided in the right direction. Slackness or indifference now would be a mistake in policy because it would mean the surrender of the authority which these institutions have acquired by years of steady work, and it would be a dereliction of duty, too, because this authority ought to be not only maintained but extended in the general interests of the nation.

In this matter of preparation for coming eventualities no institution has a greater responsibility than the Royal Academy. It has, during its long career, played a part of much prominence in British art, and it has played this part with no little dignity, even if on occasions it has been deficient in breadth of mind. But always it has ranked as a predominant influence in artistic affairs, and it has done much to control and stabilize public opinion. It has established itself in a position so strong that it has been able to hold its own against persistent criticism and to go on its chosen way without any apparent concessions to outside clamour; and it has succeeded consistently in warding off all the attacks on its possessions and privileges. The popular voice still acclaims it as the headquarters of that army of art workers by which the æsthetic tradition of the nation is seriously upheld, and people of all classes still crowd its galleries in the belief that they will find there the fullest representation of what is being done by the artists of to-day.

But even this strong position might easily be lost by the Academy if it were so ill-advised as to remain in dignified aloofness, unobservant of the developments in the world outside and unconcerned with the possibilities of the changing times. Only by bringing itself up to date

can it carry on its work and actively intervene in the affairs of the art world, because it is only while it is in touch with the sentiment of the moment that it can hope to affect the trend of public opinion and to guide the movements to which the artists are inclined. If it were to decide now to rest upon its traditions, and to try to prevent the effervescence of the future by imposing the restrictions of the somnolent past, it would soon be supplanted by some association with more energy and a better conception of the duty it had to fulfil.

That the Academy has no intention of putting itself out of commission in any way seems to be suggested by its choice of the man who is to preside over its affairs in these times of stress. For one thing it has acted up to its title as an Academy of Arts by electing an architect instead of a painter, as has hitherto been its almost unbroken custom, and for another it has in the person of Sir Aston Webb fixed upon a President who has a distinguished reputation as an energetic reformer and administrator. He has conceived and carried out many great

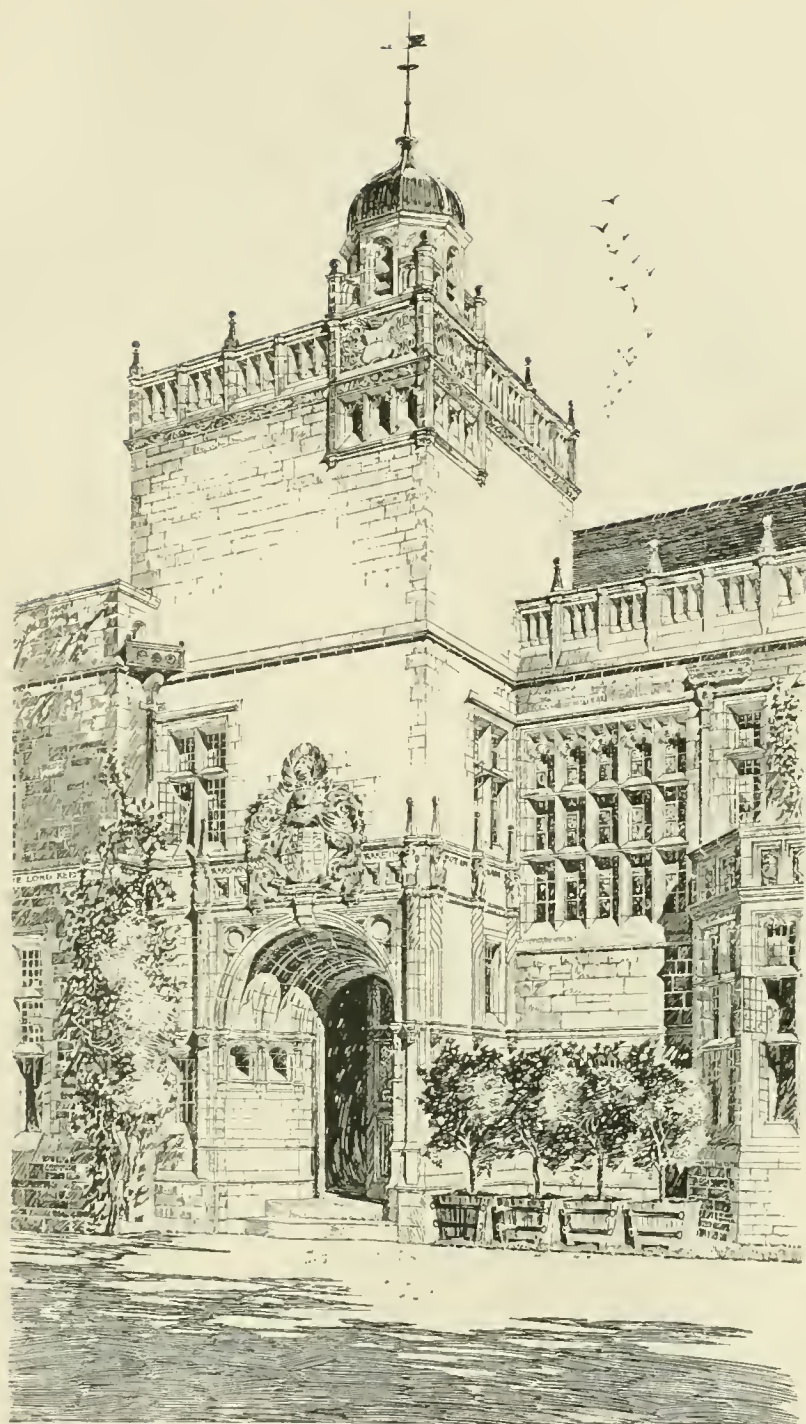
artistic schemes which demanded exceptional largeness of view and thoroughness of practical contrivance ; he has filled many offices of wide responsibility ; he has identified himself with a number of movements which aimed at the betterment of mankind by enlarging the æsthetic understanding of the people ; and he has proved repeatedly the sincerity of his belief that art can be and should be counted as one of the essential factors in the rightly devised plan of human existence. With any project put forward within the Academy to raise the standard of accomplishment in art he would be instinctively in sympathy, and he would bring to the shaping of it trained experience and sound executive capacity. Any idea coming from outside which might promise satisfying results he would be the first to endorse, and he would be ready, it can well be imagined, to advise the Academy to give it official countenance.

It is fortunate, indeed, that the Academy should have available now for the presidentship a man with so marked a personality, because of all our art institutions it is the one which most

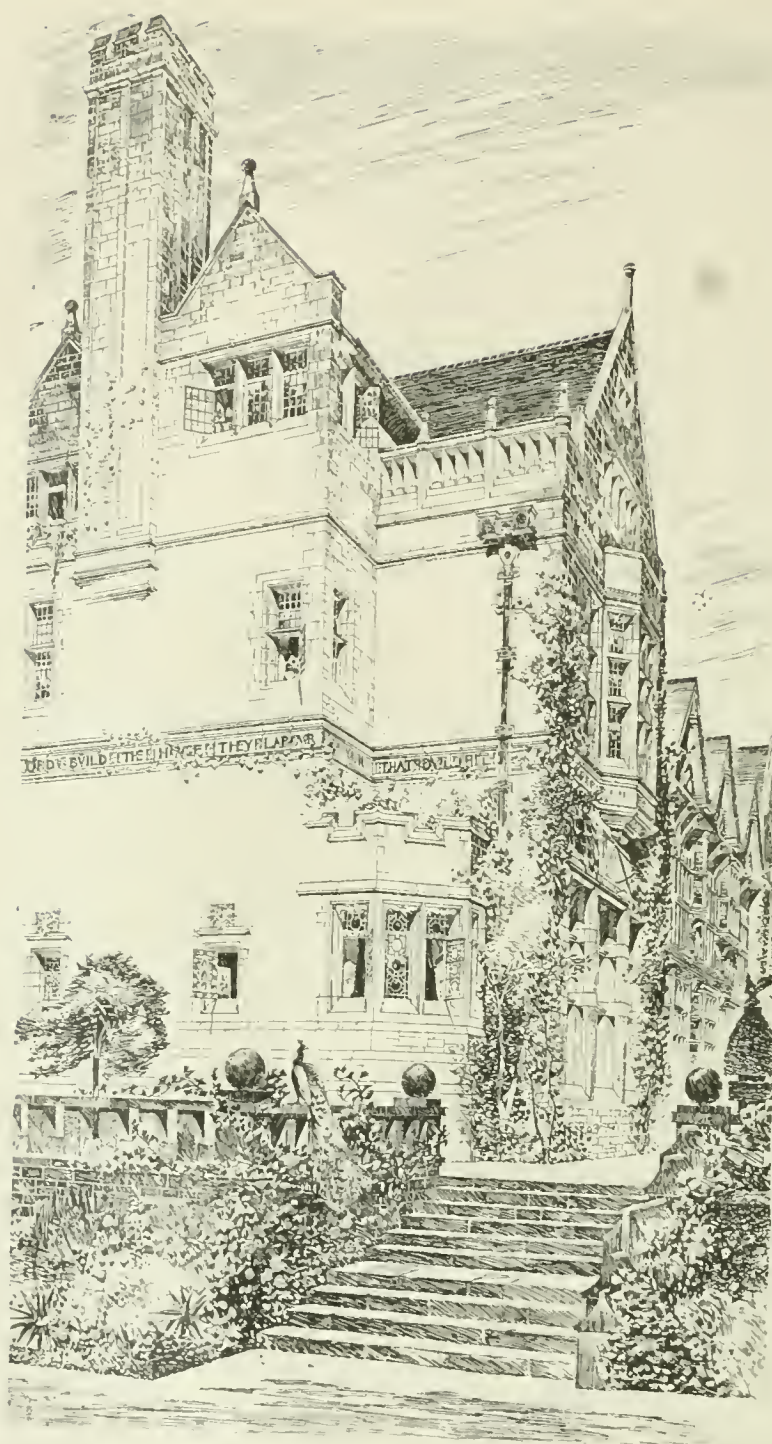


HOUSE AT BROOKE, ISLE OF WIGHT

SIR ASTON WEBB, P.R.A., ARCHITECT



PEVEREY, SHROPSHIRE
SIR ASTON WEBB, P.R.A.
ARCHITECT



PEVERLEY, SHROPSHIRE
(GARDEN FRONT)
SIR ASTON WEBB, P.R.A.
ARCHITECT



YACHT CLUB AND OTHER BUILDINGS, YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT
SIR ASTON WEBB, P.R.A., ARCHITECT

needs intelligent and broad-minded direction, not only in its domestic affairs, but also in its dealings with those wider æsthetic problems which are really of national interest. The forces of art in this country are much too scattered and far too loosely linked together ; artists have a way of combining into small groups which quarrel among themselves and waste in conflict over trivial details the energies they ought to expend in the advancement of vital principles. This tendency, which has always hampered the progress of British art, would be infinitely dangerous now when art, like so many other forms of activity, has to endure the pangs of reconstruction ; and to counteract it some central authority, backed up by public opinion, is indispensable. To become a central authority in this sense is possible to the Academy if it can itself be united and be made to act with unanimity of conviction, and to achieve this union the influence of a President who can think largely and dictate with discretion is required. That such a one has been found in Sir Aston Webb is a good augury for the future.

But if the Academy has honoured him by adding him to the list of great men who have served it as Presidents he can fairly be said to have done honour to the Academy by his acceptance of the office. For his own record is one of memorable importance ; his eminence in his

profession is beyond dispute, and his achievement is as notable as it is varied in scope and character. He has left his mark plainly and decisively upon the architecture of our period, and he has added greatly to the number of fine buildings throughout the country. London, in particular, owes much to him for such achievements as the planning of the surroundings of the Victoria Memorial, the refronting of Buckingham Palace, the Admiralty Arch, and the completion of the Victoria and Albert Museum ; and in the provinces he has turned to the best account the many opportunities afforded him of showing his ingenuity and taste in architectural design. What he has done, however, is but a tithe of what he desires to do. He is a strenuous advocate of great schemes of town-planning, and especially of vast and far-reaching changes in London which would make that city one of the artistic wonders of the world and a worthy capital of a great empire—schemes, it may be said, which are not mere dreams, but practical and common-sense solutions of many of the problems which arise in connexion with the housing question. Some of these he may yet see realized ; others, though their final development may be deferred to a more remote future, will be brought to success largely because he has to-day laid down so surely the lines along which his successors must travel.

THE NEW BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART.

THE British Institute of Industrial Art, recently inaugurated at the instance of the Board of Trade and the Board of Education, will, if run on proper lines as it bids fair to be, fill a long-felt want. During the recent period of reconstructional effort, numerous societies, leagues, and associations have sprung up, filled with artistic effort, backed by men and women of repute schooled in thought of the right sort. There is a danger of each of these societies overlapping and covering the same ground unknown to the others, for the problems with which they deal, when investigated, are seen to tend to the same end—the general setting right of art in everyday life. The new Institute should be the means of co-ordinating the activities of such bodies and with their aid should bring home to the masses the real need for art.

The Institute has as its first Council of Governors ten gentlemen of repute in their widely different fields of activity. They are appointed by the Government and not by any particular society. The initial circular which has recently appeared in the Press shows that a vast field is to be covered in the endeavour to secure for art full recognition in the new order of things. In the past, endless designs on which vast sums of money have been spent have been imported from abroad. It has been left to the distributor's buyer to decide what the public should have, and have it the public must. People from the provinces or from abroad have found no general headquarters to which they could go for advice as to where to buy a mosaic or a reredos, an umbrella-stand or a toasting-fork, hand-made lace or really fine needlework at a reasonable price, much less could they gain reliable information regarding a fresco, an illuminated address, or a war memorial which they proposed to purchase. Inquiries regarding war memorials are flowing in from all quarters to at least half a dozen bodies, each without the smallest knowledge as to the advice tendered by the other societies.

Within a few months the Institute hopes to have graphic and descriptive records of all the finest works effected in modern times, whether ecclesiastic, civic, or domestic. Bishops and Deans have been asked for information regarding

works of applied art in the churches and cathedrals of Great Britain, while Town Clerks throughout the country are communicating information regarding the decoration and accessories of public buildings.

Architects have offered advice about artistic sculpture, craftsmen and manufacturers of artistic repute are supplying details in regard to things of the house, theatre, and garden. Preliminary reports on all modern craft movements abroad are being obtained through the Consuls, who are supplying specimens of types of work in greatest demand in foreign markets. This collection, when complete, will be of the greatest utility to artist and manufacturer alike, as an indication to the one of the type of design for a particular market, to the other of the type of work to be produced for it.

It is proposed to open, at a not far distant date, a permanent exhibition of works produced both by individual craftsmen and by manufacturers. The works by the former will be sold on commission, while the latter will pay for space. The features of the exhibition, which makes the Institute unique in the annals of art in this country, are (1) that it will always be open; (2) that exhibits will be constantly changed and kept up to date; (3) that everything admitted will be submitted to the most competent body of experts procurable in each particular craft, selected from artists and manufacturers, consequently the standard will be extremely high.

It is hoped that a substantial sum will be available each year for the purchase of works for the nation. Thus the craft-worker will at last have his work exhibited in a National Gallery of Decorative Art in his own lifetime.

By the aid of the art masters in the kingdom it is proposed to keep a register under generic headings of all competent designers who leave the various schools year by year. Similarly a register of firms who employ designers will be formed with the aid of Joint Industrial Councils, Manufacturers' Associations, Trade Unions, and other bodies. While the Institute will, on the one hand, do all in its power to foster the small crafts throughout the country and to develop the traditional manual skill, it will, on the other hand, do its utmost to encourage those qualities of machine production which are capable of refinement through proper understanding and handling.



"RHINE GATE, COLOGNE."
WATER-COLOUR BY
J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.
BARBIZON HOUSE GALLERY, LONDON

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The drawing of *The Rhine Gate, Cologne*, which we reproduce in colour, once formed part of the famous collection at Farnley Hall. It is one of the fifty similar drawings which Turner produced as the result of his first sketching tour on the Rhine. The sketches were made between August 18 and 30, 1817, and the finished drawings were handed to Mr. Walter Fawkes at Farnley Hall on November 13 in the same year. The view was taken from the quay, close to the spot where the railway bridge now crosses the Rhine. The principal tower (on the right) rising above the mass of shipping is that of the old Church of Gross St. Martin, which was built in the thirteenth century and restored in the fifteenth. One of the four corner turrets of this tower is missing in Turner's drawing. This is the south-west turret which fell in 1526. It was, however, restored in 1870. Like all the others of the Rhine series, this drawing is made on white paper, which Turner covered with a grey preparation before sketching in his subject. It is painted partly with pure and partly with body colour. But all the high lights and many of the lighter gradations have been obtained by the use of a sharp knife. Some of these scratched lights—the two flags near the foreground, for instance—have then been painted over with bright patches of pure red, yellow, and blue. The crowded design is managed with extraordinary skill; the exquisite glimpse of the blue river in the middle distance forms an admirable relief to the tangle of sails and masts and the crowd of figures on the quay in the foreground.

Though not a large one, the collection of Mr. W. Lawrence

Smith reflects the good taste and judgment of the owner in the selection of characteristic works by artists of the modern British and French schools. We gave recently (September 1918) a reproduction of Mr. Anning Bell's picture *The Pool* from this collection, to which we are again under obligation for the accompanying reproductions of Gaston La Touche's *The Cardinal* and Henri Morisset's *The Fair*. The former work shows excellently the artist's method of conveying an impression by means of delicate suggestion rather than by insistence upon definite and precisely stated detail, and his skill, too, in dealing with effects of illumination and of colour that is brilliant and yet restrained. In handling it is curiously elusive, but its seeming indefiniteness does not conceal its actual expressiveness of statement and its real strength of construction.



"THE FOUNTAIN." WATER-COLOUR BY BEATRICE LAWRENCE SMITH



"THE FAIR"

(In the possession of W. Lawrence Smith, Esq.)

BY HENRI MORISSET

Only a man who is very sure of himself would leave so much to the imagination and secure nevertheless so high a degree of completeness ; and only a painter with a rare power to observe could carry elimination so far and yet be so thoroughly convincing. The painting by Morisset provides a definite contrast of style ; it is distinguished by brilliant audacity of executive method and by effective vivacity of manner. With these we give a reproduction of a water-colour by Mrs. Lawrence Smith, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy some four or five years ago, and charms alike by its reticence and by its decorative simplicity.

Mr. C. A. Wilkinson, of whose work we give some examples, possesses in a marked degree the decorative sense, and an equally strong

predilection for shipping motives, which is accounted for by his familiarity with seafaring life. He owns to an unstinted admiration for the art of the Far East, and, as he says, has endeavoured to combine the decorative feeling so prominent therein with the Western treatment, retaining all the correct details of the ships, ancient and modern, which enter into his compositions, so far as consistent with the purpose he has in view. The colour-schemes of his mural panels, such as those reproduced, are usually of a subdued character, and it is in juxtaposition to wainscoting that their decorative value is fully realized.

The War Memorials Committee of the Royal Academy, of which the President, Sir Aston Webb, is Chairman, has under consideration



In the Collection of W. Lawrence Smith, Esq.,

"THE CARDINAL," FROM
THE OIL PAINTING BY
GASTON LA TOUCHE



DRAWING FOR COVER OF A MENU

BY C. A. WILKINSON

the organization of an exhibition of selected war memorials, either as designs or as executed work, which it is thought would be of great assistance to the promoters of memorials and the public generally in deciding upon (1) the character, (2) the design, and (3) the artists most likely to produce a work that would be a worthy expression of their feelings towards those who have served or fallen in the war. Schemes which are wholly or largely utilitarian would not come within the scope of the exhibition, but any other works in any class of art or craft which may be suitable for memorials, e.g. complete works in sculpture or architecture, crosses, mural paintings or tablets, stained glass, rolls of honour in tapestry or vellum, etc., would be admissible at the discretion of the committee; and exhibits could be either executed works, photographs of such works, or designs for works not yet executed.

The London Society is another organization in which the new President of the Royal Academy is taking an energetic and prominent part. The Society has not been idle during the war, though of necessity its operations have been circumscribed thereby, and one of the concrete results of its activities was to be seen last month at King's College in the Strand, where the new Development Plan of Greater London, on the preparation of which the Society

has been engaged for three years past, was exhibited, along with reproductions of the plan, which have been made for the Society by Messrs. Edward Stanford, Ltd., who will undertake the publication of it in various forms. The completion of this plan, embracing as it does the whole of Greater London from Enfield to Epsom and from Rickmansworth to Romford, with the proposed improvements of great arterial roads, parks, open spaces and waterside reservations, etc., marks the first stage in the realization of what is, without doubt, the most far-reaching scheme of urban reorganization that has yet been projected.

At this year's Spring Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours several leading members whose contributions have in the past added variety and interest to these displays are unrepresented, notably Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Francis E. James, and Mr. Russell Flint. On the other hand, the show contains two examples of Mr. J. S. Sargent's bold and spontaneous practice of the medium, and among the rest there is a good sprinkling of work which goes far towards redeeming the exhibition from monotony. Landscape is as usual the predominant feature, and among those who help to maintain the high reputation of the Society in this department are Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., who sends two



DECORATIVE PANEL

BY C. A. WILKINSON

drawings from the Western Front, both from the vicinity of Bourlon; Mr. Lamorna Birch, whose response to the charms of colour is particularly expressed in *Lamorna's Rocky Cove* and *The Heart of Devon*; Mr. J. Walter West, Mr. Harry Watson, and Mr. Reginald Smith. Prominent among the drawings in which the human figure is the chief motive are Mr. W. T. Wood's *Nude Study* and *The Star of Eve* (also a nude), Mr. Cadogan Cowper's *Sheherazade*, Mr. Anning Bell's *The Alarm*, Mrs. Laura Knight's *The Ballet School*, Mr. Hartrick's *The Marriage Settlement*, and Mr. Claude Shepperson's *Stage Ball at the Albert Hall*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, and various scenes inspired by stage representations. Among other works of interest are flower-pieces by Miss Katherine Turner and Miss Swan, Mr. James Paterson's *November 21, 1919, the German Fleet after Surrender*, Mr. Henry A. Payne's *Woodchester* and other drawings, Miss Rose Barton's *Constitution Hill*, and Mr. Cayley Robinson's *Going Out with the Tide*.

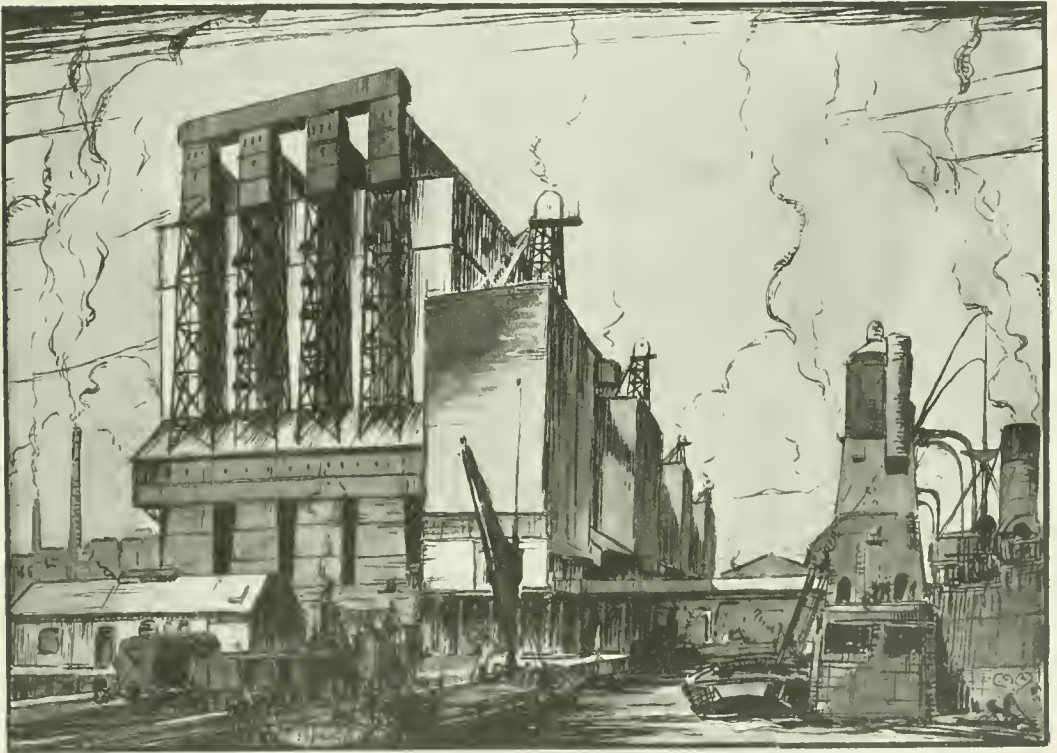
The Spring Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours presents much the same aspect as its predecessors, the majority of the drawings on the walls being in spirit and technique near akin to those seen in the same place on past occasions. Of its kind the President, Sir David Murray's *In the Bay at Stornoway* is the most important contribution,

and rightly occupies the chief place in the principal gallery. Apart from pictures of the traditional type, the things of chief interest are those of Miss D. W. Hawksley, Mr. Fred Taylor, and Mr. Frederic Whiting.



DECORATIVE PANEL

BY C. A. WILKINSON



DECORATIVE PANELS
BY C. A. WILKINSON



"PROFILE OF MARY FOOTE." BY MARGARET
FOOTE HAWLEY

(*Pennsylvania Academy Miniature Exhibition,*
1919)

PHILADELPHIA. — Three exhibitions were current at the same time in the Galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at the close of last year—the Sixteenth Annual Water-Colour Show, the Seventeenth Exhibition of Miniatures, and the collection comprising the work done at Chester Springs, the summer school of the Academy.

This year being the centenary of the introduction of lithography in Philadelphia, artists using the medium were requested to submit examples. The entire collection of lithographs depicting Britannia in arms, by Brangwin, Clausen, Muirhead Bone, Shannon, Kennington, Pears, Rothenstein, and others forming the group in the British Government Exhibition, was on view, and a new series of war-work lithographs authorized by the Government of the United States, and executed by Mr. Joseph Pennell, was a feature of the show. The heroism and sufferings of the French *poilu* gave poignant interest to a group by M. Lucien Jonas. Picturesque bits of scenery and buildings of New York, portraits, and figures were subjects of Mr. Childe Hassam's contribution.

Finer examples of the etcher's art than Mr. Frank Brangwyn's prints of *Venice*, *The Monu-*

ment, and *Toledo* have rarely been observed, and Mr. Ernest Roth uses the needle and acid with true artistic feeling for line in his little pictures of Madison Square and Columbia Library. Lithographs and drawings in various mediums, by Steinlen, Forain, Lautrec, Manigault, Wm. S. Glackens, John Marin, Robt. Henri, J. S. Sargent, and Mahonri Young, formed part of a group lent by Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin. There were capital charcoal portraits of Joseph Pennell and John McLure Hamilton by Mr. F. Walter Taylor, a series of portraits of local musicians in the same medium by Mr. Leopold Seyffert, and a group of drawings by Mr. Thornton Oakley of the shipbuilding work at the Hog Island yard. Sanguine was used by Miss Violet Oakley as a medium for a group of four portraits, and grey chalk in another of a *Polish Princess* by Mrs. Lilian Westcott Hale. Line and water-colour was the combination in Mr. C. C. A. Erickson's portrait of *J. L. Brandon, Esq.*, black chalk and



"ALSACIENNE"

BY BERTA CAREW

(*Pennsylvania Academy Miniature Exhibition*)



PORTRAIT OF J. L. BRANDON,
ESQ. BY CARL C. A. ERICKSON
(*Pennsylvania Academy Water-Colour Exhibition*)



"CENTRAL PARK LAKE"

(*Pennsylvania Academy Water-Colour Exhibition*)

BY GIFFORD BEAL

white in Mr. John McLure Hamilton's portrait of *Mrs. W. W. Porter*.

Wood-engravings were shown by Mr. Timothy Cole, silver-points by Mr. Philip L. Hale, and dry-points by Mr. W. S. Glackens. Washes of pure, unmixed, positive colour, minus drawing or definition of form in most of the water-colours, give an appearance of half-finished crudity to them, but there were exceptions, such as a group of pictures of the Taos country and cliff dwellings of New Mexico by Mr. Francis McComas, a notably strong display of tempera paintings by Miss Felicie Waldo Howell, and aquarelles by Mr. Gifford Beal and Mr. Paul Dougherty. Works showing complete freedom from any conventions were by Mr. John Marin, Mr. Howard Giles, Mr. Maurice Prendergast, Miss Alice Schille, Mr. Dodge McKnight, and Mr. David B. Milne. Designs for mural decorations were shown by Miss Edith Emerson, illustrations and covers by Miss Jessie Willcox Smith.

miniatures with its little portraits in tasteful old gold or toned wood frames. Particularly good were *Alsacienne*, by Miss Berta Carew; *Felicia*, by Miss Helen V. Lewis; *Mary Foote*, by Mrs. Margaret Foote Hawley; *Countess de Santa Eulalia*, by Miss Archambault; *Charlotte l'anderlip*, by Miss Anna Lynch, and *Mrs. William H. Donner*, by Mrs. Drayton Taylor.

Critics, artists, and laymen agree in declaring the recent One Hundred and Fourteenth Annual Exhibition of Oil-paintings and Sculpture at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts to have been one of the best, though not the largest, that has been held there for some years. The general impression conveyed was that of a collection of careful choice, rather top-heavy with portraits and strong in number of figure canvases, brilliant in colour.

The Temple Gold Medal was awarded to Mr. Daniel Garber for his *Orchard Window*, the E. T. Stotesbury Prize of one thousand dollars to Mr. A. B. Carles for his figure hung in the



"PORTRAIT OF MRS. S."

(*Pennsylvania Academy*)

BY LEOPOLD SEYFFERT

position of honour and called *Marscellaise*. The Walter Lippincott Prize of three hundred dollars went to Mr. Colin Campbell Cooper's picture *Summer*, the Beck Gold Medal for the best portrait to Mr. Leslie P. Thompson's *Portrait of a Girl*, the Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal for the best landscape to Mr. Charles H. Davis's *Over the Hills*, the Mary Smith Prize for the best painting by a local woman to Mrs. Juliet White Gross for her *On the Hill*, and the George D. Widener Memorial Medal for the best sculptures to a group of mother and babe by Mr. J. M. Lawson, entitled *Belgium*, 1914.

One notes, *en passant*, that the Stotesbury Prize and the Temple Gold Medal have been awarded for some years past to artists of the

faculty of the Academy schools. The published conditions under which these, or any of the prizes, are awarded do not state that there shall be preference of any kind except merit of the work considered, and, while the ability of the men so honoured is generally acknowledged, there are others equally eligible. This, however, is only one phase of the local art movement that is subject to criticism from well-known professionals of international reputation like the artists Joseph Pennell and John McLure Hamilton, and the architect Charles K. Burns, who figured in Mr. Wayman Adams's group of *Conspirators*, seen in the recent exhibition.

As psychologic studies of these three characters, Mr. Adams's canvas was quite the cleverest



"WINTER AFTERNOON"

(*Pennsylvania Academy*)

BY FRED WAGNER

effort in the exhibition. His full length of *The Critic* on the adjoining wall also showed his insight of the real personality, and had even better illumination and quality of rich, warm colouring. There was a very distinguished portrait of *The late Frank Duveneck*, by Miss Dixie Selden; by Mr. Adolphe Borie there was a serious work in a portrait of *Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr.*; of *Major R. Tait McKenzie*, in khaki, of the British Army Medical Service, by Mr. Albert Rosenthal; of *Edward T. Stotesbury, Esq.*, by R. L. Partington; of *Mrs. R.*, by Mr. Lazar Raditz; of *Mrs. S.*, reflecting modern Spanish influences, by Mr. Leopold Seyffert; of *Judge Alexander Simpson and Mrs. Simpson*, by Mr. John McLure Hamilton; and of *Miss Pearson*, by Mr. Wm. W. Churchill.

Mr. Childe Hassam exhibited one of the best figure-pieces in the collection entitled *Tanagra*; Mr. Philip L. Hale a large academic canvas of *Cain* as a fine painting of the nude; Mr. Oscar

Gross depicted Jewish types very well in *At the Ghetto*; a charming group of tennis girls in *The Ring* showed Mr. Robert Vonnoh's matured skill as a painter of figures in the open air; Mr. Robert S. Susan, one of the younger men, exhibited a fine full-length *Girl in White*; exquisite finish, rarely observed in modern art, gave to Mr. William M. Paxton's *Daguerrotype* the quality found in the paintings of the old masters of Holland, and there was much of the same feeling in Miss Gertrude Fiske's *Study in Black and White*.

Mention should be made of Mr. Frank Benson's *Interior* as showing most effective lighting of a well-drawn figure. The nude was represented by Mr. Carl Nordell in *The East Window* and by Mr. Leopold Seyffert in *The Silver Screen*, both good works with nondescript titles. Mr. Frederick Waugh's *Transport under Convoy* and Mr. Paul Dougherty's *Heavy Sea* were capital examples of marine painting by masters of the

art. The placid flow of the river by the city wharves was equally well depicted by Mr. Fred Wagner in *Winter Afternoon*, and Mr. Paul King's *Sailing Boats* was finely tonal and atmospheric. Beautiful in colour was Mr. Emil Carlsen's waterfall with *Mist and the Rainbow*. In his usual good form was Mr. Edward W. Redfield in *The Canal at Centre Bridge*.

The display of sculpture was not very impressive, a regrettable fact, as it has been a matter of public information that some good work was declined. However, there were shown a number of portrait busts that had strongly marked character, Mr. Charles Grafty's *Childe Hassam*, for instance; a fine American eagle in Mr. Albert Laessle's *Victory*, and a modern treatment of an old subject in *Mother and Infant Hercules* by Mr. Friedlander.

E. C.

MONTREAL.—It can scarcely be said that the recent exhibition (the fortieth of the annual series) of the Royal Canadian Academy was particularly remarkable. In general the work shown was praiseworthy, but except in a few instances it afforded little evidence of definite creative impulse, of any passionate, any insatiable craving for self-expression. What was said was well enough said, but mostly it had been said before, and perhaps more expressively. The exhibition, moreover, suffered in comparison with some former ones in that such distinguished Canadian artists as J. W. Morrice and Ernest Lawson, whose paintings in past years have added so materially to the interest, were not represented on this occasion; while the virile work of Mr. Maurice Cullen, who has been on overseas service with the Canadian War Records



"WILD DUCKS"

(Royal Canadian Academy)

BY J. E. H. MACDONALD, A.R.C.A.

Studio-Talk

Office, was also missed, as were likewise the convincing and distinctive canvases of the late Tom Thomson, who met a premature and tragic end by drowning last spring, to the great loss of Canadian art.

As usual, portraiture and figure subjects were

not a strong feature of the exhibition. The examples were few in number, and of these but two or three attracted attention. *A Cynic*, painted with the masterliness and understanding that distinguishes the work of Mr. Curtis Williamson, was an admirable characterization of a well-known Toronto physician and art lover. In *Type Canadien, Étude*, Mr. M. A. Suzor-Coté interested himself in an extremely difficult problem — the essay of an out-of-door portrait in sunlight with the figure in

shadow. He approached the problem with courage and skill; and produced a head of a typical elderly French-Canadian habitant that was striking both as a study of character and as an example of the skilful handling of paint. Other portraits and figure subjects deserving of mention are *Study of a Child*, by Miss Gertrude des Clayes; the *Major-General S. C. Mewburn, Minister of Militia*, and the *Dr. D. Jamieson, Speaker of the Ontario Legislation*, of Mr. E. Wyly Grier; *La Noni*, by André Lapine; *Girl in Red*, by Mrs. Emily Coonan;

Mr. Arthur Crisp's decorative figure subject, *The Strollers*; Mr. G. Horne Russell's Academy diploma picture of *Second Lieutenant Norman H. Russell, R.A.F.*; and Miss Marion Long's *The Japanese Parasol*. Mr. Charles de Belle's *1919*, a group of dainty young girls dancing in a flower-bedecked meadow, had refinement and charm.



STUDY OF A CHILD

BY GERTRUDE DES CLAYES, A.R.C.A.

(Royal Canadian Academy)

Canadian art, however, is finding its most convincing expression in the painting of landscape, and notably in the paintings of the younger school, of which Mr. A. Y. Jackson is the chief exponent and leader. Although during the past three years he has been on active service, first as a private in an infantry regiment, and more recently, after recovery from wounds, as an artist on the staff of the Canadian War Records Office, the work by which he was

represented at the recent exhibition served more than ever to establish his position as a strong and talented painter of marked individuality. In everything that he produces there is intention and thought, and his pictures are "big" both in conception and spirit. His large canvas, *The North Country*, is without doubt one of the most important paintings of landscape yet produced by a Canadian artist, and more nearly expresses the spirit and feeling of Canada than anything that has yet been done. The motive for the picture is a mass of grey glaciated rock

Reviews

in the fissures of which the characteristic conifers and hard woods of this northern land have found foothold. Treated in an essentially decorative and non-literal manner, the effect produced is nevertheless extraordinarily realistic, striking, impressive, and convincing.

Another member of this group of painters, Mr. J. E. H. MacDonald, of Toronto, contributed likewise pictures of considerable vigour and virility. Mr. Arthur Lismer's advance in power of expression was most marked. He, too, is an artist of decided individuality and of uncompromising honesty. His two pictures, *Halifax Harbour, N.S., Time of War*, and *The Transport Convoy*, testified to his sense of design and to his directness of method. There were numerous other landscape paintings of interest. Mr. (Private) J. L. Graham's *Farmyard, Evening*, was painted sympathetically and with knowledge and feeling. Mr. William Brymner's *October at Sainte-Famille* was an excellent example of the work of this veteran artist. Of Miss Mabel May's four canvases one enjoyed in particular her *Windy Day*, a work full of movement and life, representing a yacht race. Another young artist of great promise is Mr. John Johnstone, of Montreal, whose work has a certain vibrant quality, is extremely colourful, and is very personal. Mr. Herbert S. Palmer's *On the Hill-top* displayed sound craftsmanship and pleasing atmospheric qualities. The President of the Academy, Mr. Homer Watson, exhibited four characteristic canvases; and two very beautiful examples of the early work of Mr. J. M. Barnsley were shown. Of the younger painters, Mr. F. S. Haines, of Thornhill, Ont., Miss Una Brown,

Mr. Thomas W. Mitchell, and Miss Marie O. Hewson, showed commendable work.

In the black-and-white section the etchings of Mr. F. S. Haines, a lithograph by Mr. A. Lismer, drawings in colour by Mr. John Johnstone and Mr. Francis H. Johnston, respectively, were of chief interest. The examples of sculpture were few, but included an admirable portrait bust of Mr. W. Brymner, C.M.G., by Mr. G. W. Hill, and an interesting and well-felt composition, *Bella Matribus Detestata*, by Mr. A. Laliberté.

H. M. L.



BUST OF WILLIAM BRYMNER, C.M.G., R.C.A.
BY G. W. HILL, R.C.A.

(Royal Canadian Academy)

REVIEWS.

Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War. Compiled by J. MURRAY ALLISON. Vol. I. The First Twelve Months of the War. (London: John Lane.) 12s. 6d. net.—Though by this time the cartoons of Louis Raemaekers are familiar to millions in all parts of the world, the reissue of them in an approximately historical sequence will serve a useful purpose in bringing home once more to those whose memories need reviving

the terrible ordeal through which the free peoples of Europe have passed in contending with Germany's ambitious designs. In this first volume the tragedy of Belgium looms large, and it is significant of the artist's regard for truth that his scathing exposure of German methods of dealing with the unhappy inhabitants was fully confirmed by the official reports on the subject published after his cartoons had appeared.

Handicrafts and Reconstruction. Notes by Members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. (London: John Hogg.) 2s. 6d. net.—

Reviews

The brief but thoughtful essays collected together in this little volume touch upon various aspects of a question that is of far-reaching importance. That question, as stated by Prof. Lethaby in his introductory note, is "At what forms of production should the nation aim; should industry be wholly carried on by machinery, or ought the handicrafts to be preserved as well?" It is a question that demands serious consideration, for, as the same writer truly observes, "the very life of the State may be bound up with the survival of the crafts and the types of inventiveness and initiative they produce." But though our civilization threatens to be overwhelmed by the machine, there is yet a gleam of hope that with the greater leisure which the new order of things is bringing with it the handicrafts may get a chance of reviving. To this end a drastic reform of our educational system seems necessary, and in this connexion the papers contributed by Mr. H. Wilson and Prof. Lethaby deserve careful attention.

Huisraad en Binnenhuis in Nederland in vroegere Eeuwen. Door K. SLUYTERMAN. (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.) Fl. 18.50 (plus 5 per cent. *pro tem.*).—In the 435 illustrations of this well-printed volume Mr. Sluyterman, of

the Technical High School at The Hague, presents typical examples of domestic interiors and appurtenances of all kinds which originated in the Netherlands during the centuries pre-

ceding the nineteenth. About one-third of the book is concerned with the seventeenth century, during the greater part of which, as the author points out and as his illustrations clearly demonstrate, the development of decorative art in its various manifestations bore a strongly marked national character, which in later years gradually yielded to alien influences. Mr. Sluyterman has, besides drawing upon public and private collections for examples of furniture, called to his aid some of the famous old masters of the Netherlands, whose pictures of interiors afford valuable material for his purpose.

The Year's Art, 1919. Edited by A. C. R. CARTER. (London: Hutchinson and Co.) 7s. 6d. net.—Mr. Carter is to be complimented on the care he has bestowed on bringing his valuable

compendium up to date in spite of the many difficulties that have confronted him. The Imperial War Museum figures for the first time among the many institutions of which a record is given, and, as usual, the art sales of the year are amply dealt with.



"LA NONI"

BY ANDRÉ LAPINE

(*Royal Canadian Academy—see p. 150*)



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